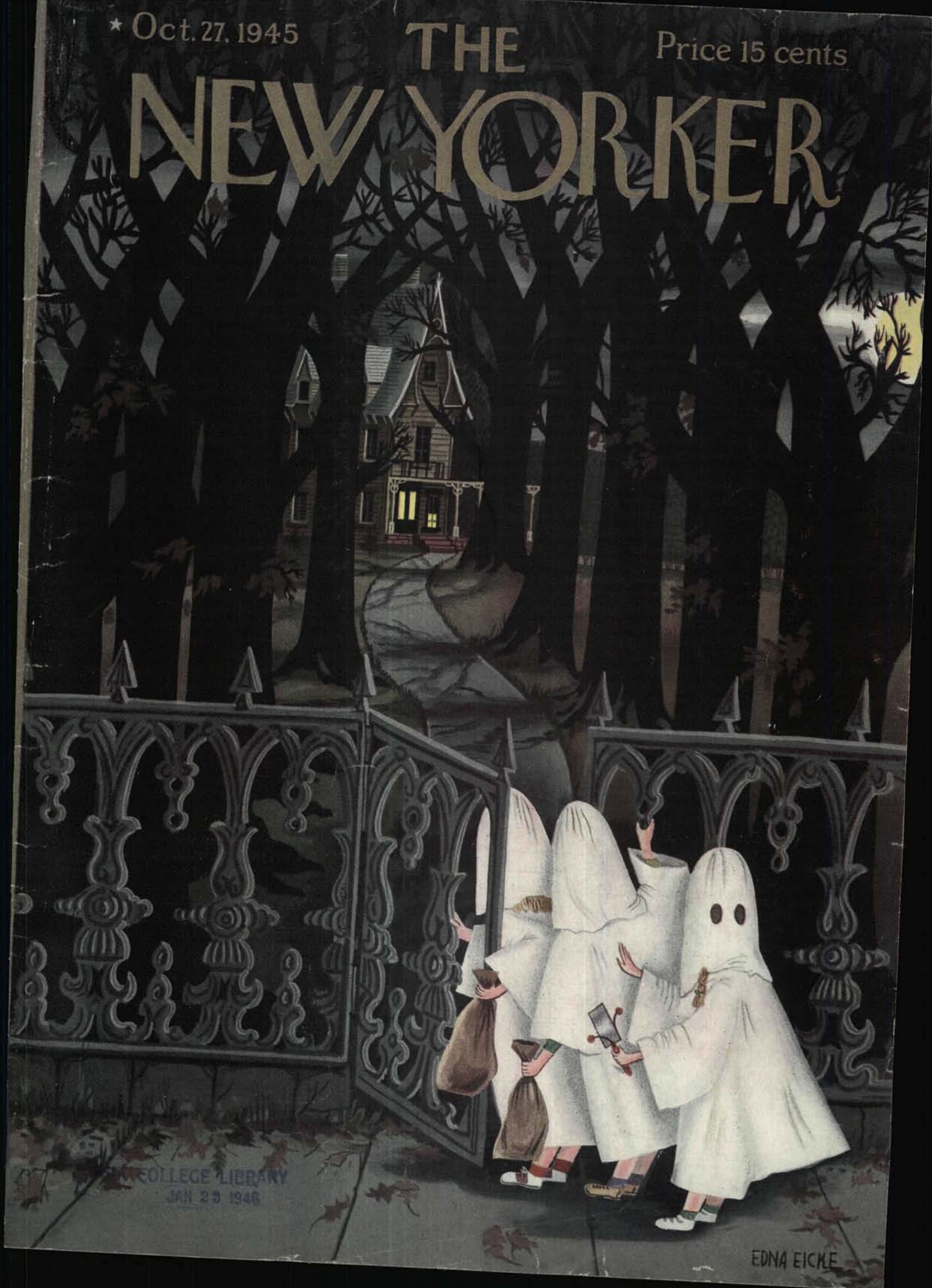
★ Oct. 27, 1945

THE NEW YORKER

Price 15 cents



COLLEGE LIBRARY
JAN 23 1946

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

One of the great dramatic moments in railroading occurred when the Cotton Belt changed the gauge of its 419 miles of track in a single week end. The scene pictured above is our artist's conception of the closing hours of this successful old-time race against time.

CHANGING THE MEASURE OF RAILROADING

It was September in 1886. All along the Cotton Belt, from Bird's Point, Mo., to Texarkana, old spikes came out. Rails were shifted. New spikes sank home under swinging hammers. The entire railroad was changed from narrow to standard gauge over one week end. The Cotton Belt had stepped along with the times.

This railroad is still stepping along. It is one of 83 railroads and major industries where General Motors Diesel locomotives are changing the measure of railroading.

Watch what happens when complete lines and systems are GM Dieselized. Far faster freight hauls. Quicker, more comfortable, and more reliable travel for passengers.

And reduced maintenance by sturdiness that goes a million miles or more without major overhaul!

Yes, the measure of railroading is changing — for the better. And GM Diesel locomotives are helping to bring about this new benefit for the railroads, for the country, and for you.

KEEP AMERICA STRONG
BUY VICTORY BONDS

GM
GENERAL MOTORS

LOCOMOTIVES ..... **ELECTRO-MOTIVE DIVISION,** La Grange, Ill.

SINGLE ENGINES . . . Up to 200 H.P.
MULTIPLE UNITS . . . Up to 800 H.P. } DETROIT DIESEL ENGINE DIVISION, Detroit 23, Mich.

ENGINES ..... 150 to 2000 H.P. ..... CLEVELAND DIESEL ENGINE DIVISION, Cleveland 11, Ohio

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Have you a hero in the house? Our own handsome, masculine way of preserving his medals and insignia is to mount them under a heavy, clear glass paperweight—for Christmas, if you order now! Base of sterling silver, 15.00* solid gold, 75.00*; brass, 6.00 Engraved with rank or date of citation, 5 cents a letter. **Lord & Taylor**

Medals must be shipped registered mail to
K. Fuller, Lord & Taylor, New York 13

*Plus 20% Fed. tax

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Anna Lucasta—The Broadway version of an all-Negro play, now in its second year, is certainly something for you to see. Harry Wagstaff Gribble is the director. (Mansfield, 47, W. CI 6-9056. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Assassin—Irwin Shaw's play, based on the killing of Admiral Darlan, isn't quite successful either as melodrama or propaganda, though it has its eloquent moments. Frank Sundstrom heads a large cast. (National, 41, W. PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

A Bell for Adano—Paul Osborn's dramatization of John Hersey's novel about the A.M.G. in Italy. A fine, restrained performance by Fredric March makes up for whatever defects there may be in the script. (Cort, 48, E. BR 9-0046. Nightly at 8:40. Mat. Sat. at 2:40. Closes Sat., Oct. 27.)

Dark of the Moon—An American folk legend about a witch boy and a mortal girl turns out very agreeably in the hands of an excellent cast, including Carol Stone and Richard Hart. With some fine old songs. (46th Street, 46, W. CI 6-6075. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:40.)

Dear Ruth—A comedy about a girl and a soldier that is a good deal like a lot of others but still quite pleasant. With Augusta Dabney and Howard Smith. (Henry Miller, 43, E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Deep Are the Roots—The authors of "Tomorrow the World" have taken up the Negro problem, but the result, while a satisfactory melodrama, doesn't contribute much to its solution. Barbara Bel Geddes gives a remarkably simple and touching performance. (Fulton, 46, W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Glass Menagerie—A tremendously moving story about a mother who tries to bully her whole family into happiness. Beautifully played by a cast consisting of Laurette Taylor, Eddie Dowling, Julie Haydon, and Anthony Ross. Winner of the Drama Critics' Award. (Playhouse, 48, E. BR 9-3565. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Harvey—About a man who takes up with a six-foot rabbit, and one of the most engaging fantasies in years. Frank Fay and Josephine Hull give magnificent performances. Winner of the Pulitzer Prize. (48th Street, 48, E. BR 9-4566. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40. Special performance Sun. Eve., Oct. 28, at 8:40, for the Stage Relief Fund.)

I Remember Mama—John van Druten's moving and humorous adaptation of the Kathryn Forbes novel about a Norwegian family in San Francisco. Mady Christians and Oscar Homolka head a cast which also includes Joan Tetzel and Adrienne Gessner. Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II are the fortunate producers. Second year. (Music Box, 45, W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:35. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:35.)

The Late George Apley—A very intelligent treatment of John Marquand's novel about Boston. Leo G. Carroll's portrait of Apley is nearly perfect. With Janet Beecher and Percy Waram. (Lyceum, 45, E. CH 4-4256. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Life with Father—This high-spirited comedy, based on the late Clarence Day's stories, is now in its sixth year. Wallis Clark and Lily Cahill play Father and Mother. (Bijou, 45, W. CO 5-8215. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:40.)

Thérèse—One of those psychological murder plays, this time derived from Zola, in which not a great deal seems to happen. Eva Le Gallienne, Dame May Whitty, and Victor Jory all suffer eloquently but to very little effect. (Biltmore, 47, W. CI 6-9353. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Voice of the Turtle—A light, expert job by John van Druten about a girl who entertains a sergeant on his weekend pass. Elliott Nugent, Martha Scott, and Vicki Cummings are the whole cast. (Morosco, 45, W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:35. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:35.)

You Touched Me!—Edmund Gwenn's interpolated vaudeville is a great help to this not very distinguished play about a young girl who is awakened by love. With Montgomery Clift and Catherine Willard. (Booth, 45, W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

WITH MUSIC

Bloomer Girl—A big, beautiful show somewhat handicapped by a rather routine book and not exactly memorable music. Agnes de Mille's ballets, however, are superb, and the cast, which includes Nanette Fabray and Mabel Taliaferro, is extremely fetching. (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, OCTOBER 25, THROUGH SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 3.

Carousel—This musical version of "Liliom" is another triumph for Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II. Agnes de Mille arranged the dances, Jo Mielziner designed the sets, and Rouben Mamoulian is the director. A Theatre Guild production. (Majestic, 44, W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Follow the Girls—Gertrude Niesen demonstrating how to put over a song in a piece about sailors and girls. Nice, if rudimentary, entertainment. Guy Bolton and Eddie Davis wrote the book. Second year. (Broadhurst, 44, W. CI 6-6099. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Marinka—An operetta based on the Mayerling story. The music is agreeable; the book is just a nuisance. With Romo Vincent and Luba Malina. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Oklahoma!—Splendid musical version of "Green Grow the Lilacs," contrived by Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II and produced by the Theatre Guild. Third year. (St. James, 44, W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30.)

On the Town—A lot of attractive, lively youngsters, including Nancy Walker and Sono Osato, in a fine musical, mainly about three sailors and their girls. (Martin Beck, 45, W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Polonaise—Marta Eggerth and Jan Kiepura are teamed up again in a rather preposterous and tiresome operetta about the life of Kosciusko. The Chopin music, however, is nicely presented. (Alvin, 52, W. CI 5-6868. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

The Red Mill—A revival of the great Montgomery and Stone vehicle of 1906. Victor Herbert's score is enchanting and Eddie Foy, Jr., is a very satisfactory comic, but the total effect is disappointing. With Dorothy Stone, Michael O'Shea, and Odette Myrtil. (Ziegfeld, Ave. of the Americas at 54. CI 5-5200. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Song of Norway—The life of Grieg, as set to arrangements of some of his own music. Good-looking and pleasant to listen to, but the book is moderately foolish. With Helena Bliss, Lawrence Brooks, Irra Petina and Robert Shafer. (Imperial, 45, W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Up in Central Park—Romberg songs, cheerful dances devised by Helen Tamiris, and a lot of pretty scenery and costumes do a lot to redeem a fairly pedestrian book. Noah Beery impersonates Boss Tweed, and Maureen Cannon and Wilbur Evans take care of the romance. (Broadway, B'way at 53. CI 7-2887. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes, so you'd better verify the dates and curtain times.)

Beggars Are Coming to Town—Paul Kelly, Luther Adler, and Dorothy Comingore in a play by Theodore Reeves. Produced by Oscar Serlin and directed by Harold Clurman. Opens Sat., Oct. 27. (Coronet, 49, W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Next Half Hour—A new play by Mary Chase, with Fay Bainter, Art Smith, and Jean Adair. Produced by Max Gordon, and directed by George S. Kaufman. Opens Mon., Oct. 29. (Empire, B'way at 40. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

MISCELLANY

Rodeo—The cowboys and cowgirls put in their annual appearance, headed by Roy Rogers. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6800. Nightly at 8:30. Mats. Fri., Sat. and Sun. at 2:30. Closes Sun., Nov. 4.)

Ice Show—"Hats Off to Ice," produced by Sonja Henie and Arthur M. Wirtz. (Center, Ave. of the Americas at 49. CO 5-5474. Sun. Eves. at 8:15; other Eves., except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)

BALLET AND DANCE RECITALS

Ballet Theatre—Tentative programs—"The Firebird" (with Markova and Dolin), "Graziana," and "Bluebeard" (with Dolin), Thurs. Eve., Oct. 25. . . . "Interplay," "Apollo," "Lilac Garden," and "Firebird" (with Markova and Dolin), Fri. Eve., Oct. 26. . . . "Interplay," "The Firebird," "Pas de Deux," and "Graduation Ball," Sat. Aft., Oct. 27. . . . "Romeo and Juliet," "The Firebird" (with Markova and Dolin), and "Graduation Ball," Sat. Eve., Oct. 27. . . . "Peter and the Wolf," "The Firebird" (with Markova and Dolin), "Pas de Deux," and "Interplay," Sun. Aft., Oct. 28. . . . "On Stage!," "Pillar of Fire," "Gift of the Magi," and "Princess Aurora" (with Markova, Dolin, and Eglevsky), Sun. Eve., Oct. 28. . . . "Graziana," "Fair at Sorochinsk" (with Dolin and Eglevsky), "Gift of the Magi," and "Graduation Ball," Mon. Eve., Oct. 29. . . . "Interplay," "Undertow," "Pas de Quatre" (with Markova), and "Helen of Troy," Tues. Eve., Oct. 30. . . . "On Stage!," "Tally-Ho," "Pas de Deux" (with Markova and Dolin), and "Aleko," Wed. Eve., Oct. 31. . . . "Swan Lake," "Graziana," "Apollo," and "Firebird" (with Markova and Dolin), Thurs. Eve., Nov. 1. . . . "On Stage!," "Undertow," "Harvest Time," and "Fancy Free," Fri. Eve., Nov. 2. . . . "Romeo and Juliet," "Peter and the Wolf," and "Interplay," Sat. Aft., Nov. 3. . . . "Giselle" (with Markova and Dolin), "Spectre de la Rose," and "Fancy Free," Sat. Eve., Nov. 3. (Metropolitan Opera House, PE 6-1210. Eves. at 8:30. Mats. at 2:30.)

José Greco—With his company; and Carolina Segrera, soprano. Tues., Oct. 30, at 8:30 P.M. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-0700.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(Some places at which you'll find dance music and/or other entertainment. Several of them are

DEPARTMENTS IN THIS ISSUE

	Page
THE ART GALLERIES	76
BOOKS	84
THE CURRENT CINEMA	78
FOOTBALL	44
LETTER FROM PARIS	62
MUSICAL EVENTS	80
OF ALL THINGS	45
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE:	
FEMININE FASHIONS	66
THE RACE TRACK	74
A REPORTER AT LARGE	49
THE THEATRE	42

THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET
TELEPHONE
ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, BRYANT 9-6300
EDITORIAL OFFICES, BRYANT 9-8200

The New Yorker, published weekly by The F-R Publishing Corporation, 25 W. 43rd St., New York 18, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, president; E. R. Spaulding, vice-president; R. H. Truax, treasurer; C. L. Cornell, secretary; R. B. Bowen, advertising director. Vol. XXI, No. 37, October 27, 1945. Entered as second-class matter, February 16, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879.

Copyright, 1945, by The F-R Publishing Corporation, in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker.

Printed in U. S. A. Subscription prices: United States and possessions, 1 year $6.00; Pan-America and Spain, $6.50; Canada, $7.00; Other Foreign, $8.00.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"JEALOUSY'S EYES ARE GREEN"—and quick to catch an admiring look. Any truly wise woman chooses her costume to please others. *You* enjoy the flattery of admiring eyes . . . *don't* you? So, for You . . . Kayser is creating the most jealousy-making lingerie . . . hosiery . . . and gloves that *any* woman's eyes will ever rest on. That's why

"Eyes are on Kayser"

KAYSER

HOSIERY UNDERTHINGS GLOVES LINGERIE

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

closed or have fill-in performers on Sunday, Monday, or Tuesday, so you'd better phone ahead before starting out on those evenings. Fifty-second Street is usually jot luck, for entertainers still seem to come and go on ten minutes' notice.)

AMBASSADOR, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—Jules Lande's orchestra and a rumba band play soothing dance music in the dignified old Trianon Room.

BILTMORE, Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920)—Cardini, one of our more expert magicians, Fred and Elaine Barry, and Joseph Sudy's orchestra.

CAFÉ SOCIETY UPTOWN, 128 E. 58 (PL 5-9223)—Paula Laurence, Susan Reed, Mary Lou Williams, the Sans Souci Dancers, and Edmond Hall's orchestra. On Mon., Oct. 29, Miss Laurence and the Sans Souci Dancers will depart and Beatrice Kraft will arrive.

CAFÉ SOCIETY DOWNTOWN, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737)—Josh White and a song about a meat ball, Imogene Coca, who apparently can't help being funny, accomplished piano playing by Cliff Jackson, and the ingenious music of Benny Morton's band.

EL MOROCCO, 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)—Pomp and circumstance à la carte. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band.

LARUE, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-0374)—A reasonably close approach to grandeur, enhanced by the music of Eddie Davis's and Gil Murray's orchestras.

MONTE CARLO, Madison at 54 (PL 5-3100)—Very large, very vivid, very fancy, and sometimes almost too bustling. Dick Gasparre's orchestra and a rumba band.

PIERRE, 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—In the Cotillion Room, Gali-Gali, that entertaining magician, a dance team, and Stanley Melba's bouncy dance band. . . . A Melba trio is in the Café Pierre during dinner and supper. Tea dancing daily.

PLAZA, 5 Ave. at 58 (PL 3-1740)—Hildegarde is swarming over the Persian Room at both dinner and supper. The orchestras of Arthur Ravel and Mark Monte play for dancing.

ST. REGIS, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—In the Iridium Room, an ice show, and Paul Sparr's orchestra. . . . In the Maisonette, the songs of Dorothy Shay, and a small orchestra for dancing.

SAVOY-PLAZA, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—In the Café Lounge, handsome and sort of dressy, your words are set to sweet music by Cal Gilford and his orchestra, plus Clemente's marimba band. Tea dancing daily.

STORK CLUB, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—The young folks almost too much at home. Ernie Warren's orchestra and Dacita's rumba band play non-stop music in the evening, and Ernie Holst's orchestra plays for tea dancing every afternoon.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—Through Sat., Oct. 27, in the Wedgwood Room, Emil Coleman's orchestra, and, at the supper hour, Edgar Bergen and Charlie McCarthy (those Alter Egos) and Annamary Dickey. On Mon., Oct. 29, Mario and Floria will head up a new show. . . . Michael Zarin's orchestra is in the Flamingo Room.

SUPPER CLUBS—Entertainment but no dancing—At the **BLUE ANGEL**, 152 E. 55 (PL 3-0626): Irwin Corey, Evelyn Knight, the Herman Chittison Trio, Helen Howe, and Stuart Ross; i.e., a perfect excuse for sitting up nights. . . . **RUBAN BLEU**, 4 E. 56 (EL 5-9787): one of those typical Ruban Bleu shows, especially worthwhile when Maxine Sullivan, Monica Boyar, and José Melis are at work. . . . **SPIVY'S ROOF**, 139 E. 57 (EL 5-9215): Spivy herself, singing (late at night) about her special brand of world-weariness.

MISCELLANEOUS—At the **COQ ROUGE**, 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887): elegance and lively music by Dick Wilson's orchestra. . . . **ARMANDO'S**, 54 E. 55 (PL 3-0700): Jacques Thader playing the piano, after 9:30, in this small and cheerful cranny. . . . **1-2-3 CLUB**, 123 E. 54 (PL 3-9131): a darksome glade in which to listen to the rambling piano solos of Roger Stearns; no dancing. . . . **CASINO RUSSE**, 157 W. 56 (CI 6-6176): a show full of those cozy old dagger dances and Russian torch songs but really starring the chef; dancing. . . . **VERSAILLES**, 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310): Carl Brisson and his Danish-pastry songs; Maxmillian Bergere's orchestra and a rumba band. . . . **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4640): a very pleasant and un-Sheridan Square mixture of Latin cookery, Latin atmosphere, and Latin music. . . . **COPACABANA**, 10 E. 60 (PL 8-1060): Joe E. Lewis managing, under forced draft, to be even funnier than the customers. Dance music in between times by Noro Morales' and Joel Herron's orchestras. . . . **LA MARTINIQUE**, 57 W. 57 (PL 5-5757): Sophie Tucker, that stalwart landmark, at the top of her celebrated lungs. . . . **ZANZIBAR**, B'way at 49 (CI 7-7380): Broadway night life, helped somewhat by Duke Ellington's orchestra and the long-absent Golden Gate Quartet. . . . **400 CLUB**, 1 E. 43 (MU 2-3423): Tommy Dorsey's orchestra in rather amazing surroundings. . . . **COMMODORE**, Lexington at 42 (MU 6-6000): Vaughn Monroe's orchestra (to be replaced by Charlie Spivak's on Thurs., Nov. 1). . . . **ESSEX HOUSE**, 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Stan Keller's orchestra. . . . **MADISON**, Madison at 58 (VO 5-5090): Val Ernie's orchestra for dancing up to 9:30; at the supper hour, there's a small show. . . . **NEW YORKER HOTEL**, 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Johnny Long's orchestra and an ice show. . . . **PENNSYLVANIA**, 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000): Frankie Carle's orchestra. . . . **ROOSEVELT**, Madison at 45 (MU 6-9200): Shep Fields' orchestra (to be replaced by Guy Lombardo's on Mon., Oct. 29).

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC—At **NICK'S**, 7 Ave. S. at 10 (CH 2-6683): Miff Mole, Muggsy Spanier, Buji Centobie, and their compatriots searching the midnight air; no dancing. . . . **STUYVESANT CASINO**, 140 2 Ave., at 9 (ST 9-9742): Bunk Johnson, Baby Dodds, and other legendary characters from New Orleans playing in the good old-fashioned way for a group of rather intense intellectuals (Wed. through Sat. Eves., and Sun. Aft.); dancing. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 7 Ave. S., at 11 (CH 2-9355): Mostly newcomers to the profession, both singers and instrumentalists, with the customary uneven results; dancing. . . . **DOWNBEAT**, 66 W. 52 (EL 5-8773): Art Tatum doing his very special piano music; Tiny Grimes and his guitar; the Lonnel Morgan Trio and another band for dancing. . . . **THREE DEUCES**, 72 W. 52 (EL 5-9861): Slam Stewart's merry trio, with Erroll Garner at the piano, and Don Byas heading another band; dancing. . . . **ONYX**, 57 W. 52 (EL 5-7835): Ben Webster's quartet; no dancing. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 53 W. 52 (EL 5-9600): a hot trio that includes Danny Alvin and Hank Duncan; dancing.

ART

ALBRIGHT AND ZSISSLY—First joint exhibition by the Chicago twins: Associated American Artists, 711 5 Ave., at 55. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Nov. 10.

AMERICAN—At the **FERARGIL**, 63 E. 57: work by John James Audubon, William Harnett, Worthington Whittredge, and other eighteenth- and nineteenth-century artists. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 27. . . . **DOWNTOWN**, 32 E. 51: a loan exhibit of nineteenth- and twentieth-century painting and sculpture. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 3.

ART OF THIS CENTURY, 30 W. 57—The "Autumn Salon," with new work by Jackson Pollock, Charles Seliger, and twenty-seven others. Daily 11 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 27.

DARREL AUSTIN—Recent paintings: Perls, 32 E. 58. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 3.

ROMARE BEARDEN—Paintings and water colors depicting, in a semi-abstract manner, the Passion of Christ: Kootz, 15 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 27.

RODOLPHE BRESDIN—Drawings, etchings, and lithographs by the nineteenth-century French graphic artist: New Art Circle, 41 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Wed., Oct. 31.

JEAN CHARLOT—Paintings, Mexican in theme: New York Public Library, Children's Room, 5 Ave. at 42. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 3.

STUART EDIE—Gouaches: Ferargil, 63 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 3.

FANTASIA—Paintings by Ryder, Redon, Chagall, and others: American British Art Center, 44 W. 56. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 27.

FRENCH—At the **BIGNOU**, 32 E. 57: Cézanne, Corot, Degas, and other nineteenth-century painters. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Nov. 17. . . . **NIVEAU**, 63 E. 57: work never shown here before by Monet, Pissarro, Degas, and four others. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Nov. 9.

ROGER DE LA FRESNAYE—Twenty-nine paintings, water colors, and drawings in a retrospective exhibition: Buchholz, 32 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Nov. 10.

THEODORE FRIED—Expressionist oils with a family-life slant: Contemporary Arts, 106 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 2:30 to 5:30 P.M.; through Mon., Oct. 29.

JOSEPH VICTOR GATTO—Paintings in the Primitive manner: Barzansky, 604 Madison, at 61. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 3.

GERMAN—Paintings and sculpture by Paul Klee, Franz Marc, George Grosz, and twenty-two others, all banned by the Nazis: Nierendorf, 53 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 3.

PETER GRIPPE—Abstract sculpture in bronze and terra cotta: Willard, 32 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Nov. 10.

GROUPS—At the **BABCOCK**, 38 E. 57: a small show of paintings by Louis Eilshemius, Ernest Lawson, and, also, by members of the gallery's group. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Nov. 10. . . . **LEVITT**, 16 W. 57: new gouaches and water colors by Everett Spruce, Oronzo Gasparo, and others. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 3. . . . **MACBETH**, 11 E. 57: Ary Stillman, Joseph De Martini, James Lechay, and others. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 27. . . . **MATISSE**, 41 E. 57: Picasso, Rouault, Chagall, and others. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 3. . . . **NEW-AGE**, 138 W. 15: Rockwell Kent, Julian Levi, Chaim Gross, and others. Weekdays 11 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Wed., Oct. 31. . . . **BERTHA SCHAEFER**, 32 E. 57: a painting apiece by Marsden Hartley, Milton Avery, and ten others. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sat., 11 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Tues., Oct. 30. . . . **WEYHE**, 704 Lexington, at 61: paintings by twelve University of Iowa students. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Nov. 7.

CONSTANTIN GUYS—Thirty drawings: Knoedler, 14 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 3.

SHIRLEY HENDRICK—Expressionist oils and crayons; also, paintings by Harry Shoulberg: Modernage, 16 E. 34. Thurs., 9:30 A.M. to 9 P.M.; other weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Nov. 10.

DONG KINGMAN—Wartime Washington in lively water colors: Midtown, 605 Madison, at 58. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 3.

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, 5 Ave. at 82—Prints and drawings by Goya (through Wed., Oct. 31): also, Islamic metalwork and jewelry from the eighth to the seventeenth century (through Nov. 25). Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.

PETER MILLER—Abstract paintings: Julien Levy, 42 E. 57. Daily 11 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 27.

HANS MOLLER—New oils: Kleemann, 65 E. 57. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 27.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53—A comprehensive show of Stuart Davis's paintings (through Feb. 3); a large exhibition selected from the Museum's collection of painting and sculpture (through Jan. 13); and work done during the past year in the Museum's War Veterans' Art Center (through Nov. 25). Weekdays 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 7 P.M.

MUSEUM OF NON-OBJECTIVE PAINTING, 24 E. 54—A memorial exhibition of Alice Mattern's paintings. Weekdays, except Mon., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 6 P.M.; through Nov. 15.

NEW YORK SOCIETY OF WOMEN ARTISTS—Twenty-first annual exhibition: Riverside Museum, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103. Daily 1 to 5 P.M.; through Sun., Oct. 28.

OLD MASTERS—Paintings by Rembrandt, Hals, Reynolds, and others: Schaeffer, 52 E. 58. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Tues., Oct. 30.

PHILIP PIECK—Gray-toned oils, some verging on the fantastic: Contemporary Arts, 106 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M. (also Mon. Eve., 8:30 to 11); Sun., 2:30 to 5:30 P.M.; through Fri., Nov. 2.

CAMILLE PISSARRO—Fifty paintings, plus examples by other related painters; a benefit for the Goddard Neighborhood Center: Wildenstein, 19 E. 64. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Nov. 24.

WALTER QUIRT—New oils: Durlacher, 11 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 27.

MARIANO RODRIGUEZ—Oils and gouaches by the Cuban artist: Feigl, 601 Madison, at 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 3.

MARJORIE SCHIELE—New paintings: Passedoit, 121 E. 57. Thurs. and Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sat., 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 27.

CHARLES SILBERMAN—Landscapes and flowers: Bonestell, 18 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 27.

SOCIETY OF AMERICAN ETCHERS—Thirtieth annual exhibition: National Academy, 1083 5 Ave., at 89. Daily 1 to 5 P.M.; through Nov. 7.

MAX SPIVAK—Paintings and mosaics: Bonestell, 18 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 27.

STILL LIFES—Abraham Rattner, Max Weber, and others: Rosenberg, 16 E. 57. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 27.

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 10 W. 8—Forty-seven portraits by Ralph Earl, and a couple of his landscapes, covering the painting career of this eighteenth-century American artist. Daily, except Mon., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Nov. 21.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7400; for Town Hall, it's BR 9-9447. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY Carnegie Hall. Artur Rod-

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, OCTOBER 25, THROUGH SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 3.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

New Winter Plumage for You

Nestling-warmth to fly home to—Textron's quilted hostess coat in a nosegay print. With a slender Princess back, a precious pocket. Tailored with Textron's* parachute-precision—of finest rayon satin . . . dove-soft . . . wing-smooth. Choose from Snow White, Heaven Blue, or Pink Angel backgrounds . . . lined in solid color rayon satin. Sizes 12 to 20. At leading stores throughout the country. TEXTRON INC., Empire State Building, Fifth Avenue, New York 1, N. Y.

Listen to Helen Hayes in your favorite plays on the Textron Theatre every Saturday p. m. on your local Columbia Broadcasting Station.

TEXTRON

*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF

HOSTESS COATS • LINGERIE • MENSWEAR • HOME FASHIONS • APPAREL FABRICS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Settings and accessories by B. Altman & Co.

Two sweethearts for a sailor! It's a lucky pair this sailor drew—and a pretty special moment when Daddy comes home with South Sea toys for baby. Pretty special, too, are the North Star Blankets that sweeten sleep for the sailor's sweethearts. Both grown-up and baby North Stars are all wool to the last fluff—soft and gentle to the touch. They're woven of long, springy wool fibers, built for years of warmth—*and* wash-and-wear. You give *any* bed an extra distinction when you treat it to a North Star—you give *every* night an extra measure of restful comfort. Follow the wise buyer's shining guide to good measure in blankets—the NORTH STAR. It's the blanket that sweetens sleep . . . and

NORTH STAR BLANKETS

sleep is your best beauty treatment

PICTURED: North Star "Devon" Pair in Rose Dust on Mother's bed, North Star Iris wrapped around the baby. From budget quality to utmost luxury, North Stars are supreme values. At fine stores everywhere. North Star Woolen Mill Co., Minneapolis 1, Minn.

North Star is your guide to fine all wool blankets . . . superb all wool fabrics . . . hand-woven "Means Weave" throws.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, OCTOBER 25, THROUGH SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 3.

zinski conducting: Thurs., Oct. 25, at 8:45 P.M.; Fri., Oct. 26, at 2:30 P.M.; Sat., Oct. 27, at 8:45 P.M.; and Sun., Oct. 28, at 3 P.M. George Szell conducting: Thurs., Nov. 1, at 8:45 P.M.; Fri., Nov. 2, at 2:30 P.M.; and Sat., Nov. 3, at 8:45 P.M. (Soloists: William Kapell, piano, Oct. 25, 26, and 28; Joseph Fuchs, violin, Oct. 27; William Lincer, viola, and Leonard Rose, cello, Nov. 1-2.)

PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA—Pierre Monteux conducting. Soloist: Dorothy Maynor, soprano. Tues., Oct. 30, at 8:30 P.M. (Carnegie Hall.)

JAZZ CONCERT—Eddie Condon, the guitarist, in his fifth concert series, along with such musicians as Muggsy Spanier, trumpet, Joe Marsala, clarinet, and Bob Haggart, bass. Sat., Nov. 3, at 5:30 P.M. (Town Hall.)

NEW YORK CITY OPERA COMPANY—Final performances—"La Traviata," Thurs. Eve., Oct. 25. . . . "The Bartered Bride," Fri. Eve., Oct. 26. . . . "La Bohème," Sat. Aft., Oct. 27. . . . "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci," Sat. Eve., Oct. 27. . . . "La Tosca," Sun. Aft., Oct. 28. . . . "The Gypsy Baron," Sun. Eve., Oct. 28. Eves. at 8:15. Mats. at 2:15. (New York City Center, 55, E. of 7. CI 6-8989.)

AMERICAN MUSIC—Lecture programs of American folk music, directed by Walter Hendl. Soloists: Tom Scott, folk singer, and the Hargail Chorus, Fri., Oct. 26; the Hargail Chorus, Fri., Nov. 2; at 5:30 P.M. (Town Hall.)

JAMES P. JOHNSON—Piano; assisted by George Wettling, drums; Bud Freeman, saxophone; and others. Thurs., Oct. 25, at 8:30 P.M. (Town Hall.)

ANATOLE KITAIN—Piano. Fri., Oct. 26, at 8:30 P.M. (Carnegie Hall.)

PATRICIA TRAVERS—Violin. Sat., Oct. 27, at 3 P.M. (Carnegie Hall.)

ROBERT CASADESUS—Piano; a benefit for the American Committee for the Caen University Library. Sat., Oct. 27, at 8:30 P.M. (McMillin Theatre, B'way at 116. UN 4-3200, Ext. 665.)

MUSICAL ART QUARTET—Chamber music. Sat., Oct. 27, at 8:30 P.M. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16. ST 9-1391.)

ARTUR RUBINSTEIN—Piano. Sun., Oct. 28, at 8:30 P.M. (Carnegie Hall.)

WALTER HAUTZIG—Piano. Sun., Oct. 28, at 8:30 P.M. (Town Hall.)

GALLI-CAMPI—Soprano. Mon., Oct. 29, at 8:30 P.M. (Carnegie Hall.)

CELIA SALOMAN—Piano. Tues., Oct. 30, at 8:30 P.M. (Town Hall.)

MAGGIE TEYTÉ—Soprano. Wed., Oct. 31, at 8:30 P.M. (Town Hall.)

RICHARD ODNOPOSOFF—Violin. Fri., Nov. 2, at 8:30 P.M. (Carnegie Hall.)

FRANK SHERIDAN—Piano. Fri., Nov. 2, at 8:30 P.M. (Town Hall.)

KATHERINE BACON—Piano. Sat., Nov. 3, at 3 P.M. (Town Hall.)

LUCIE BIGELOW ROSEN—Theremin. Sat., Nov. 3, at 8:30 P.M. (Town Hall.)

SPORTS

FOOTBALL—College games: **SAT., OCT. 27:** Army vs. Duke, at the Polo Grounds, at 2 P.M.; Holy Cross vs. Colgate, at Worcester, at 2:30 P.M.; Columbia vs. Brown, at Baker Field, at 2:30 P.M.; Yale vs. Cornell, at New Haven, at 2 P.M.; Syracuse vs. Dartmouth, at Syracuse, at 2 P.M.; Harvard vs. U.S. Coast Guard Academy, at Cambridge, at 2:30 P.M.; Pennsylvania vs. Navy, at Philadelphia, at 2 P.M.; N.Y.U. vs. Brooklyn College, at Ohio Field, at 2:30 P.M.; Princeton vs. Rutgers, at Princeton, at 2:30 P.M. . . . **SAT., NOV. 3:** Army vs. Villanova, at West Point, at 2:45 P.M.; Columbia vs. Cornell, at Baker Field, at 2 P.M.; Yale vs. Dartmouth, at New Haven, at 2 P.M.; Harvard vs. Motor Torpedo Boat S.T.C., at Cambridge, at 2:30 P.M.; Notre Dame vs. Navy, at Cleveland, at 2:30 P.M.; N.Y.U. vs. Rochester, at Ohio Field, at 2:30 P.M.; Pennsylvania vs. Princeton, at Philadelphia, at 2 P.M. . . . Professional game: Giants vs. Washington, at the Polo Grounds, Sun., Oct. 28, at 2:30 P.M.

RACING—Empire City meeting at Jamaica: Weekdays at 1:15 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 3. (Scarsdale Handicap, Oct. 27; Daingerfield Overnight Handicap, Oct. 30; Ardsley Handicap, Oct. 31; and Westchester Handicap, Nov. 3.) Frequent trains leave Penn Station Mon. through Fri. between 11:05 A.M. and 1:10 P.M. and Sat. between 10:40 A.M. and 1:25 P.M. . . . Pimlico: Weekdays at 1 P.M.; through Nov. 30.

OTHER EVENTS

NAVY DAY—On Sat., Oct. 27, President Truman will be in New York for the Navy Day celebration. His schedule includes a motor parade from the Battery to Central Park (12:30 to 1:30 P.M.), and a review of thirty warships at anchor in the Hudson.

WAR PRISONERS' EXHIBIT—Paintings, model airplanes, surgical instruments, escape devices and other ingenious items, made by American fliers during their interument in German prison camps: Museum of Science and Industry, R.C.A. Bldg., 1250 Ave. of the Americas, at 49. Daily 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; through Jan. 1.

EMILY DICKINSON—Manuscript poems, notebooks, letters, first editions, and other relics of the Amherst poetess: Grolier Club, 47 E. 60. Daily 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Nov. 7.

CHRYSANTHEMUM SHOW—The second annual exhibit of the Eastern States Chrysanthemum Society: New York Botanical Garden, Webster Ave. at 200. Sat. and Sun., Oct. 27-28, from 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.

ANTIQUES SHOW—The annual New York Antiques Fair: Seventeenth Regiment Armory, Park at 34. Daily 1 to 11 P.M.; through Fri., Oct. 26. (Auctions nightly at 10 P.M.)

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY, 5 Ave. at 42—The Berg Collection of manuscripts by David Garrick, Sir James Barrie, Mark Twain, and other English and American authors: (Room 318. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.); also, a small selection of books illustrated by French artists from Toulouse-Lautrec to Picasso. (Room 322. Weekdays 1 to 6 P.M.; through Dec. 15.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36—Books and illustrations dealing with English drama from the sixteenth to the late-eighteenth century. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through March 2.

AUCTIONS—At the **PARKE-BERNET GALLERIES**, 30 E. 57—Paintings by Memling, Rembrandt, Romney, and other old masters, from the collection of the late Isabel Van Wie Willys: Thurs., Oct. 25, at 8 P.M. . . . French eighteenth-century furniture, and tapestries, from the collection of the late Isabel Van Wie Willys: Fri. and Sat., Oct. 26-27, at 2 P.M. . . . Nineteenth-century press publications and rare Americana from the library of the late Robert Hartshorne: Mon., Oct. 29, at 8 P.M., and Tues., Oct. 30, at 2 P.M. . . . Chinese and Near Eastern objects of art and eighteenth-century English furniture owned by the late Isabel Van Wie Willys: Wed. through Sat., Oct. 31-Nov. 3, at 2 P.M. . . . **KENDE GALLERIES**, at Gimbel's, 11th Floor—Panels by such Italian Primitive painters as del Garbo, da Rimini, and del Bindino: Mon., Oct. 29, at 8 P.M.

ON THE AIR

PRESIDENT TRUMAN—Navy Day address, Sat., Oct. 27, at 1:30 P.M., all major networks.

KING GEORGE VI—In an address from London, Thurs., Oct. 25, at 4:45 P.M., WABC.

HERALD TRIBUNE FORUM—General George C. Marshall, Mon., Oct. 29, at 8:45 P.M., WEAF; General Dwight D. Eisenhower, time to be announced; General John R. Deane, Tues., Oct. 30, at 2:30 P.M.; Secretary of Labor Lewis B. Schwellenbach, Thurs., Nov. 1, at 9 P.M.; Secretary of State James F. Byrnes, Thurs., Nov. 1, at 9:15 P.M.; WJZ.

MUSIC—New York Philharmonic, Artur Rodzinski conducting, Sun., Oct. 28, at 3 P.M., WABC. . . . N.B.C. Symphony, Arturo Toscanini conducting, Sun., Oct. 28, at 5 P.M., WEAF. . . . Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky conducting, Sat., Oct. 27 and Nov. 3, at 9:30 P.M., WJZ. . . . Philadelphia Orchestra: Pierre Monteux conducting, Sat., Oct. 27; Eugene Ormandy conducting, Sat., Nov. 3; at 5 P.M., WABC. . . . Ford Sunday Evening Hour, Eugene Ormandy conducting, Sun., Oct. 28, at 8 P.M., WJZ. . . . New York City Opera Company: "The Bartered Bride," Fri., Oct. 26, at 8:15 P.M., WNYC. . . . A broadcast from the performance of the Ballet Theatre, Thurs., Oct. 25 and Nov. 1, and Sun., Oct. 28, at 8:30 P.M., WNYC. . . . The Paganini Quartet, performed by Jacques Gasselin and Jacques Margolies, violin; William Lincer, viola; and Gaston Dubois, cello, Sun., Oct. 28, at 2 P.M., WABC. . . . Fritz Kreisler, violin, Mon., Oct. 29, at 9 P.M., WEAF.

SPORTS—Boxing: Artie Levine vs. Coley Welch, Fri., Oct. 26; Fritzie Zivic vs. Freddie Archer, Fri., Nov. 2; at 10 P.M., WJZ. . . . Football: Columbia vs. Brown, Sat., Oct. 27, at 2:15 P.M., WMCA; Alabama vs. Georgia, Sat., Oct. 27, at 2:45 P.M., WJZ; Pennsylvania vs. Navy, Sat., Oct. 27, at 2 P.M., WOR; Army vs. Duke, Sat., Oct. 27, at 2 P.M., WABC.

MOTION PICTURES

ALONG CAME JONES—Gary Cooper on horseback again in a mildly amusing Western cooked up by Nunnally Johnson. With Loretta Young and Dan Duryea. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Thurs., Oct. 25. . . . Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; Tues. through Thurs., Oct. 30-Nov. 1.)

A BELL FOR ADANO—This version of John Hersey's novel loses some force by emphasizing the comedy, but it's still worth seeing. With John Hodiak, Gene Tierney, and William Bendix. (Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; Sat. through Tues., Oct. 27-30. . . . Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; Sun. through Tues., Oct. 28-30.)

BLITHE SPIRIT—You wouldn't think spiritualism could be as funny as it turns out to be in this excellent adaptation of the Coward farce. With Rex Harrison, Margaret Rutherford, Kay Hammond, and Constance Cummings. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50.)

LOVE ON THE DOLE—You'll find this proletarian drama about unemployment in England gloomy but very moving. The cast, in the midst of general woe, is uniformly effective. George Carney, Deborah Kerr, and Clifford Evans. (World, 49, E. of 7.)

A MEDAL FOR BENNY—John Steinbeck wrote the original story for this rather disappointing film about the death of a hero and its effect in his native village. With Dorothy Lamour, Arturo de Cordova, and J. Carrol Naish. (Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; Thurs., Oct. 25. . . . Carlton, B'way at 100; Tues. through Thurs., Oct. 30-Nov. 1.)

MILDRED PIERCE—An adaptation of James M. Cain's story of mother love in the suburbs, which includes everything from a kind of incest to murder. Joan Crawford is fine as Mildred, and the rest of the cast keeps right up with her. (Strand, B'way at 47; through Thurs., Nov. 1.)

OVER 21—Irene Dunne, Alexander Knox, and Charles Coburn in an adaptation of Ruth Gordon's comedy that seems rather better than it did on the stage. (State, B'way at 45; through Wed., Oct. 31.)

RHAPSODY IN BLUE—This musical biography of George Gershwin contains all the songs, from "Swanee" to "Porgy and Bess," but the story was largely made up in Hollywood. It is also slightly confused by the fact that some characters, like Oscar Levant, Paul Whiteman, and Al Jolson, are played by themselves. (Hollywood, B'way at 51.)

THE SILVER FLEET—First-class British film about a Dutch patriot who sabotaged his own shipyard when it fell into Nazi hands. With Ralph Richardson. (Waverly, Ave. of the Americas at 3; and Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Tues. through Thurs., Oct. 30-Nov. 1.)

STORY OF G.I. JOE—A slow-paced account of the U.S. infantrymen marching through Africa and Italy, with Burgess Meredith doing an ingratiating imitation of the late Ernie Pyle. (Globe, B'way at 46; through Fri., Nov. 2.)

THE TRUE GLORY—The invasion of Europe described in eighty-eight minutes by fourteen hundred cameramen and practically everybody in the Army, including General Eisenhower. (Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; Thurs., Oct. 25. . . . Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; and 8th Street Playhouse, 8 St., W. of 5; through Fri., Oct. 26. . . . 77th Street, B'way at 77; through Wed., Oct. 31. . . . Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; Sun. and Mon., Oct. 28-29.)

THE UNSEEN—A nice chilly job about a murderer who operates from an old dark house. With Gail Russell, Joel McCrea, Herbert Marshall, and a very gifted child actor called Richard Lyon. (Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; through Sat., Oct. 27. . . . Orpheum, 3 Ave. at 86; and Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; through Mon., Oct. 29.)

WONDER MAN—Danny Kaye as twins in a stylish ghost story with incidental music. Virginia Mayo, Vera-Ellen, and Allen Jenkins are in the cast. (Astor, B'way at 45; through Tues., Oct. 30.)

REVIVALS

THE ADVENTURES OF TOM SAWYER (1938)—Tommy Kelly and May Robson as Tom and Aunt Polly. (Alden, B'way at 67; Tues. and Wed., Oct. 30-31.)

CRIME ET CHÂTIMENT (1935)—French film of the Dostoevski novel. With Harry Baur. (55th Street Playhouse, 55, E. of 7; through Tues., Oct. 30.)

EASY LIVING (1937)—Edward Arnold as a millionaire and Jean Arthur as Cinderella. (Art, 8 St., E. of University Pl.; Fri. through Mon., Oct. 26-29.)

THE HOUSEKEEPER'S DAUGHTER (1939)—Parodying crime thrillers. Joan Bennett and Adolphe Menjou. (Beverly, 3 Ave. at 50; Tues. and Wed., Oct. 30-31.)

THE IMPATIENT YEARS (1944)—Comedy about a hasty war marriage. Jean Arthur and Charles Coburn.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

theme with variations
Rarely does a perfume meet with such response that it becomes an instant classic . . . eternally stirring, essentially great. "Bond Street," by Yardley, holds this precious distinction . . . in full measure, for its fragrance pervades beauty aids as well, to weave one golden theme of loveliness for you.
"Bond Street" Perfume: $13.50, $8.50, $4.50, $2.50. Powder: See ROSE TAN in the famous "English Complexion" texture, $1. Lipstick: Cued to fall costume colors, $1.
YARD
Yardley products
are created in En
ished in the U.S
original English
bining imported
ingredients. Yard
Inc., 620 Fifth
feller Center, Ne

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

(Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Thurs., Oct. 25.)

THE IRON DUKE (1935)—George Arliss at Waterloo. (Art, 8 St., E. of University Pl.; Thurs., Oct. 25.)

THE LIFE AND LOVES OF BEETHOVEN (1937)—A serious biographical study, with Harry Baur. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Thurs., Oct. 25.)

LOVE AFFAIR (1939)—Romance starts at sea. Irene Dunne and Charles Boyer. (Alden, B'way at 67; Sun. and Mon., Oct. 28-29.)

THE MAD MISS MANTON (1938)—Murder and the Junior League. Barbara Stanwyck and Henry Fonda. (Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; Fri. and Sat., Oct. 26-27. . . . Greenwich Ave. at 12; Tues. through Thurs., Oct. 30-Nov. 1.)

PINOCCHIO (1940)—This Walt Disney full-length cartoon introduces Figaro the Cat and Cleo the Goldfish. (Republic, B'way at 51.)

SYLVIA SCARLETT (1936)—Katharine Hepburn and Cary Grant as a couple of romantic vagrants. (Alden, B'way at 67; through Sat., Oct. 27. . . . Beverly, 3 Ave. at 50; Sat. through Mon., Oct. 27-29.)

THEY SHALL HAVE MUSIC (1939)—Now called "Ragged Angels." Jascha Heifetz and the lower East Side. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Thurs., Oct. 25.)

THUNDER ROCK (1944)—The dreams of a disillusioned journalist in a Lake Michigan lighthouse. With Michael Redgrave and Barbara Mullen. (Alden, B'way at 67; through Sat., Oct. 27. . . . Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; and Thalia, B'way at 95; Fri. through Mon., Oct. 26-29.)

NOTE—The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, is showing old films weekdays at 3 and 5:30 P.M. and Sun. at 1:20, 3:30, and 5:30 P.M. on the following schedule—THURS., OCT. 25: "Mutiny on the Bounty" (1935), with Clark Gable and Charles Laughton. . . . FRI. THROUGH SUN., OCT. 26-28: "Carnival in Flanders" (1936), with Françoise Rosay, Jean Murat, and Louis Jouvet. . . . MON. THROUGH THURS., OCT. 29-NOV. 1: "Lives of a Bengal Lancer" (1935), with Gary Cooper and Franchot Tone. . . . FROM FRI., NOV. 2: "Swing Time" (1936), with Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire.

CIVILIAN WAR ACTIVITIES, POST-V

(As President Truman points out, we are technically still at war, and several of the wartime needs remain urgent. These are listed below.)

APARTMENTS FOR SERVICE MEN—New York City residents who can sublet their apartments for long or short periods are urged to make them available to veterans and service men and their families. Arrangements can be made through the Officers' Service Committee, Hotel Commodore, Lexington at 42 (MU 5-8000), and the New York City Vacancy Listing, Municipal Bldg., Room 1836, Chambers St. (WO 2-5600, Ext. 167.)

VOLUNTEER WORK—At the AMERICAN WOMEN'S VOLUNTARY SERVICES, 16 E. 66 (RE 4-6050): women to give as much time as they can spare sewing and knitting for service men's families. . . . AMERICAN WOMEN'S HOSPITALS RESERVE CORPS, 817 Madison, at 68 (RE 7-0100): women to spend as much time as they can during the day or evening teaching recreational arts and crafts in veterans' hospitals; women to give as much time as they can spare driving mobile canteens for veterans' hospitals. . . . RED CROSS, 315 Lexington Ave., at 38 (MU 4-4455): women to drive at least two days a week for the Motor Corps, meeting ships and transporting wounded service men around military posts; women to take a training course, and then serve as dietitians' aides in veterans' hospitals.

VICTORY LOAN—The drive will begin on Mon., Oct. 29. The A.W.V.S., 16 E. 66 (RE 4-6050), needs women for bond booths during the day; and the C.D.V.O., 1 E. 44 (MU 2-4310) wants volunteers for canvassing and clerical work during the day or evening in connection with the campaign.

SALVAGE—The A.W.V.S. is serving as a salvage depot for wastepaper and rags, which are still badly needed. For information about the depot nearest your home, call RE 4-6050. . . . The government urges that householders continue to save kitchen fat, used for synthetic rubber, soap, and medicine. Your butcher will give you four meat-ration tokens for every pound you turn in.

GIFTS, LOANS, ETC.—Foreign and unusual domestic postage stamps are being collected for wounded service men and hospitalized veterans. These should be mailed to the American Women's Hospitals Reserve Corps, 817 Madison, at 68, or the A.W.V.S., 16 E. 66. . . . Pedigreed dogs of all kinds are wanted for convalescent veterans in military hospitals. If you have one to give, write to Mrs. Marvin Preston, Westchester S.P.C.A., 175 Main St., White Plains, N. Y. . . . The A.W.V.S., 16 E. 66 (RE 4-6050), wants games, playing cards, and pocket-size books for hospitalized and overseas service men; also, musical instruments, athletic equipment, and boxed games for children in liberated countries.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Vanity Fair

Serenely lovely lingerie fashions in Vanity Fair's own tricot* fabric, so perfectly expressive of the times . . . pliant, responsive to every movement, giving you a new sense of freedom, a silhouette smooth as cream.

VANITY FAIR MILLS, INC. READING, PENNSYLVANIA

*Rayon jersey

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

*FingerFree

... most comfortable gloves in the world!

(For men and women)

DANIEL HAYS

DANIEL HAYS

FINE GLOVES SINCE 1854

GLOVERSVILLE, N. Y.

MEN'S FASHION GUILD OF NEW YORK

*designed by merry hull
*U. S. PATS. 2,125,673
2,194,934—2,226,604

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Breathless

Fabulous

BY CHARBERT

the magical touch that makes your costume lovelier, your evening more enchanting.

Altman toiletries, main floor

B. ALTMAN & CO.
Fifth Avenue New York

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Troy Stix's busk slack suit . . . accentuates the minuscule waistline. Wm. Rose's Crepe Semba woven with Enka Rayon. Saks Fifth Avenue, New York • Julius Garfinckel, Washington, D.C. • Ransohoffs, San Francisco

Enka Rayon • 206 Madison Avenue, New York

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

IT'S ★ ARALAC!

Look at the stunning plaid shirt! It's for your country tweeds and slacks.

A very smart fabric, too—Heatherlac, a rayon and ARALAC flannel in aqua or gold. Sizes 30 to 38, about $8.

PECK and PECK

★ T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. by ARALAC, INC., a division of NATIONAL DAIRY PRODUCTS CORPORATION

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Pique "hair-ribbon bow"

as big as the ones you wore in your school-girl hair—on the shoulder of a bouffant-skirted gown. Navy or black rayon taffeta with white pique bow. Sizes 10 to 16.

89.95

Altman evening fashions, third floor

B. ALTMAN & CO.

Fifth Avenue New York

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

IT is in times like these that one appreciates the stock market, for this is the hour of Wall Street's greatness. Ordinarily one expects to find in Wall Street the uneasiness that goes with a sensitive character, and the delicate signs of distant trouble—Wall Street that can tremble when the slightest frown disturbs the earth's brow. Look at it today! The foreign ministers wrangle and go home, the workers walk out, industry stands still, and the people, their sleep troubled with nightmares of nuclear doom, measure their prospective profits in terms of minutes, not dollars. Through it all Wall Street wears an expression of heroic calm, and gains another two points. Wall Street smiles and remembers that Americans have one hundred and forty billion dollars in the bank. The fact that the bank may be vaporized and Nature's collateral blown right up through the roof of the sky does not frighten the Street. American Quicksand was firm yesterday at the close of trading.

OUR favorite watchdog of public morality, the *Nation*, has been keeping a wary eye on *Opinion and Comment*, the quarterly organ of the College of Commerce and Business Administration of the University of Illinois. Recently it paid off, and the *Nation* reported gleefully that a man named Ralph Blodgett had written an article for the magazine entitled "We Need Those Depressions." It quoted Blodgett as saying:

> It is to be hoped that depressions are never abolished, for they have many desirable features. Those who learn to "ride the business cycle" can find as many advantages in depressions as in booms. . . . That very name "depression" is inappropriate. It horribly maligns those great periods so full of splendid opportunities. . . . Let us keep those periods but abolish only the name. . . . Some economic research foundation might well offer prizes for suitable names and select the best one.

As far as we know, no research organization has yet offered such a prize, but the idea is a good one. Our suggestion for a name is "blodgetts." We would define a blodgett as "a great period full of splendid opportunities, when the man of the house can get lots of fresh air, exercise, and a chance to know his family better."

WE were tremendously interested in what George S. May, the business engineer, said the other day. He told some other business engineers that when a business isn't going along right it is "because something either isn't being done at all or it isn't being done correctly." For twenty-odd years we have been trying to dope out what ails this office, and apparently we have been looking too deep for the trouble. The trouble is right on the surface, as May points out. Either something isn't being done around here or, by God, it isn't being done correctly. And we mean to find out, too.

MAY has been in business as long as we have, but has learned more in that space of time. It seems hard to believe, but we've been putting out a magazine for twenty years without knowing that there are two kinds of functions in business, the horizontal and the vertical. May's functional-analysis chart put us wise, finally. Of course we discovered rather early in the game that there are two kinds of *employees*, the vertical type and the horizontal type,

and we even tried in our fumbling way to make some provision for them. We sprinkled a few couches around for writers (the horizontals of the publishing business), and we recently installed a couple of staircases leading to a higher floor for the vertical-minded, who are not happy unless they are gaining altitude. But May says the whole thing is functional, not personal, and that until you get the functions arranged either up and down or crossways, you are licked. He unquestionably knows what he is talking about.

ANOTHER thing May sets store by is "personnel appraisal" and we can certainly understand the reason for that. After a business has been operating for a number of years, the amount of personnel appraisal that takes place in the office every day is very great. Perhaps eighty per cent of all the activity in this office could be described as personnel appraisal. You can walk down the hall any hour of the day or night and pass the appraisers at their work—

groups of twos and threes, talking quietly together, watching, estimating, gauging, judging, speculating. The reason for this is simple. Any bunch of human beings who gather every day for the unnatural act of conducting a business become fascinated with each other's lives, fortunes, habits, tricks, and mannerisms. The zest for personnel appraisal mounts steadily, as the profits are made and divided, as the partitions go up and come down. All other functions increase proportionately, too. Work itself is a doe rabbit. Job mates with job, and in time the young are born, looking very like their mother.

WE envy a business engineer his knowledge of machinery. With us, it has always seemed impossible to

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

say whether a given individual at a given moment is doing anything that contributes to the successful operation of a business. After twenty years of a weekly magazine, we still stumble on workers who are doing things that would baffle a George S. May. Not ten minutes ago, dropping in at the desk of a collaborator, a Miss Overly, to borrow a cigarette, we found her hunched at her task in a position halfway between the vertical and the horizontal, filling out a questionnaire she had received from *Cosmopolitan*. She was telling *Cosmopolitan* whether, in choosing a face powder, she was influenced most by texture, clinging ability, covering ability, shade, or perfume—an interminable document, a moment of pure lunacy. Emerging from her room, we crawled through an editorial thicket and came out in a little clearing where a man was building a trap for a critic out of a small metal table. We had never seen the fellow before, but he wore the slick look of someone who is on the payroll. Who knows? A business engineer loose in this forest would be hard put to it for an answer. In the process of one magazine girl quizzing another was *Cosmopolitan* operating effectively? Were we? Was something not being done that should have been? Answer us, George May! Answer us!

•

INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: German prisoners of war are on K.P. duty in the mess halls at Mitchel Field and this undoubtedly accounts for a sign on a garbage can out there which reads, "FOR ORANGE RHINES ONLY."

Hubert's Museum, the home of the flea circus, on Forty-second Street, is listed in the Manhattan Redbook, along with the Whitney, the Frick, the Metropolitan, and so on.

In the window of a barbershop on what was once Sixth Avenue is a card that reads, "Featuring the Avenue of the Americas Haircut with That Latin Finish. No Clippers."

Santa Claus

A LAWYER friend has told us about a wealthy spinster for whom he has been drawing up a will. She has a number of nieces, nephews, great-nieces, and great-nephews, and it took much thought and figuring to work out what she considered an equitable distribution of her real estate, stocks, bonds, jewelry, and other possessions; several tentative versions of the document were got up, considered, and discarded. Last week, our friend drew up a will that was accepted. As he finished reading it to his client, she leaned forward in her chair and clapped her hands. "Oh, that's a lovely will," she said, her old eyes shining. "It'll be just like Christmas morning."

Purty

THE Hotel Belvedere, being where it is, directly across the street from the Forty-ninth Street entrance to Madison Square Garden, is in a class by itself. As the seasons change, it puts up ice skaters, circus performers, hockey players, dog-show exhibitors, and other odd people and their kin. At the moment it's rodeo people, fully booted and spurred, and when we called in last Friday the lobby looked like a frontier town trimmed with chromium. We had an uneasy feeling that Gary Cooper and Roy Rogers would start shooting it out any minute. Limbering up our shift-key, or trigger, finger, we got in touch with Sidney Rich, the assistant manager. "There ain't another hotel like this in the world," Rich said, in a voice trembling with trepidation and pride. "It changes every time a new outfit moves into the Garden. You see it all here."

Rich is inclined to change somewhat himself, and when we saw him he was in his drawling, or box-canyon mood. He is reputed to know the names and records of more hockey players, rodeo performers, and prizefighters than any other hotel man in the country. And dogs, too.

A couple of days before the rodeo comes to town all the furniture in the Belvedere lobby is moved to the basement, Rich told us. "They're good boys," he said, "a fine bunch of boys, but this is their big blowoff of the year. They cut loose." Rich led us to the ballroom, which contained a considerable number of cowboys sitting on chairs and lying on the floor asleep. "What's going on here?" Rich asked. "Meetin'," said one of the sitting cowboys, who seemed to be having a struggle to keep awake. We followed Rich down the hall, whose carpet was covered with rubber matting, and made for the bar. "The boys bring in tanbark on their boots," Rich said.

The bar was filled with cowboys, all of them talking at the top of their voices, in a natural and carefree manner. Rich told us that the Belvedere has to engage special bartenders to suit the occasion. For rodeo duty, they get in big, patient fellows who can take ribbing. For the Horse Show, they get snazzier men, from the Ritz Tower, which is under the same management. The cowboys seemed to be drinking mostly what they called "shots"—bourbon and coke. Their conversation dealt principally with the preceding rodeo performance and with the size of their feet. All cowboys are proud of the smallness of their feet, Rich told us; many of them wear Size 7 boots and some can wear Size 4. Rich said that a good deal of horse trading goes on in the bar and that generally the purchaser takes a piece of scratch paper and writes, "I have bought this horse Blackfoot from you for blank dollars," signs his name, and that's the transaction. At the far end of the bar, as we had been well aware all along, a cowboy had been bulldogged and trussed up, and he was struggling hard to get out of his bonds. Two companions who had apparently done the trussing were leaning against the wall, watching him judiciously. "I don't think we got his hat fur enough down over his eyes," one of them said, "but he shore looks purty." Rich warned us not to pay any attention to the trio. "Cowboy to cowboy," he said, "you never have any real trouble. It's when you civilians come in here to rubberneck that things get out of hand."

Rich's warning was interrupted by loud howls from the lobby, and the two of us hurried out in time to see a couple of old pals greeting each other. One of them yelled, "Why, Hank, you old son-of-a-bitch!" and the other shouted, "Red! I been looking for you all over, you old bastard!" After a brief tussle they fell to the floor, where they wrestled, rather informally. As we watched them there seemed to be an odd method in their activities; they would dig their spurs into the floor and shove themselves along an inch or so, always toward the bar. "They're going

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to have a drink," Rich said. He felt confident they'd make the bar in an hour or two, and he said that when they got there they would have another fight to see who was going to buy the drinks. "They're glad to see each other," Rich said. "You know, maybe they haven't seen each other for a couple of days."

Punishment

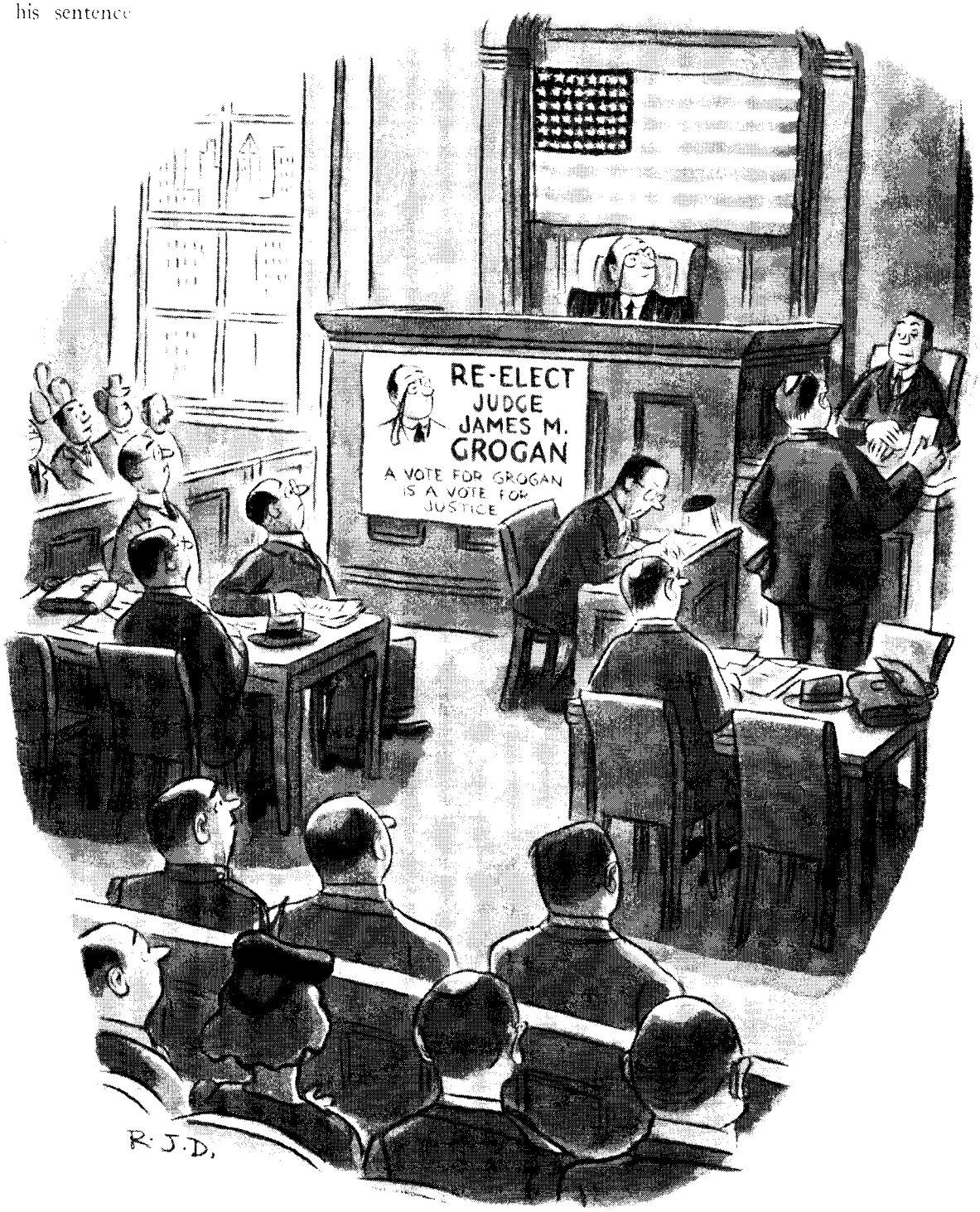
THE average American, despite his best efforts at hands-across-the-sea camaraderie, tends to feel intimidated by an Englishman's way of saying things. It is a case of his sentence structure, or bark, being considerably worse than his bite. A prime example of this has been sent us by a member of the American Field Service in India, who encountered this notice in the compartment of a train: "Section 113 of the Indian Railways Act of 1890 requires each passenger to be in possession of his or her ticket. Please ensure that you have your ticket in your possession when called upon by an authorized Railway servant. Failure to do so will result in your being treated as a passenger travelling without a ticket."

Skeptic

WE have a friend who is convinced that some of the department stores aren't as enthusiastic about certain of their postwar activities as one might think. He was shopping in a store that has airplanes for sale when two men, obviously members of the management, strolled up within earshot and paused to discuss problems of the day. They disposed of a couple of matters and then one of them asked the other, "How many airplanes have we sold?" "None," said his companion. "Thank God!" said the other.

Chronic Afflatus

THE other day we had a talk with Georges Simenon, the Franco-Belgian author, who is without a doubt the most prolific fiction writer in the world, perhaps of all time. Various men of opinion, including T. S. Eliot, Rockwell Kent, and Count Keyserling, have said his work, or at least that portion which has appeared in English, is not lacking in quality. In a mere twenty-five years, he has produced three hundred and fifty-three novels—two hundred and twenty more than the late Edgar Wallace produced in a lifetime—and he is still keeping the manuscript flying. As you may know, M. Simenon is not only the inventor of Inspector Maigret, a reflective and imperturbable French sleuth, but a gifted explorer of the more repulsive aspects of abnormal psychology. He is, we found, a pink-cheeked, boyish-looking man of forty-two, and a chain pipe-smoker. He is in this country in response to the inevitable summons from Hollywood. At the time of our



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Good morning, Major."

• •

interview he was wearing an orange tweed suit, brown suède shoes, and a gold wristwatch about the size and shape of a brioche. He has no English, but he expects to have plenty in about three weeks. "My mind is seething with plots," he said, after greeting us with a genial, bone-crushing Continental handshake. "Provide me with a typewriter and this very instant I would be able to get started on a new book. I am fortunate in that I can write anywhere and under any conditions. I do not need to wait for inspiration. I am always inspired. However, I am no longer interested in mere quantity. I am now in my literary period."

M. Simenon's present period is his third, we learned. He reached it after a long, exhausting, but not unprofitable apprenticeship in the artistic underworld. "First," he told us, "there was the period of mass production. I was nineteen and I had just left the University of Liége and married and moved to Paris. I needed money, for tobacco if nothing else, since I was already smoking ten pipes an hour. For three years, I wrote seven articles a day and a novel every three days. I wrote so swiftly that it was necessary to use sixteen pen names." M. Simenon's range of subject was wide. One of his most popular early works, he recalled, was "L'Oeil de l'Utah," a lively account of warfare on the Western plains of the United States between an Indian tribe and a secret society of Chicago gangsters. "Every day was like a prize-fight," he said. "My schedule was two hours of work, typing at high speed, followed by an hour of rest or physical exercise. Often my wife would give me a rubdown. Then I would return for another two hours of writing." M. Simenon leaped abruptly from his chair, pounded an imaginary typewriter for a moment, pressed his hands on his head, fell as though lifeless back into his chair, and said, "When evening came, I was depleted. Then, in 1924, I entered my second period. This was the careful manufacture of semi-luxurious literary products. I became successful. I had a yellow Chrysler Imperial sedan and a chauffeur who delivered my manuscripts to the publishers and collected my checks. Also, I had a servant to fill my pipes for me. Every morning she would place forty filled pipes on my desk, enough to last me for two hours. I did not have to stop to fill my pipes myself and lose valuable time. After a while I worked more slowly, spending as much as two weeks on a single book. Also, for practice, I inserted one chapter of real literary merit in each novel. These chapters were usually irrelevant to the plot and puzzled many readers, but they enabled me to prepare for my next period. I emerged into my literary period in 1933. It was a great relief."

We thanked M. Simenon and prepared to depart, feeling uneasy at having kept him out of production. "Look," he said, in some excitement. "I am filling my tenth pipe. In this little time that we have talked I have smoked nine pipes. With all of my talking—nine pipes! Almost a record."

Confused

WASHINGTON is apparently beginning to gather its own to its bosom, for we are told of a federal unit that returned there last week from New York, taking along a few lesser employees accumulated during its local stay. One of these was a young woman who upon arrival reported in to the proper person, an executive lady. "Now, the first thing you must do is go to the Badge Room," the lady said. She telephoned the Badge Room and said the girl would be right down. Ten minutes later the Badge Room called and said that the girl hadn't appeared. (The danger of spies still seems to be terrific in Washington.) A searching party found the young lady a short while later, making her way diligently along a corridor not far away. She hadn't, she said, been able to find the bathroom.

Hq.

"ASK for Leo Casey, our publicity director," Newbold Morris's secretary at City Hall advised us when we told him we'd like to inspect the Morris headquarters, which are in the Henry Hudson Hotel. At the hotel, in a big panelled room, we met Mitchell C. Hodges, a bespectacled and intense man who had been with the Signal Corps in India. "We're just a bunch of amateurs here," said Mr. Hodges, who was smoking a pipe and had three cigars in his vest pocket. "I got interested in the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

campaign as a volunteer a couple of weeks ago. I thought it was a cause. I was in welfare work in Trenton, but I feel New York is my home city. I don't pretend to speak for all the service men coming back, but I feel that if anybody but Newbold gets in, the civilians will be letting down their brothers, sons, and fathers. Our slogan, which I happened to think up, 'Don't Turn Back the Clock Twelve Years,' sums the thing up in a nutshell. I'm selling my car, a Plymouth 1941 special de luxe, to finance myself during this period. 'I'm willing to walk for Morris'—that's my own personal slogan." We asked Hodges what he was getting for the car and he said he had advertised two weeks ago, had received twenty-five offers, and was still mulling them over.

Mrs. Wales Latham of the *Times*, the girl who ran Bundles for Britain, bustled in and said, "Newbold is one of my oldest friends in the world. I got Russell Davenport in on this." Hodges then introduced us to Mrs. Magdalena Wallach, a very pretty number at the desk next to his, and to Eli H. Bronstein, an associate campaign manager. "I worked in the Willkie thing and I feel the same way about this," said Hodges. "You know, Mitchell, I think that is absolutely true," said Bronstein. "This is the Willkie thing all over again. Tell him about Mrs. McCue." "I'll mention it," said Hodges, "but it's a *PM* angle. We have one little gray-haired woman, Mrs. Helen MacKay, who goes around taking as many taxis as she can to persuade the drivers to vote for Morris. The men who moved the furniture in here were so enthused they stayed on and pitched in." "They helped address envelopes," said Mrs. Wallach. Mrs. Wallach's husband, Philip, came in and removed his coat and sweater vest. "I bat out biographies of Morris," he said, handing us one. "Leonore Levin, a free lance who has hit *PM* several times, is sealing envelopes for us," said Hodges. "She's only nineteen, not old enough to vote, unfortunately. The young people have a lot of enthusiasm. I'm thirty-seven, though I'm generally taken for thirty." "I've never seen such a gang of zealots in my life," said Bronstein.

Bronstein introduced us to a second associate campaign manager, Mrs. Manila O'Neal Goldman, who met Morris while working on the Mayor's Recreation Hospitality Committee. Barent Ten Eyck, *the* campaign manager, joined us and said, "The keynote of this organization is that it's full of grand volunteers. No one gets paid except the two switchboard girls. I was dragooned into my job because after Newbold blasted Goldstein last June I wrote him he was terrific." "I did the identical thing as Barry," said Bronstein. "I was trout fishing at the time." "The candidates hardly ever come here," said Mrs. Goldman, "but Mr. Morris was in the other day. He was digging around in the supply closet in his shirtsleeves." "It's the most amateurish place you ever saw in your life," said Ten Eyck. "I think people who failed to register should be judged as guilty of criminal negligence," said Hodges, eying us speculatively.

Ten Eyck and Bronstein hastily took us on a tour of the other rooms, most of which were empty. "This room has been assigned to some activities that are not yet in swing," Ten Eyck said of one. "Hodges coördinates a lot of chain phoning we're encouraging. He used to be with Young & Rubicam." "Everything here is a labor of love," said Bronstein. We asked to see Mr. Casey and were told that he handles the press from the Yale Club. We stopped in there later and found Casey, a non-Yale man, living in a two-room suite, as a guest of the candidate, a Yale man. "They're trying to get Newbold on his social background," he said. "Newbold's a little worried about it, but I'm not. Look at Roosevelt. Look at Saltonstall." Back in our well-stocked library, we picked up a 1944-45 Yale Club yearbook and read, "No member shall . . . date or address from the Club any paper or communication intended to be printed or to appear in any newspaper, periodical, or publication."

Surprise

WE have just learned of a mother who recently contrived to buy a pair of roller skates for her eight-year-old son, who had talked persistently and wistfully of roller skates all last winter until she had been able to convince him of the facts of war. She hurried home with her present. "Here is something you've wanted for a long time," she said. "I'll give you one guess what it is." The boy hefted the package and shook it, listening carefully. His joy was beautiful to see as he shouted, "I know! Radar!"

"Ethel says they haven't started any craze at Vassar yet, but I'm afraid it's just the lull before the storm."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SHAD AMPERSAND

A NOVEL OF TIME AND THE WRITER, TENTATIVELY BASED ON "CASS TIMBERLANE, A NOVEL OF HUSBANDS AND WIVES"

CHAPTER I

THE city of Grand Revenant, in High Hope County and the sovereign state of Nostalgia, has a population of 34,567, according to the official census taker, a vast and bumbling liar, receiver of puny bribes and secret high acolyte of the poems of Algernon Charles Swinburne.

Grand Revenant is 49.6 miles from Zenith and 99.2 from Gopher Prairie.

It was founded in 1903, a year that also saw the birth, at Kitty Hawk, N.C., of a strange, boxlike contrivance that held the bright seeds of death for Coventry and Nagasaki and other proud cities, half the world away.

Its pioneer settler was old Cornelius Ampersand, a prodigious seducer of Indians along the thundering marge of Lake Prolix and on the cold, improbable trails that lead from Baedeker and Larousse to Mount Thesaurus. Corn was a He-Man, a Wowser, a High Anointed Member of the Sacred and Splendiferous Tribe of Good Scouts, and if his thin, despairing wife often wept alone in the night, nobody knew—except perhaps her two or three hundred closest friends.

In the years since old Corn raped his last squaw (and how those golden girls would giggle in the dusk!), Grand Revenant had grown like an angry weed in the fertile soil of the prairie.

Factories came—Wilson & Fadiman, who ravaged the little, firm-breasted hills for copper for moot points; Trilling & Cowley, who made the smoothest, shiniest, most astoundingly complicated little instruments for determining tension and slack (it was hard to say what everybody did before it was possible to determine slack to one-ten-thousandth part of an inch); Mencken & Nathan, who manufactured Hortex and were said to have the seventh largest mangle in the state of Nostalgia.

Stores were born—the Mad Mode Mart, Avis Cormorant, prop. (Miss Cormorant was a nymphomaniac and, very discreetly, a German spy, but her chic was the despair of her rival, Elsie Drear, who was a virgin and an Episcopalian); Blitberg's Department Store ("*Nous l'Avons!*"), which sold everything from needles to yachts, and if one or two salesgirls died each week from a strange and terrible disease called Dreiser's Botch, there was surely no kinder or merrier man in all Revenant than old Sam Blitberg; Dirge & Mouseman (Mrs. Mouseman, née Birdie Jump, was that object of almost inconceivable grandeur, a former inmate of the *Social Register*), where you could buy, for very little more than it would cost to build supernal beauty or to stamp out Yaws, rare stones of devious and bloody history.

Other noble monuments—the Revenant Museum of Art, which boasted a Modigliani and a Dali and a whole roomful of Grant Woods, but which was chiefly notable for its swimming pool which was as deep and blue as a lake; Revenant Junior High School, which regularly and gratifyingly beat the upstart team from East Hemingway in the annual marathon, and if very few of her graduates could tell you who wrote "Thanatopsis" or even "Mantrap," they usually proved astonishingly nimble at selling not too aqueous real estate and beautifully shiny automobiles, which often ran quite well; and, always and most particularly, Mme. Moriarity's bowling parlors, where the nickering males of Revenant betook themselves for curious delights, which sometimes they even actually enjoyed.

Churches sprang up, to the glory of a Fat God, whose other names were Baal and Moloch and Ahriman and Samael and Progress and Rugged Individualism.

Hotels and restaurants—the Revenant Inn, which travellers had been known to compare favorably with the glittering Bellevue-Stratford in Philadelphia, but at which there was no room for the Indians whose doomed campfires had once glowed where now its flying towers mocked the sky; Doug's Hotburger, where the cop on the beat, a cold and melancholy man, dropped in nightly to sigh: "Geez, you take my wife. A good woman, I guess, but no get-up-and-go to her like some of these peppy society dames. And *talk!* Golly! One of these days maybe I'll have to shut the ole girl up." At six o'clock one bitter January morning, he did, very neatly and irrevocably, using the old .44 service revolver with which he had sworn to uphold the law; the Heyday Grille, where Doc Kennicott and George Babbitt and Sam Dodsworth and all the glorious he-male company of competent seducers (about once a year, Babbitt conducted a fumbling, inconclusive experiment with some derisive young woman in a canoe) and two-fisted drinkers (sometimes, uneasily, they had a cocktail before lunch) met every Friday to bumble cheerfully: "Well, I dunno what you other, uh, homo sapiensibuses think, but it strikes this not-so-humble observer that this lil ole burg is sure goin' straight to the twenty-three skiddoos." Solemnly, they agreed that Grand Revenant could not compare in splendor with Zenith and Gopher Prairie and Paris and New York; secretly, they knew that she was strange and beautiful beyond all the other cities of the earth.

CHAPTER II

SHAD AMPERSAND, old Corn's grandson, lived in a neat $26,500 bungalow called Christmas Past, on Revenant Heights, overlooking the brisk, aspiring town. He was a tall, ramshackle hayrick of a man of fifty-six, copper red (a testimony, it was whispered, to old Corn's prowess with the squaws) and sad of eye, like a water spaniel or an early Donatello. An admirer of loneliness and rye whiskey and thin, hawk-vivid girls, who listened with vast politeness while he explained such recondite matters as Arbitrary Microcosm, Limited Frame of Reference, Elementary Symbolism, and Dated or Synthetic Idiom, about all of which they knew precisely nothing and most enthusiastically cared even less.

Sitting on his tiny porch on one of the brightest, briefest, and most poignant of all October afternoons, Shad was very weightily considering the profound mystery of Sex.

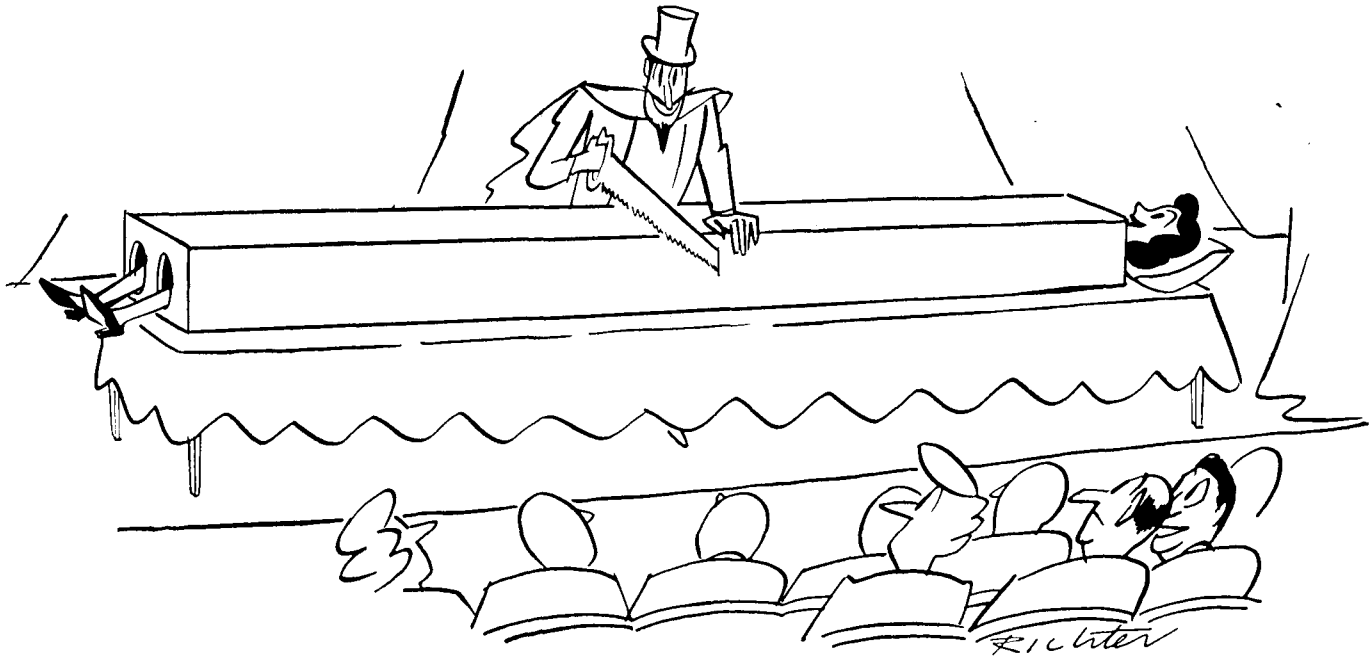
"I'm not one of these highbrow geezers like W. Somerset Maugham or John Q. Galsworthy," he plondered heavily, "and it sure gives me a pain in the ole bazookus to hear some long-haired so-called intellectual claiming that love and marriage and kiddies and everything a dumb ole roughneck like me has come to hold most sacred is nothing more nor less than something called the Biological Urge."

"Hey, you don't have to talk to *me* like that," said Trenda Boneside sharply. "I'm not the Pulitzer Prize Committee."

She was a small, fierce kitten of a girl, who had lived for nineteen eager, sniffing years with her parents on a farm in Remnant, just across the state line.

"M? Nope. See what you mean," he said placatingly. She was a passionate

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



"I think I see how it's done."

• •

white flame on a cigar-store lighter. He tried to imagine her cooking his breakfast. Tried and most conspicuously failed.

"No, you don't at all," she snapped at him, this brisk fox terrier of a girl. "You listen to me, Shad Ampersand. I'm not one of those old girls of yours—Carol or Leora or that awful Dodsworth woman, whatever *her* name was."

"Fran," he said humbly.

"Fran. Well, anyway, I'm not. Maybe that old hillbilly talk was all right for them, and even the *American Mercury*. But with me you can just talk like anybody else."

"M."

"That's another thing!" she cried furiously. "That 'M'! What the hell is that supposed to be? The name of a moving picture?"

"Gee, Tren," he sighed. "It's only an experiment in phonetics. You know, how to get something down the way it really sounds. As I was telling ole Doc Bongflap . . ."

Now she was really a tigress.

" 'Bongflap,' " she wailed. "I've known you for a long time, Shad Ampersand, and I've certainly heard some terrible names—Vergil Gunch and Roscoe Geake and Adelbert Shoop—but that's the worst ever. Nobody in the world was ever called Bongflap."

"Well, maybe not, but, drat it, when an author wants to suggest how a character . . ."

"I know all about that," she said, "and I know all about Charles Dickens, too, and you both make me sick. My God, even *Tarkington* wouldn't call anybody Bongflap. Or Timberlane, either, for that matter. Timber*lane*. Timber*line*. Even Hansen and Chamberlain ought to be able to get that one, but I think it stinks. I keep thinking it's Tamberlane or Timberleg."

"Aren't we getting a little off the subject, Tren?" he said mildly.

"I don't know. What *was* the subject?"

"Well, uh, love."

"Oh, *that*," she yawned. "What about it?"

"Well, uh," he fumbled. She was a laughing brook of a girl, cool, diamond-bright, a wanderer in secret loveliness. He dreamed of her in a gingham apron, cooking his breakfast. Golly! "Uh, I thought we might get married," he whinnied. It was so perhaps that Paris whispered to Helen before they came to the City of the Topless Towers, so the Roman gave his soul to Egypt's queen on the dreaming bosom of the Nile. She looked at him and suddenly her heart was in her eyes.

"Shad!" she cried, and now she was a bell.

"Wife!" he clamored through their urgent kiss, and miraculously it was a word in nowise stained with use.

Chapter III

THE little orange cat called Pox stretched languorously in Shad Ampersand's lap.

"I know you're lonely since your wife, Trenda, left you last November to join Blight Grimes, the polo player and nimble seducer, at his hotel in Chicago, Illinois," she mewed. She was a very fetching device of a cat, an explanatory butler at curtain rise in a Lonsdale comedy.

Shad scratched her ears and thought: I should have known all along about Tren and Blight. The time they went away together for a week back in March and Trenda said—oh, she was very innocent and airy about it!—that they'd just gone up to Alaska to look at polo ponies; the time I found them upstairs in bed and they said they were just lying down because their feet hurt. I must have been pretty credulous, he decided, and Pox blinked her copper eyes in sardonic agreement.

"You're damn right," she purred, "but now, of course, she has delirium tremens and this Grimes character isn't exactly the kind of man you can picture running up and down stairs with paraldehyde and strait jackets. There's a strange streak of cruelty in him."

He nodded, but he was thinking despairingly: I must have failed her somehow. Maybe I was wrong to want to keep her here in Christmas Past pasting up scrapbooks for an old galoot like me—Blight, doggone his hide, was only forty-nine and lithe and puissant as a sword—when she ought to be running around with kids her own age, going to the movies and coming out with her

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

head all full of stars and dreams (as a matter of fact, he knew she loathed the movies), having a soda with the Gang at Bleeck's and feeding nickels into the juke box for "Smiles" and "Margie," maybe even being kissed, in sweet and childish innocence, in the back seat of a Chevrolet.

"Pope Hartford," said Pox, who was also a mind-reader.

"M?"

"Pope Hartford," repeated the cat irritably. "You might as well stick to the period. And while I think of it, you can lay off that 'M' with *me*, too."

Anyway, he had failed her, his lost and golden girl, and she was in Chicago with Blight. He looked at his watch. 11:46. Probably they were back from the theatre now and up in their suite and Blight was slipping the little silver-fox cape from her shoulders.

"His heart contracted," murmured Pox.

"M, uh, I mean what?"

"Don't keep making me say everything twice for God's sake. 'His heart contracted.' That goes in there somewhere. In parentheses. After the second 'and,' I should say. It's one of your mannerisms, though not a very fortunate one. Also, you seem to have forgotten that she's on the sauce, if you'll pardon the expression."

Trenda spifflicated, swizzled, tiddly. He knew it was the truth, but the thought was a sharp agony, an unthinkable desecration, as if he saw the slender, terrible beauty of the Samothrace deep in foul mud and marred with the droppings of obscene and dreadful birds.

"I think you're overreaching yourself there," said Pox. "Too many modifiers, and it's a pretty elaborate image. After all, you aren't Henry James."

"Golly, Pox—"

"Ah, the hell with it. Let it go. It's your stream of consciousness, thank God, not mine."

In his despair, his cold, unutterable loss, Shad Ampersand began to think of all the world, and Pox looked at him sharply for a moment and then hopped off his lap and left the room. Shad thought: Marriage. A man and a woman—him and Tren, Romeo and Juliet, Philemon and Baucis, Ruth and, and, drat it, who *was* that guy—anyway, they fell in love—oh, Tren, sweet, we *must* have been in love the night we read "Gideon Planish" until the stars went out!—and they promised to love, honor, and obey—golly, the most beautiful words in the English language, except, of course, maybe some parts of Shakespeare—till death you did part. But then something happened. One day they woke up and the magic was gone. (He and Tren were having breakfast, Homogenized Virtex and Spookies, and suddenly, appallingly, she cried, "Shad! I'm going away with Blight! Right this minute! He's going to take me to London, Paris, Berlin—Gee, I've always wanted to see the Taj Mahal and all those cute little Androgynes or whatever you call 'em—and we're going to take along a sleeping bag, you know, like in that book I read some of, and camp right out on the biggest darn ole Alp we can find." He had burbled, "Gee, that sounds mighty interesting, Tren. Yes, sir. Like to take a little trip sometime myself," but the Spookies were ashes in his mouth.) Anyway, it always ended—either in the hideous, clinging slime of the divorce court, or else—and this was unutterably worse—in the terrible, icy vacuum of indifference, the final, shameful acceptance of infidelity. ("You ought to get yourself a girl, Shad," she had told him one night; as usual, she was sitting on Blight's lap, knitting a new-fangled sock. "Why don't you call up Avis Cormorant? *There*'s a cheerful little giver for you. Or maybe one of those Piutes you say old Corn was always talking about." He had almost struck her then.) It was this, this modern cynicism, this flat denial of marriage, not the Communists or the Fascists or the Technocrats or even the hot-eyed disciples of Fourier and Adam Smith, that was destroying America. In the ultimate scheme of things, the continuing marriage of Tren and Shad Ampersand, or, if you chose, of plain Helen and Robert Lynd, was more important than—

"Hey," said Pox, putting his head around the door, "I wouldn't disturb you, except you didn't seem to be getting anywhere in particular with that editorial. Anyway, she's back."

"Who?" spurted Shad, though his heart obliteratingly knew.

"Who the hell did you think?" said Pox scornfully. "Little Round Heels. With a hangover I could swing on by my tail."

She came in then, with a glad, unsteady rush, a broken cry, into his waiting arms, and if she was damaged, if she was no longer the bright, imperious child his dreams had known, but something harder, wiser, and infinitely sad, he had no eyes to see.

"Tren, baby!" he whispered fiercely in her hair.

"Shad!" she breathed, and gave him the ruined glory of her smile. After all, she thought, stroking the remembered kindness of his cheek, you always have to figure that the old skeezix is practically indestructible, there ought to be plenty of books still batting around in him for all the endless years to come.

"Nice going, sister," murmured Pox, and most discreetly shut the door.

—Wolcott Gibbs

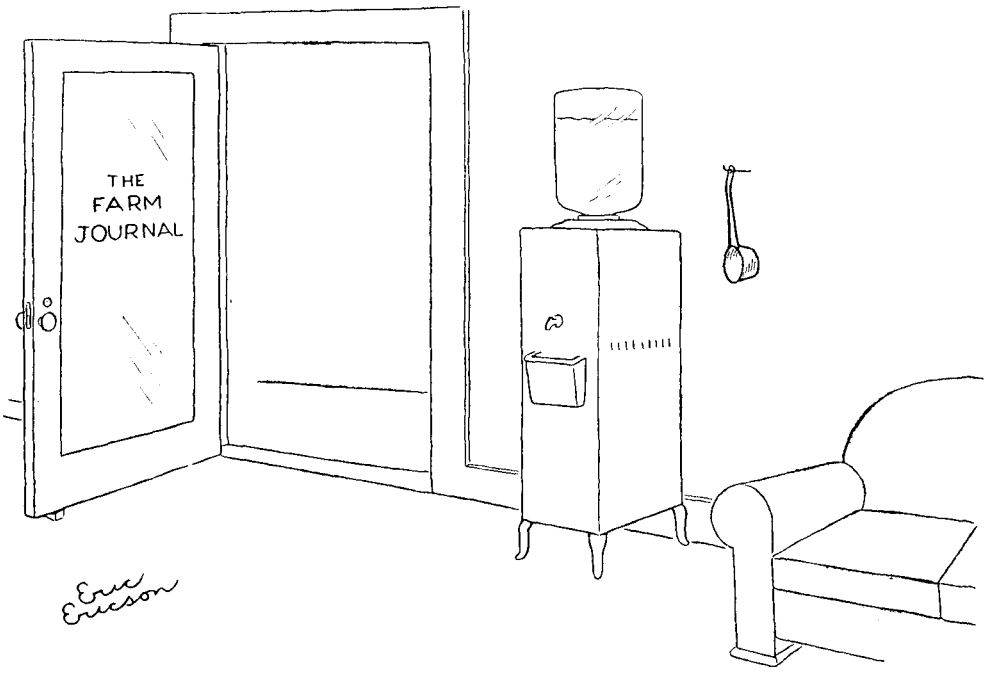
•

NEATEST TRICK OF THE WEEK

[From the Cleveland Plain Dealer]

I'm standing at a window in the tower of the Roney Plaza Hotel and can see huge palm trees being bent double by the wind.

It's so dark you can hardly see your hand in front of your face.



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FIRST BIRTHDAY

As the date of my baby Carola's first birthday approached, I wanted to do something about it, even though the times were not propitious. We were one of the few remnants of white families in Hong Kong not interned, and we were living, with a varying number of servants, in a house which had been opened to the elements by Jap shells. It was these battle scars which made it possible for us to go on living there. Though wandering bands of uniformed Japs often considered evicting us, they always reconsidered when they had counted up the cost of repair work, and Ah King, my cook, faithful companion, and severest critic, carefully did nothing at all about boarding up empty window frames or setting warped doors aright. He had even more interest in keeping the house than I had. His whole family used the cellar as a rest station when they came in from their country town outside Kowloon, and no doubt Ah King, which meant me, fed them all down in the kitchen.

The cellar clan took a special interest in Carola's approaching birthday, and they decided that I must give her a party. I suppose she told them she wanted one. I wouldn't have expected her to take me into her confidence on a personal matter like that. Carola's relations with me were not strained, but there was no doubt that she had better times down in the cellar than she did in solitary grandeur upstairs, with me. Thus there was a certain formality between us. Ah King's wife and relatives were Buddhists, and they converted Carola, who liked the incense and the bright little god that reigned in a niche in the mottled cellar wall. Carola took part in all the ceremonies with eagerness and I didn't think I ought to interfere with her convictions. But that was another difference that weakened the bond between us. Still another was the matter of language, and here the situation was definitely confused.

"Stop screaming!"
"Who's screaming?"

Carola's father, who had been wounded in the fighting, was interned with other British officers in the military hospital prison camp on the mountainside above our part of town, but he was permitted to write his family one postcard a month. His cards took at least two months to get through the censors and across the half mile to the house, and they didn't carry much news, anyway, because Charles was allowed only fifty words a card. That didn't matter, because evidently he had one idea to express and one only, and he expressed that often. Charles was obsessed with a horror of pidgin English. For months before Carola's birth, before Pearl Harbor, he had impressed upon me his fear that the child would run about saying, "Me no wanchee, amah," as did all the English children in the colony. "We must make the amah speak the local Chinese and nothing else," he had said over and over. "We ourselves will speak English and that way the child will get two languages decently. I can't bear this halfway business. How most parents endure it is beyond me."

Now conditions were unexpectedly different, but Charles had a theory all ready for the new situation, and his postcards were full of it. "Bring Carola up without English," he wrote, "as she'll have no immediate occasion for it. I don't care what she speaks, Cantonese or Japanese or what, as long as it's not pidgin. Of course, Japanese would be most useful just now."

Charles is good at Japanese and doesn't speak Chinese at all. Me, I can get along fairly well in *kuo yu* (more elegantly called Mandarin), which is the northern Chinese dialect, but I can't speak Japanese. In Hong Kong the population speaks Cantonese for the most part, which language bears very little relation in sound to *kuo yu*, but in recent years Mandarin had become better known and I found it useful there. Even Ah Yuk, Carola's amah, spoke Mandarin fluently, although she was a Cantonese girl. She had no English at all, so I had little occasion to speak my mother tongue around the house. Besides, I wanted to obey Charles. The result of all this was that Carola spoke Mandarin with me and Ah Yuk when she was in the nursery upstairs, but down in the cellar she chattered along

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

nimbly in Cantonese with Ah Yuk, Ah King, and everybody else. She was, of course, quite aware that I was too dumb to know what they were saying. But she never made the mistake of addressing me in Cantonese. Of a morning, when she came in to watch me dress and to tell me what to wear, her Mandarin was polite and impeccable. But her heart wasn't in it.

Ah King told me Carola wanted this birthday party and that everything had already been settled belowstairs, even to the guest list.

"We oughtn't," I said dubiously. "You know we oughtn't, Ah King. We can't spare the food for a party."

"Can do," said Ah King, his face growing stubborn. "Plenty *djaylo* have got."

I knew perfectly well that we had plenty of Jello. It was part of our ill-gotten gains from a Japanese soldier who had been stationed in the neighborhood for a while. He had taken a whole case of Jello in packets of assorted flavors from some department store, because he loved it so, and had brought it to Ah King to prepare for him. As long as this soldier called on us, Ah King fed him Jello by the bowlful. But a case takes a lot of eating and the soldier was transferred before he had half finished it. So there we were, provided with Jello for what looked like the duration.

"Can do party with *djaylo*," Ah King said persuasively. "Ice cream never mind."

"But the birthday cake? We haven't much flour left."

"Next two months, maybe one month, bimeby flour all worms, anyway. Bread all sour, more better Missy eat rice every day. Cake can do. Carola never see birthday party, no good. In China one-year birthday very big thing. No party, Missy lose plenty face. Missy no worry. Ah King can do."

Then he left the room, which was the way he always won our arguments, and I sat there frowning, trying to figure things out. It was very impractical to give a party, but I wanted it as much

"No thank you. I prefer Lady Hamiltons."

• • •

send food in to the men in the hospital camp. I always tried to plan Charles's parcel sensibly, with due consideration of the diet the men were given by the Japs. Their meals chiefly lacked fats and sugar, as did all the meals in town, but for those in the hospital prison camp, of course, fats and sugar were more important than for the others. Charles shared his food with three other men, and we, their women, took turns providing the items which were most costly and difficult to get—butter, or margarine stretched with milk or lard or beef suet, or sugar. Sugar was very difficult. I was justly proud of having kept up my quota of sweetening, but I had to make out at times with honey or syrup instead.

As on every Thursday, the women stood around waiting in a damp garage, out of sight of the prisoners, while a sentry lounged at the open door, shifting his heavy, bayoneted rifle from one shoulder to the other. Seated behind a rickety kitchen table, Sergeant Seino, spec[illegible] help[illegible] his

wasn't a bad fellow. He said something to the private and then, with a flourish, he produced from behind his chair a blue tin.

"Present," he said, "from Major Boxer."

The women crowded around to see what it was. It was decidedly new that any prisoner was allowed to send offerings out. It looked like a container for a well-known powdered milk, but it had been opened and was scratched and old.

"Present," repeated Sergeant Seino, "for Boxer baby."

Within, each crystal no doubt carefully censored before it came through the authorities' hands, was a good two pounds of granulated sugar. I was puzzled, and stood there staring at it.

"However did he do this?" I demanded. "Where did he get it?"

"Saved it up, I suppose," said one of the women. "Little by little, every day. Well, I call that cute."

"But they don't have enough. *I'm* supposed to be sending *him* sugar."

"I guess he wanted to help," the woman said. "I guess he got tired of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

their empty baskets and tins and started home. I cried on the path down the hill, but when I got home I felt much better.

"We can have Carola's party, Ah King," I said.

THERE was a custom in Hong Kong, in the good old days, which I would certainly have tried to reform had there been time. Whenever a European child had a birthday party, the guests as well as the host received presents. I suppose it started out with simple little paper favors for each child, but the favors grew bigger and better with each party until just before Pearl Harbor the most expensive item about a birthday was the set of dolls or stuffed animals that had to be provided for the other children. To my dismay, Ah King, preoccupied with his Carola's social position, was firm about holding to this tradition of gifts for the guests. I put up a certain amount of resistance, but in the end we compromised on balloons. The shops were still full of prewar balloons, cheap because rubber spoils rapidly in that moist, warm atmosphere and the shopkeepers knew it. I spent an hour blowing them up and trying them out, and came home with a carefully selected lot of red balloons that swelled up into grotesque, catlike faces with large ears.

Finally, it was the day of the party, and everyone had arrived, children and parents. It was all going fairly well. The Jello was ready in the kitchen and so was the cake, damp and heavy but splendid to look at, with its green and pink icing. One rather top-heavy kitchen candle grew out of the middle of it, and around it Ah King's daughter had written "HAPY BIRTHDAY CARLA," in festoons. Complacently I surveyed the guests in the living room. I had that warm feeling that comes from knowing you have done your duty by your child. After all, I said to myself, we *have* adapted ourselves pretty well.

The kids were playing nicely together, all of them, though they came from different groups and were of different colors. Two children had been sent over from the huge selection of offspring of a Portuguese family living nearby; the Rozas were part Goanese and the kids were sort of black. They broke into Portuguese when their amah didn't re[redacted] point of view, because they spoke English. Mrs. Ching had studied in the States. All the others were Chinese too, except for several Indians—my friend Gunga Singh having sent all five of his children to the party—and one baby, younger than Carola, whose parents were Russian. He wasn't saying anything at all, naturally, so I don't know what language he would have used.

It was a pretty sight. The kids were wearing bright colors and they soon forgot to be self-conscious, what with batting all those balloons around. They ran about the room and played strange, quickly changing games, and the little boys spotted the Jello in the kitchen and began pestering their mammas, asking when the real party would start. Ah King and family, beaming, began carrying the food in to the dining-room table. I thanked my stars that the children were all used to drinking tea. Nobody would expect me to provide milk; they all knew better.

I was so accustomed by this time to the whole setup, the chattering sound of Cantonese, the general noise, the appearance of my English baby in Ah Yuk's idea of the latest fashion—green dress and red shoes—that it didn't occur to me to compare the party with the sort of celebration we could have been holding if there had been no Pearl Harbor. I was standing in the middle of the cluttered room, blowing up a balloon, when a little man walked in through the open front door, among all the scampering children. He stopped short at the sight of me, clicked his heels, and said, "Ahhhhh, so!"

He was a Japanese in European clothes and wearing a gray hat, which he did not take off. In his arms he clutched a neat white parcel. He bowed to me. "Ssssso!" he said, and bowed again. "You have party?"

We all stood frozen, staring at him. Any strange Japanese was cause for worry in those days; any Jap messenger was expected to bring bad news. The man looked embarrassed and stuttered as he spoke. "I am Mr. Yamashita," he said, "from Stanley Internment Camp."

"Oh, yes." I recognized him then. Yamashita had for years been the best barber in the Hong Kong Hotel barbershop. Lots of the young men in the British colony had gone to Yamashita as long as they could remember. Whenever American seamen went into the shop, they noticed that the barber asked a lot of unnecessary questions about the comings and goings of their ships, but nobody really cared. Everybody knew, and had known for years, that the local Japs were spies. There were so many of them that the British authorities didn't know what to do about it except kick out all the Japanese in town, and they couldn't do that, either before Pearl Harbor or after.

The day after the surrender of the colony to the Japs, Yamashita had appeared in uniform, but the popular rumor that he had been an admiral all along was an exaggeration. He held a commission, as a matter of fact, but it was a low one, and he was very glad to get his new job as head of the civilian internment camp. He now ranked as a civilian, which was an advantage in dealing with the enemy prisoners, because he could always blame things on the military. The prisoners rather liked him. I had heard a lot about him.

Now, here he was in my living room. I asked him to sit down and gave him a cup of tea, and he began to talk haltingly, exploding into words and then stopping to think out a new sentence.

"Mrs. Armstrong send your child one present," he said, handing me the parcel. "Here. And here is a letter. Against the rules, but this letter harmless."

The children had forgotten us and were playing a new game of pushing chairs around. I read the letter, which was from Vera Armstrong, one of my best friends. Vera and her two children were in Stanley Internment Camp.

"Dearest Mickey," she had written. "This is a remembrance from all of us to my dear godchild. We are all right. Thank you for your parcels. All our love to Carola, and may we meet again soon."

In the white paper parcel was an apron pinafore, obviously sewed by the ten-year-old daughter, Bridget, who had considered Carola her special property. There was a small, uncertain gingham pig or rabbit, which must have

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Hey, Irv! Look at the lousy deal the union's giving us—Finkelberg & Spratt get six pickets and we get four."

• •

"All right," he said. "Mrs. Armstrong very well. Very nice lady."

"Are they getting enough to eat out there?"

Mr. Yamashita smiled. "Oh, enough," he said. "They get enough rice, but they do not like rice. Some people a little sick. They say too much rice." He shrugged and smiled apologetically. I put some uninflated balloons into an envelope to send to Vera's children and wrote a careful thank-you letter, well within the law. Mr. Yamashita meantime kept looking around, glancing nervously toward the door, like a man who was doing wrong in being there at all. He took his leave, carrying my two envelopes, and patted Carola on the head as he went out.

The birthday table had now been set, and Ah King came to the living-room door and announced it with a proud gleam in his eye. The children swarmed to the table. Carola peered up at me and pulled my skirt, speaking to me, as was her habit, in Mandarin.

"Mommy, *yao djaylo, yao ch'i tang kao* [I want Jello, I want pudding]."

Suddenly she looked all wrong in her green dress and red shoes. She looked wrong and she sounded wrong, and we were both wrong there in our house, on the wrong side of the barbed wire.

"Talk English!" I snapped.

"Ingrish?" she repeated blankly. Then she laughed and ran in to the birthday cake, to the waiting Chinese.

—EMILY HAHN

•

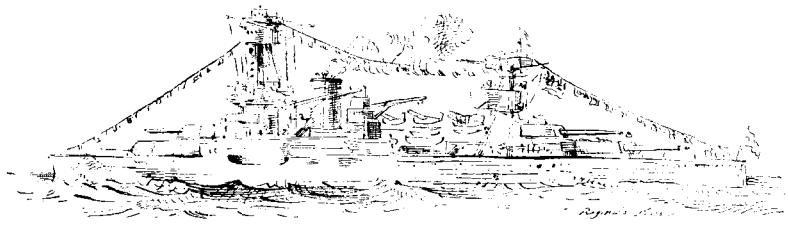
He is now recovering from injuries at the Army hospital at Fort Devens, Mass., following a brief visit with his fiancee.
—*Farmington (Me.) Franklin Journal.*

Queensberry rules?

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PROFILES

NEW YORK OR BUST



THE U.S.S. New York, a shabby, *cross-grained* battleship, is a vessel that would endear itself to the sort of people who like to drink at the bar of the Murray Hill Hotel. She is a raffish old ship, and for quite a few years she has been carrying more armor, more men, and more guns than she can manage with any grace at all. Her appearance suggests a Lexington Avenue *grande dame* staggering home with a load of truck from Macy's. She was built in the parasoled age of President Taft and the Stanley Steamer; she took part in one campaign, one war, and a number of formal ceremonies without firing a shot in earnest, and then, at an extremely advanced age, waddled boldly into battle and did excellently. She is an admirable relic of another generation. In her better days, she was spruce, mannered, and elegant, and in the time of her decline she has been doughty and tough, with weathered sides and a fine, clear eye. Along with these commendable virtues, she has also some of the faults of age. She is cranky and has a tendency to break down when going from one place to another. She made American naval history at Okinawa, but she almost didn't get there. The men who sail the New York take a wry pride in her and call her, surprisingly often, the Old Lady; one of them once said that she was meant to be played by Alison Skipworth. Anthropomorphism survives more in sailors, perhaps, than in men of any other occupation, and, perhaps more than any other vessels, battleships are credited with having human characteristics. No two battleships, even sister ships, are alike, of course. All of them are custom jobs, built painstakingly at tremendous cost. It takes a year or so to construct one, and by the time she is finished some characteristics are built right into her; she will acquire others as she grows old. Men in shipyards understand all this, and so do the men who sail the ships.

The New York is the sixth warship of the United States Navy to bear that name. Since Colonial days there has almost always been a New York. The first was a gondola, mounting three guns and carrying forty-five men, in General Benedict Arnold's fleet on Lake Champlain. She burned near Crown Point on October 13, 1776. The second, a frigate of 1,130 tons, mounting thirty-six guns, was built in New York in 1799, cruised the West Indies, and served as flagship for Captain Richard V. Morris in the Mediterranean in 1802 and 1803. She burned, along with many other things, at Washington, in 1814. The third New York, a 2,633-ton ship of the line, never did put out to sea. She was destroyed by the Federals when they abandoned the Norfolk Navy Yard in 1861. The fourth, originally named the Ontario, a twenty-one-gun sloop of 2,490 tons, was broken up in New York and sold for scrap in 1888. The fifth New York had more of a history. She was an 8,150-ton armored cruiser, launched on December 2, 1891, and she served as the flagship of Admiral Sampson in the Spanish-American War. She was at the battle of Santiago and helped destroy the Spanish fleet. After it was decided, in 1911, that only battleships should bear the names of states, her name was changed to Saratoga and later to Rochester. After a tour of duty on the Asiatic Station, which ended in 1933, she was decommissioned. Five years later she was sold as scrap iron.

The current New York's span of professional life corresponds roughly to that of Walter Lippmann, who came up from Harvard about the time her keel was laid. The launching ceremonies are usually the most gala event in the life of a vessel, but most men acquainted with naval craft feel that the keel laying and the commissioning are more moving and important. The laying of the keel, which is the beginning of actual construction, has an ancient, rather awkward solemnity. There isn't much talk. Usually a small boy, of proper shipbuilding or seafaring lineage, puts in the first rivet. The keel of the New York was laid on September 11, 1911, at the New York Navy Yard, in Brooklyn, and the first rivet was driven by a grandson of Admiral Sampson, a four-year-old named Wat Tyler Cluverius, Jr., now a naval officer. The launching took place on October 30, 1912, and Miss Elsie Calder, sixteen-year-old daughter of Senator William M. Calder of Brooklyn, christened the ship. Miss Calder, now the wife of Robert C. Lee, a Navy captain, was there along with President Taft; George von L. Meyer, Secretary of the Navy; Governor John Alden Dix of New York; J. P. and Miss Anne Morgan; Senator Calder; Congressman John J. Fitzgerald; and Congressman Fitzgerald's daughter, Kathleen, nine, who threw flowers in the water after Miss Calder broke a bottle on the New York's bow. Senator Calder and Congressman Fitzgerald were there because it was felt locally that they had kept several thousands of their constituents at work by prevailing upon the Navy to build the ship in Brooklyn.

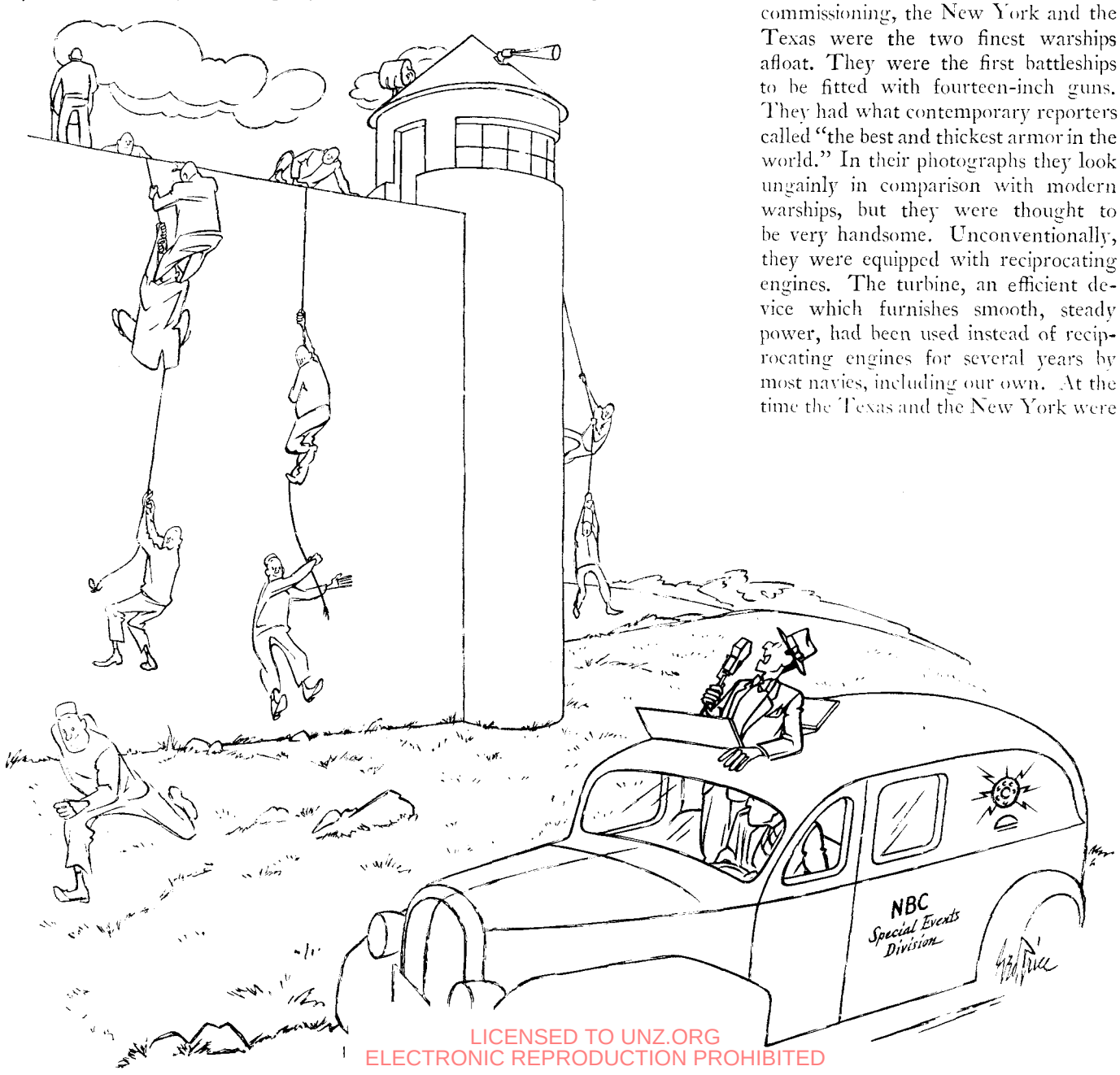
Mrs. Lee recalls today that she wore a white dress and carried a bouquet of pink roses at the ceremony. The men at the Yard had woven a basket for the champagne bottle out of strips of silver, which they figured would not only protect her from flying glass but would be a nice souvenir for her to take home. The metal protected the bottle so well that it didn't break when Miss Calder swung it against the ship. As the vessel, to the horror of Miss Calder and everyone else, was sliding down the ways with the bottle still whole, a sailor riding on the bow grabbed the line from which the bottle hung and swung it away from the ship's side. Bottle and silver holder smashed back against the hull and broke, and the New York, properly christened, slid with a great splash into the East River. The newspapers the next morning reported that tears had come to President Taft's eyes, and Mrs. Lee remembers that they came to hers, too.

The New York was commissioned in a typically sober, brusque naval ceremony on board the ship on April 15, 1914. Captain T. S. Rodgers read his orders from the Navy Department, assumed command, accepted the ship from the builders, set the first watch, dismissed the men massed on deck, and went to

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

pay formal calls on his superiors in the Yard. The first entry in the log noted that one thousand pounds of onions, six hundred dozen eggs, ten pounds of Fleischmann's yeast, one thousand pounds of bread, 490 pounds of cabbage, and 539 pounds of pork loins were put aboard and that the ship had received a silver loving cup from the Frigate Constitution Chapter of the Daughters of 1812, "officers and men assembling to accept it." The next day, a set of silver arrived from the New York Yacht Club, which, while the ship was building, had kept a huge scale model in its clubrooms. The model is now used in classes at the Naval Academy. "No ceremony," the log says laconically of the receipt of this gift. There was no ceremony, either, when the Woman's Christian Temperance Union gave comfort bags to the ship's company. Ten days before the New York was commissioned, Josephus Daniels, Wilson's Secretary of the Navy, had forbidden the use of alcoholic liquors on any United States warship, a step seamen of other nations considered very unnautical.

The U.S.S. New York represented a diffident attempt of the Taft administration to emulate the exuberant Big Stick policies of Theodore Roosevelt. The diffidence was forced on Taft by political circumstances. Roosevelt had wanted four battleships a year, but Taft, faced with a hostile Democratic majority in Congress, had to hold his demands to two a year. The party out of power, in this case the Democrats, usually believes in economy. There was some embarrassment before the New York was completed. Five million, four hundred thousand dollars had been appropriated to build her. When the vessel was about half finished, it was announced that its cost was going to exceed the sum voted by Congress. Secretary of the Navy Meyer ordered construction held up for several months until Congress granted another million. When the ship was completed, it was found that she had actually cost less than had been estimated. At the time of her commissioning, the New York and the Texas were the two finest warships afloat. They were the first battleships to be fitted with fourteen-inch guns. They had what contemporary reporters called "the best and thickest armor in the world." In their photographs they look ungainly in comparison with modern warships, but they were thought to be very handsome. Unconventionally, they were equipped with reciprocating engines. The turbine, an efficient device which furnishes smooth, steady power, had been used instead of reciprocating engines for several years by most navies, including our own. At the time the Texas and the New York were



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

projected, however, the government was quarrelling with the turbine builders, who refused to adopt standards and specifications set by the Navy. Reciprocating engines, of a design similar to that used in most locomotives, were installed in the New York and Texas as a rebuke to the turbine builders, who have been coöperative ever since. The New York and Texas also had cage masts—American innovations later discarded for tripods or pagoda-like armored conning towers.

Naval officers wore high, starched collars, and their dress blues were cut a lot like the dress whites they wear now, with jackets buttoning tight under the chin. The men's uniform was much like the present one, although one bit of naval ridiculousness had just been got rid of: seamen were allowed to discontinue wearing a jackknife on a lanyard around the neck, a detail some boys' sailor suits still preserve. In those days the food aboard ship was heavy, and long on such caloric stuff as beans, bread, roast beef, potatoes, bologna, cheese, and eggs. Navy recruiting officers considered it necessary to stress the fact that the Navy was not full of foreigners, illiterates, ex-convicts, and ne'er-do-wells, that church services were held on board, that the food was wholesome, that corporal punishment had been abolished, and that sailors in general led a pleasant life.

THE New York had her shakedown cruise after being commissioned and, combining personal and national business, went to Veracruz. It was at the time when Mexico and the United States were having words. The New York steamed in and out of the little port for a few months, being ladylike and not firing her guns, then came back north in the fall, passed a routine year in Atlantic waters, and finally tied up at her home yard in Brooklyn in December, 1915. On Christmas Day that year, three of her sailors walking along Sands Street, a rowdy, ramshackle avenue near the Navy Yard, saw three ragged children staring into a bakery window. The sailors bought some decorations and toys and took the children, and as many others as they could round up, aboard ship, where they hung up the decorations, gave out the toys, and had a party. From that came the traditional Christmas parties on the N[illegible] York for children, a custom which

to Bermuda and the West Indies. East of Puerto Rico, she did some practice firing at targets eighteen thousand yards away, a prodigious distance for the time. Frank J. Sprague, the inventor, who was along on the voyage as a civilian observer, later told the New York Electrical Society about the irresistible fire power of the New York and about a new device, the Sperry gyrocompass, which was being tried out on the vessel.

When it began to look as though the United States was about to enter the [illegible]st World War, the New York was

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PLEA IN A CHILDREN'S BOOKSHOP

Do you have a book for a literate girl
  Who's six years old tomorrow?
A book to be read when it's time for bed
  And hidden from those who borrow?
She leans to the magic of just-suppose,
  She's fond of a tale that's merry,
But she doesn't much care how the story goes
  Or whether it's true or fairy,
And she doesn't much mind how the pictures look.
  She'd blink at a price inflation,
So long as the book is a regular book
  Instead of an Animation.

Sir or Madam, I beg you hop up.
Find her a volume that doesn't pop up,
Fold, make comical noises, bend,
Waggle, or wiggle, or stand on end—
Something not so up-to-the-minute,
That isn't sold with a record in it
Or a chime that rings if your fingers strike it.
It may be Art, but she doesn't like it.

Her eyes would glisten if she might listen
  To Sinbad the Sailor's progress.
With sweet compliance she'd hear of giants,
  Or ogres, or maybe an ogress.
She'd like a dwarf of a proper size
  Or a stepmother cruel and clever.
But she doesn't want them to roll their eyes,
  Propelled by a paper lever.
Away with audible tigers, please,
  And sheep (you can comb their wool out).
The lady's learning her A.B.C.'s
  And she isn't amused by a Pull-out.

Seller of narratives juvenile,
Scan your counter and search your aisle.
Surely somewhere amid the welter
A book immobile is taking shelter
Whose pictured dragon, whose painted wizard
Wasn't designed to be stroked or scissored,
Pasted, colored, or strung with beading.
Haven't you anything meant for *reading?*

By the Boots of Puss, by the Captain's Hook,
I swore to buy her a just plain book,
For novelty stuff is tears and sorrow
When a girl's about to be six tomorrow.

—PHYLLIS MCGINLEY

we declared war. The crew expected to put out for Europe immediately, but the New York, along with the rest of the Atlantic Fleet, was held off Yorktown all spring and summer. The ships became a huge camp where thousands of recruits were trained. President Wilson visited the fleet on August 11th and gave the New York special attention by crawling around in the No. 4 gun turret in his frock coat. A few days later the fleet sailed for New York, and finally, in November, the New York, the Texas, and a number of other ships, comprising Battleship Division Nine, under Admiral Hugh Rodman, a former skipper of the New York, set out for Britain. The Texas went aground off Block Island and damaged herself, so she was convoyed back to port by the New York, which then turned around and caught up with the division. On arrival in European waters, this unit was renamed the Sixth Battle Squadron, assigned to the Allied Grand Fleet, under Vice Admiral David Beatty, and based at Scapa Flow. After that, its job was patrolling and keeping an eye out for the German fleet. On Christmas, 1917, a hundred poor children of Edinburgh were given a party aboard the New York, anchored for the moment in the Firth of Forth. Admiral Rodman, described in a rather literary fashion by one of his men as "at home in a tempest, a bull in a ballroom," imposed a hard discipline on the Sixth Squadron, which was later commended by Admiral Beatty as one of the most efficient units in his fleet. The New York's men scrapped with British sailors on liberty precisely as they had scrapped with men of other American battleships in American ports. Their only contact with the enemy came when the ship unwittingly ran down a German submarine at the entrance to Pentland Firth. The New York's screws were damaged and the submarine presumably was sunk. In July, 1918, the Old Lady received a visit from King George V, in the course of which he inspected the stokehold. An exuberant fireman asked him if he would like to throw some coal on the fires, and to the surprise of all the King said he would, and he did. The shovel he used was afterward fondly burnished and hung in the ship's trophy room, and the crew of the New York had a new boast: theirs was the only ship in the American Navy ever to have been stoked by a British monarch. On November 3, 1918, this notation was entered in the log: "At 4:10 held quarters for muster and inspection. At 4:25 H.I.H. Admiral Prince Yorihito accompanied by the Prince of Connaught and staff came on board and inspected ship. Hauled down quarantine flag during visit. At 5:15 H.I.H. and staff left the ship." Yorihito was a yeoman's spelling of Hirohito, who, as Crown Prince, was making his precedent-breaking tour of Europe.

"Another of those darned moral victories!"

• •

Much of the Grand Fleet was in the Firth of Forth when the armistice was announced. No one aboard the New York seemed much affected by the news until nightfall, and then, when the lights were left on and searchlights criss-crossed in the sky, the men began to go wild. The same thing happened on the other ships. Captains moved around among their crews, shaking hands. On the British ships, the order came to double splice the main brace, which meant a quadruple shot of the King's tot for each man. On the American ships, the sailors raided the supply of alcohol used to fuel torpedoes. Small boats visited among the ships, carrying officers from wardroom to wardroom. The Americans spent most of their time on British vessels, where there was liquor. Ten days later, the New York was one of the ships that put out to sea to accept the surrender of the German High Seas Fleet of thirteen battleships and battle cruisers, six light cruisers, forty-nine destroyers, and many auxiliaries. A few days afterward, Admiral Beatty came on board the New York for a farewell visit and inspection. The officers and men were assembled and he said to them, "I know quite well that you, as well as all of your British comrades, were bitterly disappointed at not being able to give effect to that efficiency that you have so well maintained. It was a most disappointing day. It was a pitiful day, to see those great German ships coming in like sheep being herded by dogs to their fold, without an effort on anybody's part, but it was a day that

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

everybody could be proud of. . . . We do not want sympathy; we want recognition of the fact that the prestige of the Grand Fleet stood so high that it was sufficient to cause the enemy to surrender without striking a blow. . . . We trust your departure is only temporary and that the interchange of squadrons from the two great fleets of the Anglo-Saxon race may be repeated."

The New York, flying a fifty-foot-long homeward-bound pennant bearing the legend "In God We Trust, New York or Bust," headed westward soon after Admiral Beatty's visit. She arrived with the squadron off Staten Island on Christmas Day, and the men expected to be ashore by nightfall. Secretary Daniels, however, wanted to review the entire squadron, so the sailors stayed aboard until the next day, when Daniels and his Assistant Secretary, Franklin D. Roosevelt, watched the ships pass in review off Bedloe's Island. Once the crews got ashore, the celebrating lasted well into January.

BY the mid-twenties, the New York was regarded as middle-aged, as battleships go, and in the second rank of fighting ships. A little over two years after being commissioned in 1914, she had been outmoded by the Nevada, Oklahoma, Arizona, and Pennsylvania, but she kept her style, and she *was* fitted as a flagship. The Navy used to fit only a few of its warships as flagships, and those that have been so equipped stand a good chance of retaining their prestige for a long time. Such a ship has, in addition to quarters for her own officers and men, suites and offices for an admiral and his staff, and she must dress the part. The New York and the rest of the fleet set out in 1919 for the Pacific. People on the West Coast were exceedingly pleased to see almost the entire Navy in their ocean, and the New York was fêted all the way from southern California to the State of Washington. By then, the crew of the New York consisted of a nucleus of old professionals and a group of new young men who wanted to see the world. She was under the command of Captain William V. Pratt, who today, as a retired admiral, writes for *Newsweek*. Both Admiral Pratt and Rear Admiral Charles F. Hughes, who commanded the New York for a while, eventually became Chief of Naval Operations, the highest job in the Navy; the New York is the only ship that has had two skippers who reached this height. Under Pratt, the New York won the fleet football trophy and furnished the bulk of an all-fleet football team which defeated an Army team 124-0 on Armistice Day, 1920, at Pasadena. As the years went on, the New Mexico, the Mississippi, the Idaho, and then the Big Five—the Tennessee, Colorado, California, Maryland, and West Virginia—were commissioned, and the New York went even lower on the list of American fighting ships.

In this period of her life she developed some of the traits which made men call her the Old Lady. She stayed in the Pacific for a long time, and the crew found it to their liking. Even the new seamen thought of themselves as old, tough sailors, and their officers were wise enough to let them think so. The men referred to their ship not only as the Old Lady but, with equal sentimentality, as an old pig-iron sink, and went in for tattooing, even adopting, without apology, the blue dragon on the shoulder which before then had been the mark only of men on the China Station. Tailormades became the fashion on the New York for shore liberty and even for inspections. The jumpers of these uniforms had trim, narrow collars instead of the regulation broad ones, and trousers flared extravagantly at the bottom. The jumpers were long and tight, and the oxfords were of patent leather. The sailors of the Old Lady were as natty as they come, and the adventurous girls who worked the dance halls on Market Street in San Francisco, Main Street in Los Angeles, and Water Street in San Diego watched for their arrival. The racket jobs on board—laundrymen, pressers, tailors, barbers, canteen yeomen—were sold for hundreds of dollars, and money won in crap games kept many a sailor off extra duty. The men got out of work when they could, and yet they would spend their own money for paint and brightwork polish for their quarters. The Old Lady was the most stylish ship, and her men the most trim and pugnacious, in the Pacific. They made themselves at home in Honolulu, Panama, Portland, Bremerton, and Seattle, and talked big and fought well with the men of other ships.

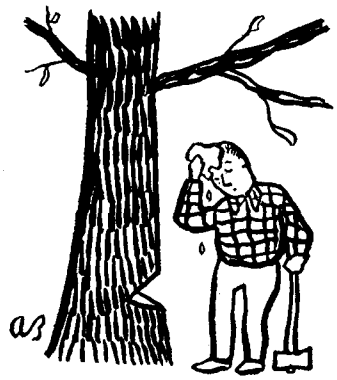
In October, 1926, the New

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"One world"—and even smaller . . . One Scott—and even finer. You may never need nor want to reach as far as you can with a Scott radio . . . But the power to do so is there . . . Soon Scott radios and record players will be on sale again for those who can afford the very best. A wide choice of cabinets to fit your décor, or custom installations if you prefer. Prices start at $500 . . .
Write to: Scott Radio Laboratories, Inc.,
4436 Ravenswood Avenue, Chicago 40, Illinois

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

York returned to this coast and went into drydock at Norfolk. She emerged, after almost a year, a quite different ship. She had been converted from a coal-burner to an oil-burner with equipment salvaged from ships scrapped under the Washington Treaty. Her torpedo tubes had been removed, and bulges, for protection against torpedoes, had been built onto her hull; her old cage masts had been replaced by strong tripods, which would support modern fire-control apparatus. Some of her five-inch guns had been removed, and a number of anti-aircraft and other guns had been added; the angle of elevation of her big guns had been raised, increasing their range by several thousand yards; and her deck armor had been made heavier. A warship is a carefully planned and intricate piece of construction, and any major changes are likely to upset her balance and impair her seaworthiness. That revision and several later ones have made the New York a vessel that rolls and pitches, wallows a bit, and plods rather than cleaves her way through waves, as a battleship should. The new guns and armor gave her excessive top weight and her roll took on the exaggerated lurch of a drunk.



She remained in the Atlantic most of the time and pitched around disgracefully in the rough going in that ocean. Her men had to work a good deal of the time in oilskins, and, to make matters worse, the compartment for the Marines on board was now so placed that the sailors had to go through it to get to their own quarters. Animosity between the sailors and the Marines was always at a high level. The usually detached "Jane's Fighting Ships" speaks severely about the New York and the Texas, which also underwent conversion: ". . . slow since refit, hard to handle, and bad sea boats in rough water—wet and rolling so that waves ride the bulges into the amidships casemate. Neither of these battleships is reckoned effective for war purposes."

The New York, as a flagship, has always had her social duties. In 1920, when she was still a well-behaved and unreconstructed boat, Franklin D. Roosevelt, who had just been nominated for Vice-President by the Democratic Party, celebrated by sitting up most of the night in the skipper's cabin with Captain Pratt. She participated for several years in war games, usually attended by vessels of the British, French, German, and Japanese Navies. She was a guest at the California Pacific International Exposition in San Diego in 1935, and then went to England for the naval review in honor of the coronation of King George VI, in 1937. There, the log noted, "Fireman 2/c —— —— suffered a nose injury while disembarking from small boat due to misjudging distance from boat to gangway after five days leave." In England, she saw lots of German and Japanese craft, also guests at the review, most of them younger than herself and nearly all more stylish. During the first season of the New York World's Fair, her officers and crew put in one of the most strenuous social seasons a ship's complement has ever undergone. Grover Whalen had expected the whole American Navy to anchor in the North River and had lined up enough engagements to go around. The officers and men of the New York, and the few other ships the Navy could spare in those days, had to do their best.

IN December, 1938, the New York tied up in Norfolk and was boarded by a group of studious-looking and mysterious-acting civilians from the Naval Research Laboratory. They installed some freakish equipment in a cabin in the forward superstructure, and only the civilians and a few officers ever saw it. All that most of the crew got to see was an odd-looking antenna, which they came to call "the flying bedspring." Subsequently it became known that the installation was called "Radio Detection and Range-finding Apparatus, Model XAF," or "radar," for short. The New York was the first large American ship to experiment with radar. For several months she indulged in maneuvers baffling and monotonous to the crew but thrilling to the men who understood what the activities up forward were about. On January 14, 1939, as the Old Lady was heading out of Hampton Roads, the men at the radar scope picked up Thimble Shoal Diaphone, a tall light and fog whistle, at eighty-five hundred yards. Later, in a daylight test, the outlines of the Texas were plotted at twenty-nine thousand yards. On January 16th, in what was

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Planning something . . . ?

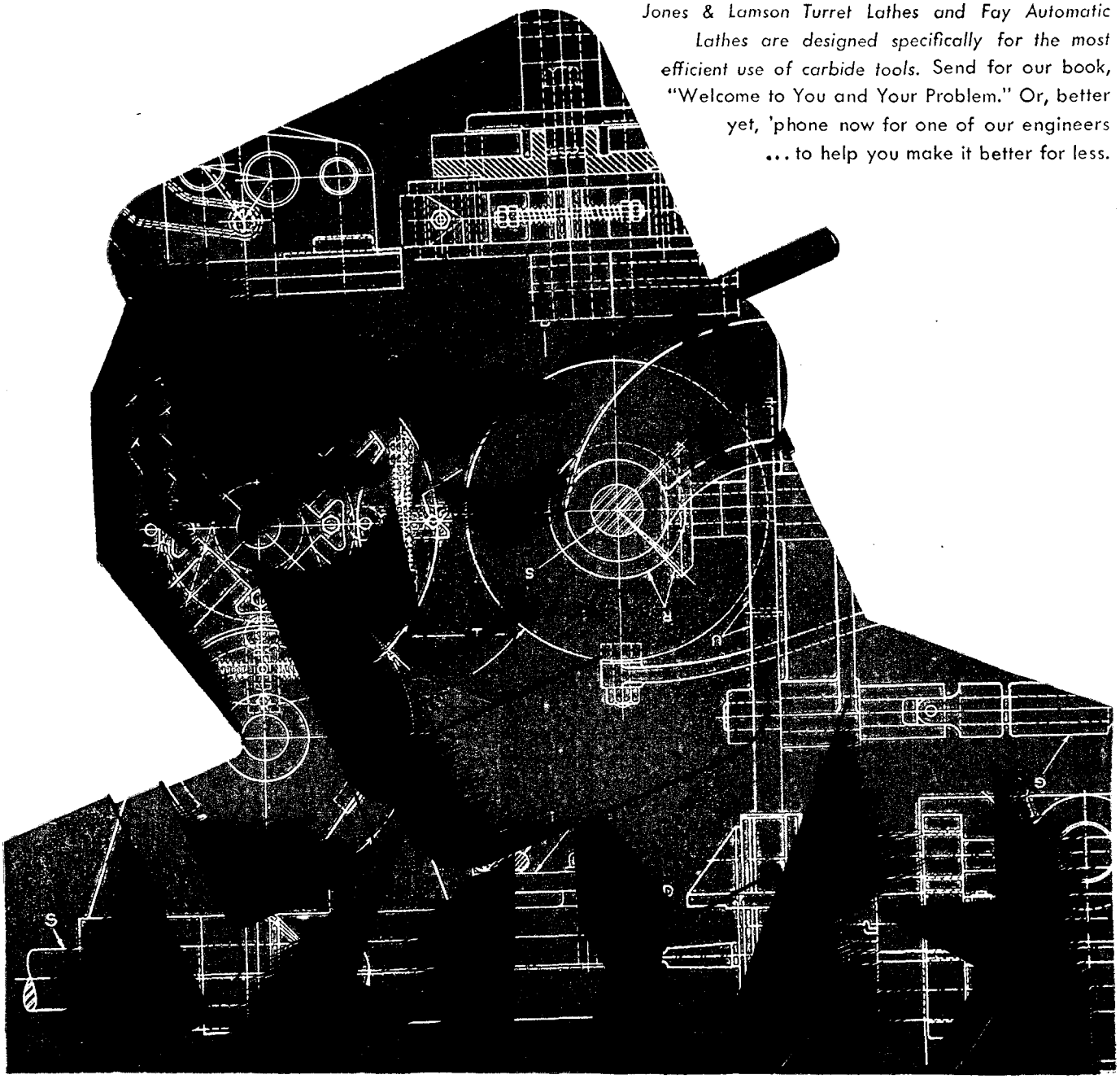
We can help you make it Better for Less

Competition will be intense in the days to come. Profits will depend upon Low Cost Production with the most efficient machines and methods.

Now is the time to scrap your old equipment and replace it with either War Surplus Machines or new machines that can transmit the power and that have the rigidity to use carbide cutting tools at their maximum efficiency.

For these cutting tools provide the fastest known method of metal turning today, increasing cutting speeds from 200 to 500 per cent.

Jones & Lamson Turret Lathes and Fay Automatic Lathes are designed specifically for the most efficient use of carbide tools. Send for our book, "Welcome to You and Your Problem." Or, better yet, 'phone now for one of our engineers . . . to help you make it better for less.



JONES & LAMSON
MACHINE COMPANY
Springfield, Vermont, U.S.A.

Manufacturer of: Universal Turret Lathes • Fay Automatic Lathes • Automatic Double-End Milling and Centering Machines • Automatic Thread Grinders • Optical Comparators • Automatic Opening Threading Dies and Chasers.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LISTEN: OCTOBER 27, 1945

On October 10 CBS broadcast across the New York skyline the first full color television pictures on the ultra high frequencies, thereby fulfilling a prophecy and a promise made to the public exactly 18 months ago. In disclosing the facts before the FCC, Paul W. Kesten, CBS Executive Vice President, said:

"Only yesterday, October 10, I saw these television pictures successfully broadcast across the crowded New York skyline and received many blocks away with superb clarity—demonstrating the actual use of the ultra high frequencies and the modulation of a 10 megacycle video band—two of the things so many were so sure could not be done.

"Although others estimated that the new and better television pictures would require from 5 to 10 years to develop, our own estimate was that such pictures could be available within as little as a year after V-J Day if all the industry went to work with a will. Meanwhile, we at CBS adopted the rule of saying as little as possible on this controversial subject until we could show actual results. But I feel compelled as a matter of responsibility to the Commission and the broadcasters, to break that silence here and now."

In its front-page story on Columbus Day, the *Times* called it an "achievement of a radio 'miracle'."

★

The *Woman's Home Companion* polled its readers with this question: "What American men and women now living do you admire most?" Among the 30 leading names advanced, there was one woman radio star. Miss Kate Smith.

★

Advised that he was scheduled to appear at a United War Fund broadcast on the stage of Symphony Hall in Boston with Admiral Nimitz himself, Mr. Durante said:

"Nimitz, Koussevitzky & Durante—wotta *mar-quee!*"

This is CBS
...THE COLUMBIA
BROADCASTING SYSTEM

considered the most crucial test, the New York, riding the choppy Atlantic at night, picked up four "enemy" destroyers at sixteen thousand yards.

THEN came the second World War, and the Old Lady, no longer a fighting ship, had to go out to battle. First she wallowed in the sea lanes, guarding convoys, her guns manned by crews that were largely green, because her old men had been scattered through the service to steady new men on new ships. Then, at 0430, 8 November 1942, aged twenty-eight, she went into action outside the harbor of Safi, in Morocco, to help cover the African invasion. The Batterie des Passes, at the harbor entrance, opened fire on an American destroyer in the Southern Attack Group, and the battle was on. The New York was ordered to knock out another battery, Railleuse, one of the most formidable shore installations the French had anywhere. The Old Lady's first salvo, the first she had ever fired in combat, was a direct hit, knocking out the battery's fire director and silencing its guns for two hours. When Railleuse started shooting again, the New York silenced it for good. Most of this was done in the dark, the New York's officers plotting their position by dead reckoning.

For some time, romantic students of naval history and readers of Conrad thought that it would perhaps have been best if the New York's career had ended with her first, spectacular, direct hit, for soon afterward she took a ground swell at Casablanca so badly that she almost turned over. She probably would have but for the seamanship of her shrewd and hardened skipper, Captain Scott Umsted. As it was, she was badly battered and it was extremely difficult to turn her to starboard. She came home and went into drydock again at Norfolk. Then she returned to convoy duty. She usually was accompanied by the cruiser Brooklyn, a vessel she put upon greatly. The New York and the Brooklyn and some destroyers would set out for Iceland with a convoy. After a few days, the Old Lady would break down. A destroyer would be detached from the escort to see her home, and the Brooklyn would carry on with what she had left. The New York was finally assigned to duty in Hampton Roads, which was about the equivalent of knitting socks. For a year, in the company of the Wyoming, which had lost most of her guns after the disarmament treaty of 1923, she was used to train thirteen thousand officers and men of the United States and Allied Navies. She and the Wyoming would race to see which would reach the only available docking space on Saturday afternoons, and the Wyoming would usually win. The Old Lady would have to drop anchor out in the harbor and her sailors would have to resort to small boats to reach shore and liberty. Her magazines were turned into classrooms with blackboards. She was in the final, melancholy phase of a warship's life; she had become a training ship. One day in late April, 1944, a rumor got around that she was going to push off next day to be overhauled for the invasion of Europe. One of her officers, a proud and eager man, ordered the magazines stripped of school equipment. Men gave up their shore liberty to help him put the stuff over the side and pile it on a pier. The next morning, desks, blackboards, pointers, and erasers were back, on higher authority; the rumor was nonsense.

And then came a rumor that was true. The New York got up steam and went into the Norfolk Navy Yard for two thorough overhaulings. She was outfitted with new guns, new radar, a new cafeteria, new most everything. Now, in addition to her six five-inch guns and ten fourteen-inch guns, she carried an anti-aircraft setup of forty-two twenty-millimetre machine guns, ten units of four forty-millimetre machine guns, and ten three-inch dual-purpose guns. She spent the summer taking Annapolis midshipmen on cruises to Trinidad. At length, in November, in the company of the Nevada and the Texas, she headed for the Pacific.

A thousand miles west of Panama, the New York broke down again. The other battleships—both of them elderly, too—left her, and she made for San Pedro with a destroyer escort. Her crew had Christmas ashore. After a while their ship was declared to be in good shape again. She spent most of January in battle practice, bombarding San Clemente Island, near Catalina, in competition with the new battle cruiser Alaska. She outshone the Alaska in gunnery, at least. At the end of the month she was at Pearl Harbor, where, regulations having relaxed since Josephus Daniels' day, she took aboard two thousand cases of beer. Then she headed west for the invasion of Iwo Jima, and a thousand miles out ran into more trouble. This time she lost a propeller blade. "Nobody said anything," a gunner's mate has recalled, "but you felt like everybody wanted to go off in a corner by himself and cry. We had all

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

IMAGINATION IS THE DIRECTING FORCE AT CHRYSLER CORPORATION

IMAGINATION AT WORK

HOW IT GETS GOOD RESULTS FOR YOU

An artist telescopes into a single picture many different conditions under which road-testing is done

Keep on buying Victory Bonds

Imagination seeks the answer to every driving problem; it makes the whole U.S. a testing ground for cars!

Imagination at Chrysler Corporation hunts the worst roads and driving conditions — where the toughest drivers test our cars with more abuse than you will ever give them.

This picture of a strange combination of roads and weather will give you an idea of the many kinds of actual road-testing the Plymouth, Dodge, De Soto and Chrysler cars go through.

We send them up the country's longest mountain grades, over the Southwest's burning deserts, through the snow and cold of the North, over miles of gravel. Wherever driving conditions are the most severe, we check performance, stamina and driving comfort — to make sure our cars will give exceptionally good account of themselves.

This is how *imagination* helps prepare our automobiles for any kind of driving you may do—the same *imagination* that is the directing force all through Chrysler Corporation.

Useful *imagination* pioneers many important improvements on our cars . . . gýrol Fluid Drive, Floating Power and the many others that bring you easier driving, greater comfort and smoother, more brilliant performance.

Imagination never stops testing, improving, developing. You'll see its results in our new cars and trucks—better performance, safety, comfort and value.

NEW THURSDAY NIGHT PROGRAM! *The Music of Andre Kostelanetz with the most popular stars of the musical world, Thursdays, CBS, 9 P. M., EST.*

Plymouth DODGE De Soto CHRYSLER

PRODUCTS OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION

AIRTEMP Heating, Cooling, Refrigeration • CHRYSLER Marine and Industrial Engines • OILITE Powdered Metal Products • MOPAR Parts and Accessories

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Celebrating the 250th Anniversary of this world-famous name!

de Kuyper

CORDIALS

Two hundred and fifty years ago, the House of Johs. de Kuyper & Zoon was founded in Rotterdam, Holland. Its fame and its products spread round the world before the United States was born. Since 1934, de Kuyper Cordials have been made in America — by the same secret, costly methods followed in Holland for centuries. For family use or for entertaining, you will find these choice liqueurs immensely enjoyable — straight or in delicious mixed drinks. Ask for de Kuyper Cordials (pronounced de-Kipe-r) and choose from eleven tempting varieties.

Made in America for the past eleven years exactly as in Holland for centuries

Send for this free recipe booklet. Learn how you can easily make many delicious mixed drinks, cocktails and desserts with de Kuyper Cordials.

Eleven Delicious Varieties

CREME DE MENTHE, 60 PROOF; CREME DE CACAO, 60 PROOF; BLACKBERRY, 70 PROOF; APRICOT, 74 PROOF; TRIPLE SEC, 70 PROOF • NATIONAL DISTILLERS PROD. CORP., **Dept. NZ5** • P. O. BOX 12, WALL ST. STA., N.Y.C.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

got as excited as hell in a quiet way. Maybe we were green, but we knew how to do what we had to do. We had been trying not to be cocky, but we were feeling professional and we were ready. Then that goddam old pig-iron bastard goes and fluffs out again."

The New York was ordered to Eniwetok atoll, and she made it, rattling and vibrating. She had to maintain radio silence on the way, but she sent a plane ahead requesting that she be allowed to go into action anyway. She was told to proceed to Saipan, and from there she sailed for Iwo.

A young yeoman has told of an occurrence on this momentous trip of the New York. The captain was practicing golf shots one day on the bridge, using a No. 5 iron, a piece of cotton in place of a ball, and a Marine guard as a retriever. Everything was placid, except the blade-shy propeller, when a strange object was seen following the vessel. It looked like a luminous metallic balloon, and was immediately and unanimously judged to be a Japanese secret weapon of some sort. "You should have seen our captain," the yeoman said. "He came back to the fantail and looked through his special binoculars. 'I see it,' he said quietly. He was a great man in a crisis. Marines were assigned to the twenty-millimetre guns, and they gathered in a little group on the starboard side of the bridge. The privates began opening ready boxes, and the gunnery sergeant, very professional, put on his flash gear and rubbed pink cream on his face. The captain yelled, calmly, of course, to the gunnery officer up in the sky control, 'Guns, give me a range on that object!' The gunnery officer replied, 'Approximately, sir, eight thousand eight hundred yards.' The captain said, 'Good. I thought it was about that. Let 'em have it.' The twenty-millimetres sounded like popguns, and the tracers faded into the sky, very short. The gunnery officer switched to the forty-millimetres, and they were short, too. The Marine sergeant shouted, 'Bring them more to the left!' The captain yelled, 'Goddam it, guns, you're short! Open it up, open it up!' The gunnery officer switched to the three-inch dual-purposes and opened the range to fifteen thousand yards. Still too short. We signalled to the destroyer alongside and it tried its five-inch guns. Still no dice. It was getting late, and the mess cooks went below to fix supper. Finally, the navigator, who'd been asleep, came topside, rubbing his eyes. He put his hands down, looked around, and said, 'What

NEW YORK — Morosco Theatre

ELLIOTT NUGENT • MARTHA SCOTT • VICKI CUMMINGS

ALFRED de LIAGRE, Jr., presents

the Voice of the Turtle

by JOHN VAN DRUTEN

K. T. STEVENS • HUGH MARLOWE • VIVIAN VANCE

CHICAGO — Selwyn Theatre

MICHAEL TODD presents "UP IN CENTRAL PARK"

Book by HERBERT & DOROTHY FIELDS • Lyrics by DOROTHY FIELDS • Music by SIGMUND ROMBERG

BROADWAY THEA. at 53rd St. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

VICTOR PAYNE-JENNINGS & BERNARD KLAWANS present

EVA LeGALLIENNE • VICTOR JORY

DAME MAY WHITTY

in Therese

by THOMAS JOB

BASED ON EMILE ZOLA'S 'THERESE RAQUIN'

STAGED BY MARGARET WEBSTER

BILTMORE Thea. W. 47th St. CI 6-9353

Evgs. 8:40. Mats. WED. & SAT. at 2:40

NEW YORK'S NO. 1 MUSICAL HIT!

ON THE TOWN

MARTIN BECK THEATRE, 45th St. W. of 8th Ave.

CI 6-6363. Evenings 8:40. Matinees Wed. & Sat. 2:40

SECOND YEAR!

BLOOMER GIRL

NANETTE FABRAY • DAVID BROOKS • DOOLEY WILSON • DOROTHY JARNAC

Music by HAROLD ARLEN Lyrics by E. Y. HARBURG

Book by SAM HERRZIG and FRED SAIDY

Based on the play by LILITH & DAN JAMES

SHUBERT Theatre, 44th St., West of B'way

Evgs. 8:30. Matinees Wed. and Sat. 2:30

BROCK PEMBERTON presents

THE PULITZER PRIZE PLAY

FRANK FAY in "HARVEY"

A New Comedy by MARY CHASE

with JOSEPHINE HULL

Directed by ANTOINETTE PERRY

48th St. Thea., E. of B'y. Evs. 8:40 sharp. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40

"COMPLETELY ENCHANTING COMEDY"

—JOHN CHAPMAN, Daily News

You Touched Me!

with EDMUND GWENN

BOOTH Theatre, 45th St. W. of B'way.

Evgs. 8:30. Matinees Wed. and Sat. 2:30

THEATRE GUILD PRODUCTIONS

A New Musical Play

CAROUSEL

Music by RICHARD RODGERS

Book & Lyrics by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN, 2d

Directed by ROUBEN MAMOULIAN

Dances by AGNES de MILLE

with John Raitt, Jan Clayton, Jean Darling, Eric Mattson, Christine Johnson, Jean Casto

MAJESTIC W. 44th St. Mats. Thurs. & Sat.

The Musical Hit

OKLAHOMA!

Based on Lynn Riggs' "Green Grow the Lilacs"

Music by Richard Rodgers — Book & Lyrics by Oscar Hammerstein 2nd — Directed by Rouben Mamoulian—Dances by Agnes de Mille

Harold Keel • Joseph Buloff • Betty Jane Watson • Ruth Weston

St. James Thea. W. 44. Mats. Thurs. & Sat.

THE NATIONAL COMPANY

OKLAHOMA!

NOW—Colonial Theatre, Boston, Mass.

"A DELIGHTFUL COMEDY"

—Lewis Nichols, Times

Dear Ruth

A New Comedy by NORMAN KRASNA

Directed by MOSS HART

NEW YORK—HENRY MILLER'S THEATRE,

43rd St. East of B'way. Matinees Thurs. & Sat.

CHICAGO

HARRIS THEATRE, Matinees Wednesday & Saturday

Drama Critics Award YEAR'S BEST PLAY

Eddie DOWLING & Louis J. SINGER present

LAURETTE TAYLOR and EDDIE DOWLING in

THE GLASS MENAGERIE

A new play by TENNESSEE WILLIAMS

with Julie HAYDON • Anthony ROSS

PLAYHOUSE THEA. W. 48 St. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

"No. 1 on the Hit Parade." Walter Winchell

EDWIN LESTER presents

The musical triumph

SONG OF NORWAY

Based on life & music of EDVARD GRIEG

IMPERIAL Th. 45th W. of B'way. CO 5-2412 Evgs. 8:30. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30

"The Shuberts' new smash hit, is one of the finest theatrical productions ever staged in New York."

—Walter Winchell

Dark of the Moon

A Dramatic Legend by HOWARD RICHARDSON & WILLIAM BERNEY

46 ST. THEA. W. of B'way. CI 6-6075. Evgs. 8:40. 2 Perfs. Sat. & Sun. 2:40 & 8:40

THE LATE GEORGE APLEY

MAX GORDON presents

By JOHN P. MARQUAND & GEO. S. KAUFMAN

with LEO G. CARROLL

Janet BEECHER Percy WARAM Margaret DALE

LYCEUM THEA. 45th St. E. of B'way. CH 4-4256

Evgs. 8:40. Mats. WED. & SAT. at 2:40

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE NOW to NOV. 6
Seats Now For All Perf. — Mail Orders Filled
S. HUROK
presents
Ballet Theatre
THE GREATEST IN
RUSSIAN BALLET
Evenings including Sundays at 8:30—1.20 to 4.80. Mats. Every Saturday & Sunday 1.20 to 3.60 (tax included).
2000 SEATS $1 to $1.50 (plus tax) AT ALL PERFS.

PAULA STONE & HUNT STROMBERG, Jr. present
VICTOR HERBERT'S
Most Famous Musical Comedy
The RED MILL
with MICHAEL O'SHEA • EDDIE FOY, Jr.
ODETTE MYRTIL • DOROTHY STONE
ZIEGFELD Thea. • 54th St. & 6th Ave. • CI 5-5200
Evenings 8:40 • Mats. Wednesdays & Saturdays 2:40

"THE play the whole country is talking about."—GARLAND, Jour.-Amer.
Anna Lucasta
MANSFIELD Theatre 47 St. W. of B'way.
Evgs. 8:40. Matinees Wed. & Sat. 2:40

WINDMILL
Piccadilly Circus
NOW IN IT'S 14TH YEAR
"We Never Closed"
A Vivian Van Damm Production

RODGERS and HAMMERSTEIN present
MADY CHRISTIANS • OSCAR HOMOLKA
in JOHN van DRUTEN'S
I REMEMBER MAMA
from Kathryn Forbes' 'Mama's Bank Account'
with J. TETZEL, A. GESSNER, R. BISHOP
MUSIC BOX THEA., West 45th St., Mats. Thurs. & Sat.

"It's a Hit!" — MOREHOUSE, The Sun
DEEP ARE THE ROOTS
FULTON Theatre, 46th St. West of B'way.
Evgs. 8:40. Matinees Wed. and Sat. 2:40

A NEW ROMANTIC MUSICAL
Marinka
Staged by HASSARD SHORT
"Majority of aisle sitters licked their chops over colorful 'Marinka'."—Walter Winchell
BARRYMORE Thea. 47th W. of B'way. CI 6-0390.
Evgs. at 8:30. Matinees Wed. & Sat. at 2:30

MOTION PICTURE

RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL
50th St. & 6th Ave.
GINGER ROGERS • LANA TURNER
WALTER PIDGEON • VAN JOHNSON
"WEEK-END AT THE WALDORF"
XAVIER CUGAT and his ORCHESTRA
A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture
SPECTACULAR STAGE PRESENTATION

the hell you shooting at? That's Venus, a damn planet.' That's what Venus looked like out there," the yeoman concluded, "a Japanese secret weapon. The gunnery officer said he guessed he was pretty short on that range."

The Old Lady clattered up into her assigned position off Iwo on the night of D minus four. Then, for three days, steaming awkwardly up and down the coast, she, along with other warships, poured shells into the island. On the last day, she moved in to less than a thousand yards from the shore and fired at point-blank range. Her gunners could see Jap troops scurrying from one pillbox to another, and in the afternoon her fourteen-inch guns hit an ammunition dump, which went up in a tremendous explosion. She fired all her fourteen-inch ammunition—1,290 shells. All told, she expended 1,350,000 pounds of shells—more than any other ship had during the pre-invasion bombardment. She lost one of her scouting planes, but suffered no damage herself. On the morning of D Day she was ordered back to Saipan. She promptly dropped a blade from her second propeller. She bobbed along at four knots as her crew heard about the invasion over the radio. She laid up in a floating drydock in the Admiralties after a stop for mail at Ulithi.

The crew drank beer, played ball, and swam while the Old Lady got two new propellers. Then she made for Okinawa, at eighteen knots. There, whatever her crankinesses and her frailties, she was glorious. She outraced a Jap torpedo. She took a Kamikaze plane on her catapult. She put in seventy-eight days off Okinawa, the longest time an American warship has ever spent in a single engagement. She fired more than five and a half million pounds of shells into Okinawa, a world's record. She fired more shells than did all our warships in the invasion bombardment of Tarawa. She began firing five days before the landing, and she was the only capital ship to stay on the job continuously until the job was finished. She was also the only one of our battleships and cruisers there not temporarily put out of action by Kamikazes or Japanese gunfire. Yet her duties were among the most dangerous. No longer regarded as of great value, she was used as a test ship. She would be sent inshore, and if the enemy fire she drew was not prohibitive, other ships would go in after her. During one afternoon she scored twenty-five direct hits on Shuri Castle. Japanese planes, submarines, suicide swimmers, and suicide boats

The Wedgwood Room

At Supper
EDGAR BERGEN and CHARLIE McCARTHY
ANNAMARY DICKEY
DINNER AND SUPPER
EMIL COLEMAN and his Orchestra
MISCHA BORR and his Orchestra
alternating at Supper
Cover from 10:30, $2
The WALDORF-ASTORIA
Park Avenue at 50th Street

THE
American Theatre Wing
Stage Door Canteen
at 106 West 43rd Street (E. of B'way) is open daily from 5 P.M. to Midnight, for service men in uniform only. Food, continuous entertainment and dancing are provided . . . it's all free!

CONCERTS

Eddie Condon
Now in his 5th concert season will present a typical Americondon group of famous jazz artists at Town Hall.
SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 3 AT 5:30

TOWN HALL, SAT. EVE. at 8:30, NOV. 3
THEREMIN RECITAL
Lucie Bigelow
ROSEN
Assisted by Carles Salzedo. Koutzen Quartet
Frank Chatterton and Robert Bloom, Oboe

America, I Hear You Singing
A Program of American Folk Songs by
TOM SCOTT
AT TOWN HALL, SUNDAY AFTERNOON AT 3:00, NOVEMBER 11

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tried to hurt her, and many of the men on the Old Lady aged noticeably in those fearful weeks. The skipper, Captain K. C. Christian, had only faint touches of gray in his hair when the New York went into the Pacific on this errand. It was white when he left Okinawa. Yet, with all the noise and violence, life on board was disciplined. After the tenth day, Captain Christian ordered physical drill for the men every morning; the New York ceased firing while it was going on. One day, when several cans of pineapple juice were missed from a storeroom, the skipper ordered cease fire while the ship was searched, unsuccessfully. Every man had to be shaved by 8 A.M. each day, and on the next to the last day off Okinawa a lively War Bond rally was staged aboard her.

THE New York finally left Okinawa and headed home, her record swelled with commendations from Army and Marine outfits, which said that her fire was the most accurate they had ever seen. Her hull was wrenched and warped by the strain of her gunfire, but any limping she did now was justified, any eccentricities could be dismissed as battle neurosis. She put in at Pearl Harbor, where she was visited by Archbishop Spellman, who was given one of her battle flags to bring back to St. Patrick's. Under the command of Captain Grayson Carter, she made her leisurely way to Los Angeles, where many of her crew were discharged from the Navy. Then she went down to the Canal and through to the East Coast.

After a full life, the New York now faces the inevitable end. She is to be "stricken from the Navy roster." She may be scrapped; she may be blown up by an experimental atomic bomb; she may be sold to some friendly power in need of a battleship, no matter how old and cranky and shrewish. "I kind of hope the Chinese get her," a boatswain's mate who has served on her said the other day. "They'd understand her."

—WILLIAM MCGUIRE
and MARK MURPHY

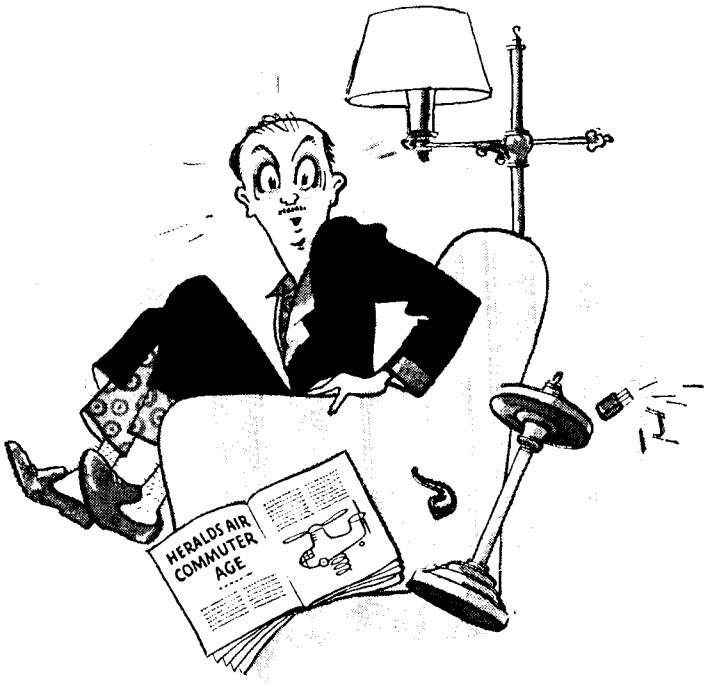
•

MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Omaha World-Herald*]

HOLLYWOOD, CAL. (AP)—They skipped the usual end-of-the-picture party on the set of "Tonight and Every Night."

They took the money left from the property man's coffee concession, usually spent on such a party, and bought a bassinet and other infant-care devices.



Hey! Who pinched me?

Smidgely, I say to myself, you are a most fortunate citizen. Only a week ago you didn't know a rudder bar from an aileron. Now here you are cruising at a comfortable 175 mph without a cloud in sight . . . not even one small alto-cumulus. Not ten minutes ago you were dawdling over your second cup of coffee with time to spare. And now, in another five, you'll be at your desk, planning the day's work—vigorous and refreshed.

Not like the old days—eh, Smidgely? Now, as I glide lazily over the Weehawken ferry, I can laugh at those days . . . shaving madly . . . bolting my Krusty Krumpies . . . dashing wildly for the 8:13 . . . listening to the—Hey! Who pinched me?*

*We pinched you, sir. Pinched you because—tomorrow and probably the day after tomorrow—you'll still be catching the 8:13. Sure, we realize that the so-called "miracle" planes lie in the offing . . . but we also realize that they cannot be produced overnight. For example, the first postwar WACO you see won't be essentially different from the last prewar WACO you owned or envied. But, prewar or postwar, you can be sure of this: WACO planes are comfortable, dependable and easy to fly . . . anywhere in any weather. So look to WACO, one of the oldest names in commercial aviation, for better planes . . . for better flying. THE WACO AIRCRAFT COMPANY, 610 Peters Avenue, Troy, Ohio, U. S. A.

ALL ARMY CARGO-TRANSPORT GLIDERS ARE WACO DESIGNED

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE THEATRE

HISTORY MADE EASY

ONE remark made in Irwin Shaw's "The Assassin" may have some value as an aid to criticism in addition to the primary service it performs in the play. It is a comment on the fact that a young royalist, a follower of the Count of Paris, is prepared to risk his life in the murder of a Fascist dictator to make a better world for liberals, Communists, and men of good will generally. "We live in a confused age," says the leader of the underground in Algiers, "and we are saved by confused men." In the sense that it never seems quite clear whether "The Assassin" is a melodrama or a political document, it might be described as a confused play and Mr. Shaw as a rather confused savior of the theatre. It is hard not to suspect that he hoped to enjoy the exemptions from criticism provided by both these forms—if, that is, his play struck a good many people as too shapeless and talkative for satisfactory melodrama, it should be remembered that he was dealing with important political ideas, and if, on the other hand, just as many people found these ideas elementary and perhaps debatable, it should be remembered in that case that the creation of popular entertainment puts a heavy handicap on the social thinker. This practice of operating on two levels, counting on the virtues of each to excuse the faults of the other, is nothing new—to a certain extent Lillian Hellman did it in "The Searching Wind"—and I'm afraid it is never very effective. An exciting story and a serious message can, of course, exist in the same play—"Watch on the Rhine," to bring in Miss Hellman again, did it triumphantly—but not unless each is valid in itself and together they form a theatrical unity. Melodrama can't be offered as a distraction from, or an apology for, political theory, or the other way around, and that, it seems to me, is just what Mr. Shaw has tried to do.

On its plane of simple and violent action, "The Assassin" is just the story of a conspiracy to murder a tyrant. The hero is a ragged but stylish adventurer (another character refers to him sardonically as the Scarlet Pimpernel, and this has very much the air of being one of Mr. Shaw's apologies to art for corn); the heroine is a brave and tragic girl, whose husband had fallen in France; their accomplices are a gallant band of men and women whose lives and fortunes have been boldly pledged to freedom; the villains—the Vichy soldiers and police, a Nazi officer, and a cynical American diplomat—are essentially the cultured scoundrels of E. Phillips Oppenheim, urbane, fashionable, and given to politely menacing conversation.

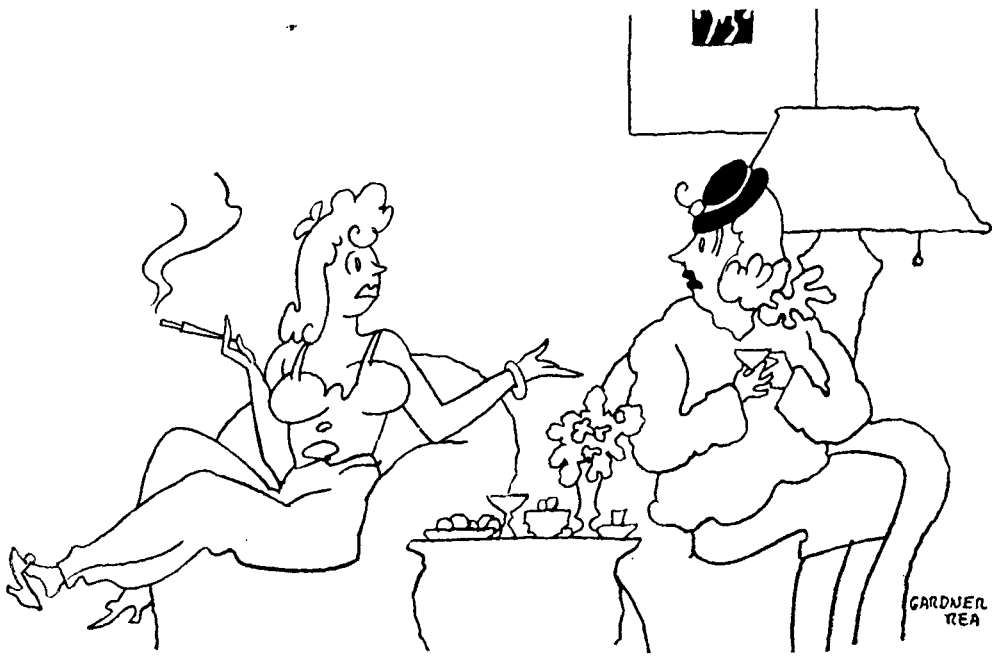
"I'm never quite sure whether I'm threatening you or you're threatening me," one of the collaborationists observes pleasantly to an almost incredibly corrupt agent of the Sûreté.

"It is a very interesting relationship, sir," the oily rogue replies.

In the end, the hero is shot, after a farewell to the heroine in which sentiment and propaganda are somewhat unhappily mixed, but up to then there is little in the plot to distinguish it from a moving picture.

On its thoughtful side, "The Assassin" simply says that variations in ideological theory, always excepting Fascism, have very little to do with the "quality" that marks men and women who fight together for the cause of humanity. It says it a good many times and often quite eloquently. The fact remains, however, that this is not precisely a new idea and may even strike some as a rather drastic simplification of the case. Mr. Shaw is presumably informed about the happenings in Algiers that led to the assassination of Admiral Darlan, but the conclusions he draws from them have somehow the sound of a theological argument in a college dormitory rather late at night, in which it is solemnly agreed that the form of worship is not important as long as the heart is in good works.

"The Assassin" is acted, for the most part, in the rather florid key in which it is written, Frank Sundstrom, in the title rôle, being especially prone to picturesque and dashing attitudes. He is assisted romantically by Lesley Woods and in other capacities by Harold Huber, Roger de Koven, Clay Clement, and Guy Sorel, all of whom seem slightly conscious of the accents of history.



"I asked him for a mink coat, but he says he prefers me just as I am."

AS a man who was able to talk in 1906 but not to attend musical comedies, I know nothing about the original production of "The Red Mill," except that it contained Montgomery and Stone and that its music had a powerful effect on my mother, who used to sing "In Old New York" and "Isle of Our Dreams" at about the time she was also singing "I Picked a Lemon in the Garden of Love" and a terrible dirge to the effect that if she were hanged on the highest hill she knew whose love would follow her still. Whose it was, I don't recall. Like a good many members of my family, she was incapable of carrying a tune, but she admired them and

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

she was always willing to try. To a certain ghostly extent, therefore, the musical aspects of "The Red Mill," at the Ziegfeld, were familiar to me. The rest of it, of course, was strange, but somehow almost precisely what I'd expected.

The story, a dizzy rat race about two American comics and how they straighten out three tangled romances in Holland, is essentially no more idiotic than that of almost any modern musical; the humor, which shows traces of some later hand, is of a kind th[redacted] kills the subordinate members (there ought to be a fine com[redacted] for somebody, by the way, in[redacted] sensitive reactions of a gentle[redacted] chorus to the humors and al[redacted] principals) but it left me [redacted] and thwarted; the costum[redacted] have no great style (I'm t[redacted] elders that the revolving sails [redacted] Dillingham's old mill were on[redacted] the wonders of the town) and neither, I'm afraid, have most of the actors who occupy them. The Victor Herbert songs, however, are almost always a delight. It is *sweet* music, in the sense ladies are apt to use this word in describing something that makes them feel tender and wistful and somewhat wasted on their husbands. It is also the kind of music that should be sung by people of an extravagantly romantic appearance, and this, with every respect to talent as distinguished from physique, is not precisely true of Dorothy Stone, Lorna Byron, Ann André, Robert Hughes, Charles Collins, and Edward Dew, who are employed to grapple with the rich embarrassment of love on the stage. Eddie Foy, Jr., and Michael O'Shea, in the rôles once taken by Montgomery and Stone, however, seem to me very satisfactory, though apparently both they and the changes that have been wrought in their material caused some pain to those who saw the originals. In spite of this educated disapproval, however, I still think that Mr. Foy, an alarmingly limp comedian with sudden attacks of great suavity, is a remarkably funny man, whether he is impersonating Dr. Watson to Mr. O'Shea's Holmes, or feigning boneless raptures while Odette Myrtil serenades him on her violin, or simply stepping out of character to apologize sardonically for the plot. On the whole, "The Red Mill" is nothing to entertain you on any large scale, but it is infinitely better than such recent musical visitations as "Marinka," "Mr. Strauss Goes to Boston," and "Polonaise," and it can be recommended cautiously on that basis.

—Wolcott Gibbs

THE A&F GREATEST SPORTING GOODS STORE IN THE WORLD

Absolutely waterproof Nylon

Here is a featherweight rain coat of forest green nylon that rain simply cannot penetrate. It will not crack or become tacky. It has a fly front, raglan sleeves, balmacaan collar, two lined slash pockets.

NYLON RAIN COAT, sizes 36-46 . . . . . $21.50
NYLON TROUSERS to match $10.25

NYLON GOLF JACKET . $15.00
Featherweight nylon waterproof golf jacket. Keeps out wind and wet. Forest green in color with full zipper front.

ABERCROMBIE & FITCH CO.

MADISON AVENUE at 45th STREET, NEW YORK 17, N. Y.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Face powder 5 shades 3.50
Lipstick 6 shades 2.00
John Frederics, dist.
made in America

FOOTBALL

Journey to Nowhere

LAST Saturday, because of the way the football schedules were arranged, it was possible for a reasonably agile spectator (me) to see nearly three-quarters of the game between Colgate and Columbia up at Baker Field that afternoon, rush downtown, catch the Pennsylvania Railroad's Congressional Limited, and arrive in Baltimore in time to see a little more than three-quarters of the game between Navy and Georgia Tech that evening. At the end of a good hard day's work, however, all that I had added to my precious store of knowledge was the fact that the leaves have begun to turn in the suburbs, thus creating a number of excellent scenic effects in the Jersey and Pennsylvania countryside.

In the first place, at Baker Field, I watched a talented but plainly lightweight and green Columbia team having a perfectly terrible time with a heavier and more knowledgeable Colgate team. Columbia men were dropping the ball at the most inconvenient moments, they were running into one another instead of the enemy, and they were finding it difficult to stop the opposing ball-carriers even when they were able to catch up to them. It was hardly a surprise to anyone that Colgate was the first to score. Yet before the first half was over, Columbia had tied the game up, and by the time I ducked out on my way to Baltimore, Columbia was obviously on *its* way to victory. I only wish I knew how it was done, that's all. It was, by the way, the second week in a row that Columbia had pulled the trick of lying doggo for a while and then coming from behind in a rush. It would seem to be a popular act, for I can't remember when I've seen such a crowd at Baker Field.

The nicest job of the afternoon was turned in by Columbia's Rossides, on the play that tied the score. Using his protectors smartly, he worked his way right through the whole Colgate team. Rossides was going so fast that he could afford the handicap of looking over his shoulder to see how the pursuing Colgate posse was doing. Just before he crossed the goal line, one man made a dive at him—someone always has to do this so that when the boys get back to the bench they can say to the coach, "Well, don't look at us! We tried, didn't we?"—and missed him by inches. It was the way Columbia had, up to that moment, been missing. It was at that moment that I began to suspect Colgate was through for the day.

THE game between Navy and Georgia Tech was just as confusing. A fog had drifted in from off the Patapsco, and the lights at the Baltimore stadium, which are ingeniously placed so that they shine in both the customers' and the players' eyes, were no help. And for a long time the players were merrily pretending that one another's noses, chins, and stomachs were the ball, and celebrated and important contestants were falling like autumn leaves. It looked as though Thomas Timlin, the referee, might have to call in the Shore Patrol to quiet things down. However, Timlin, a small but bristly man, is not afraid to deal out a few stiff penalties where they will do the most good, and he presently had the situation under control.

It was the afternoon's story all over again—Georgia Tech, looking rather better organized than Navy, had the upper hand most of the time, and Navy won without very much trouble. Navy, as usual, had a huge squad of players, a lot of them very good indeed, but on Saturday night it was more of a squad than a team, and it was apparent that a lot of jelling remains to be done. Of course, Navy's best back is Jenkins, and Jenkins wasn't around; after getting the bad knee he had last year nicely repaired, he has damaged the other one. Scott, another member of last season's dangerous backfield, is still on hand, and as fast as ever, and so is Duden. This fall, though, Duden is an end instead of a quarterback. He had a nice evening, by the way. But the best man that night was Peck of Georgia Tech, a tiny but fiery back who had Navy in a turmoil until he got damaged in a very hard tackle. There are not many men who can really run like jack rabbits. I think Peck can be added to the list.

—J.W.L.

•

To Be Correct—

Do not try to make a Latin plural of ignoramus by substituting "i" for "us." The correct plural is ignoramsus.—*Fullerton (Calif.) News-Tribune.*

It must be nice to know *everything*.

•

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

OF ALL THINGS

IN the three-cornered New York City campaign, William O'Dwyer must be regarded as most likely to succeed. However, Judge Goldstein and Newbold Morris are believed to have splendid chances to defeat each other.

•

The natives of Java are causing the Allies no end of embarrassment by demanding a share of those Four Freedoms that they have heard so much about. How much pleasanter things would be if backward peoples wouldn't act so forward.

•

Friends of democracy cheered too soon when the Argentine government kicked Colonel Juan Perón for a goal. The play, it seems, has been called back.

•

Wheat prices have reached the highest point in twenty years. We assume that the farmers are now satisfied with their lot, though, of course, they have not said so in so many words.

•

It would appear that the Japanese masses are more interested in food than in politics. MacArthur can pass whatever laws he pleases if he will also please pass the rice.

•

We are told that the long and bitter strike in the film studios was caused by a difference of opinion between two A.F.L. unions. Like so many other Hollywood products, this story is not wholly convincing.

•

The country was delighted to hear that John L. Lewis has called off the soft-coal strike "in the public interest." Heretofore, the relations between John and the public interest have been pretty chilly.

•

No sooner had New York tightened up on the parking rules in an effort to clear the clogged streets than a new problem arose. The streets are all clogged up with seafaring men.

•

Authorities tell us not to buy DDT mixtures unless they contain at least five per cent of the chemical. Apparently, some of these compounds are so mild and gentle they wouldn't hurt a flea.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER

A flat hat may be a happy accident...
...but a flat drink is always a tragedy!
CLUB SODA
CANADA DRY WATER
"PIN-POINT CARBONATION"
Sparkling

Keep drinks Lively with CANADA DRY WORLD FAMOUS WATER

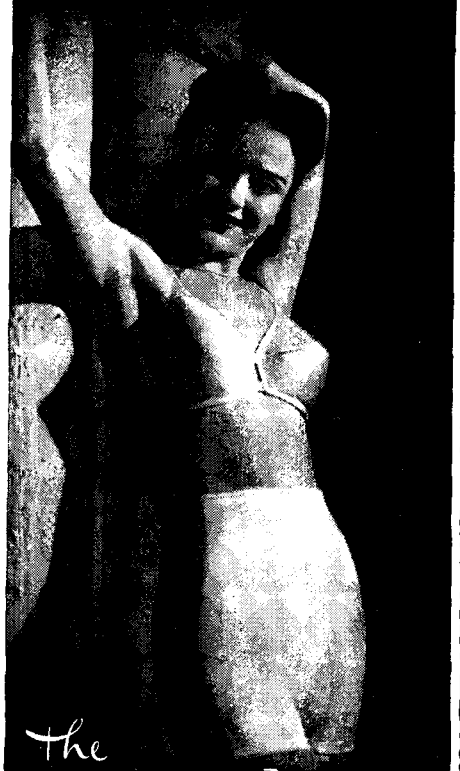
Why spoil drinks with an inferior mixer? Unlike ordinary club sodas . . . or carbonated tap waters . . . sparkling Canada Dry Water is scientifically made to *improve* your drinks, rather than just dilute them. Original "Pin-Point Carbonation" keeps 'em bubbling with life—to the last sip. And Canada Dry's exclusive formula points up . . . never drowns out . . . flavor.

In addition, it has all the purity, all the uniformity that has made the name Canada Dry famous the world over.

It's smart to serve Canada Dry Water at home—to ask for it when you're out. You'll agree . . . it's the only club soda that belongs in your drinks.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Choose a Gossard pantie girdle
and uplift for figure freedom



The Gossard line of beauty

Maybe
Not
Tomorrow
But Soon

For 156 years, the excellence of Schweppes Beverages and Table Waters has been known throughout the world. And soon, we hope to be able to resume shipments of all of them to America, so that our many good friends over here can again enjoy them.

Schweppes

INDIAN QUININE WATER • GINGER ALE
GINGER BEER • SARSAPARILLA • SODA

Manufactured and Bottled in England by
SCHWEPPES, Ltd.

Sole U. S. Agents: Maxfield & McIver, Inc. 90 West Broadway, N. Y.

DIXIE IN AN UPPER

TRAVELLING south from Washington the other night, I sat on the edge of my lower berth as the train moved out of Union Station, thanking heaven for the cancellation that had provided me with this reasonably comfortable haven for the night. My husband had an upper at the other end of the car. I opened my suitcase and pulled out my night clothes and a copy of the day's New York *Times*, which I had laid flat on top of the other things in the bag.

The curtains of the lower berth opposite were drawn, but the upper was still unoccupied. As I looked, the porter came and put a bag up there, and the owner of the bag, a lady, followed him. Taking off her coat and her nondescript hat, she fluffed up her white hair and turned around to look at me. She was tall, with a long, amiable face and a long nose, on which she wore rimless spectacles. But in spite of her rather average, middle-aged appearance, there was something about her, even before she opened her mouth, which made me suspect that here was a girl, young in heart and from the Deep South, and that her accents would drip down like syrup. They sure did.

"Honey," she said to me, "this affair has me all weak-kneed. I jus' don' know what to do."

"What's the matter? Are you ill?" I said sympathetically.

"Oh, this nasty ol' upper berth! Tell me now, how do I git myself up onto that shelf? Nevah in all my life before have I had to git myself up so high. Did you evah sleep in one of these?"

I said, "Yes, many times."

"How do I git my clothes off of me?"

"Lie flat and stretch your legs out hard."

She looked me up and down. "Honey, you're real lucky. Just look at how I come—real long."

Her gentle eyes fell upon and coveted the delicious space behind me where my bed lay open, easy, and oh so very lower. I had a wild, foolish impulse to make her happy but checked myself; she was not my problem. Despite her white hair, her body looked pliant and her teeth sound. I decided to be selfish, and, nodding good night, I swung my legs off the floor and buttoned myself in tight.

A few moments later I heard the porter place his ladder, and with much chatter and groaning up went my Honey Chile, like Little Eva. Into my nest came the sounds of her pushing about, her struggling and sighing as she cast off her clothes.

Then I heard her call, "Portah, portah, you come heah to me!"

Peeping between my curtains, I saw her head, now tied up in a kerchief, peering out from between her curtains. "Portah," she ordered, "show me wheah is that bell. How kin I call you to git me down out off this shelf if I doan know wheahevah yo' bell is?"

A colloquy heavy with Southern accent ensued, and eventually the lady exclaimed, "Land Almighty, boy, heah it is right behind mah head!"

They exchanged mellifluous good nights, and I slept.

I BELONG to the school of travellers who go into and come out of sleeping berths fully dressed, even to a hat. The next morning, carrying toothbrush and purse, I rose, rescued my *Times* from the floor of the car where it had slid during the night, put it into my suitcase, and made for the dressing room. There I found my white-haired Dixie Belle sitting before a mirror in a lacy pink nightgown, a black silk jersey kimono draped around her narrow hips. At the next mirror sat a comely girl, perhaps twenty, in a trailing white silk negligee which she tossed off to reveal a new white satin lace-trimmed nightgown. Eying herself critically in the mirror, this child ran a comb through her dark hair, yanked her curls back, and slapped cream on her dewy face.

"Howdy, neighbor," said Dixie Belle to me. "This nice chile here is yesterday's bride."

I offered congratulations and then gloomily washed my face, hands, and neck, brushed my teeth, took off my hat, and attacked my hair. Meanwhile the bride pulled on a pair of small white pants, dropped off the bridal nightgown, snapped on a tiny white brassière, and slid her slenderness into a small white girdle.

"Honey," said Dixie Belle to me, "don't she look cute? She's on her way home to show her new husband to her kin. I been up to see my own boy in New York, and what a place that is!" She turned to a chair beside her and pawed at a heap of silk underwear.

"Golly!" she groaned. "I sure thought I had that brazeer. Where is the danged thing gone?" She looked

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

down, up, around, and through her many accoutrements. The bride looked, too, and I searched in the heap of soiled towels.

"I must of lef' that lil' gahment in mah berth. Honey, this sure is a loss, what with the shortages and everythin'. I've got me two other brazeers, new ones, at the bottom of mah big suitcase. Honey, if there's a thing I hate to go without, it's mah brazeer."

She took her glasses off, polished them, and searched again in vain. "I bet I dropped the damn old thing hopping down that ol' ladder," she groaned.

"Perhaps it's in the aisle," suggested the bride, lovely in her white lingerie. I alone here was dressed. I said to Dixie Belle, "I'll go take a look."

"Would you min', honey? You sure ah real kin'."

I walked along the aisle of the car, peering down at the floor and along the edges of the dark curtains, pushing past men who were struggling with shirts, coats, pants, suitcases, and shoes. As I searched they eyed me suspiciously. I started to say, "Did you see a pink brazeer around here?," but thought better of it. The brazeer was not on the floor, nor did I see it dangling from on high. I hoisted myself up to look within her berth and a colonel standing in the aisle said, "What is it, Madam? May I help you?"

The train gave a lurch and I fell sideways on him. "I was looking for a brazeer," I muttered on his chest.

"A what?"

The porter came and said reprovingly, "Yo' want the laddah, Madam?" He knew perfectly well that this was not my berth I was climbing into.

"The lady lost something," I explained. "Something pink."

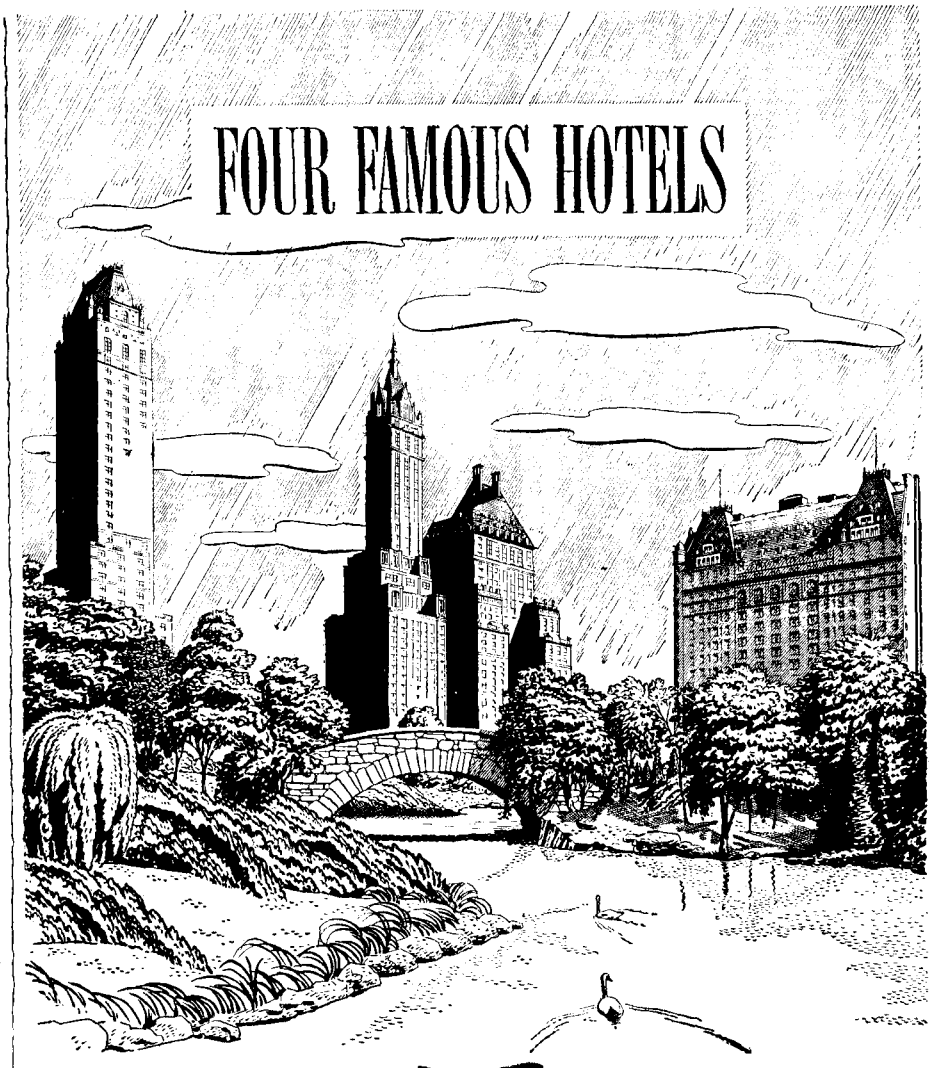
"I ain't seen nothin' pink. You need the laddah, lady?"

"I guess I do, please," I said.

"I'm tall," said the colonel. "Also, I'm married."

The colonel looked in the upper without success. Then the porter brought the ladder and I climbed up and searched also, but there was no brazeer in that bed. I reported this to the washroom front, and Southern Belle said, "Golly, girls, I'm out one brazeer and I'm goin' to tell the Southern Railway they owe me one. Honey, I'll hafta dress and git my breakfus and then that portah can just heave ho with mah big bag and I'll dig me out another brazeer and undress me and put it on and dress muhself again."

This prospect tired me, so I fled to find my husband and breakfast. We



♫UP IN CENTRAL PARK♫

Along with all the other lovely ballads of New York come songs of praise for these fine hotels which tower the skyline of Central Park. Although individual in character, their likeness of quality is enhanced by the distinction of this perfect location.

PIERRE * SHERRY NETHERLAND * SAVOY-PLAZA * PLAZA

Plaza Circle

WHERE FASHIONABLE FIFTH AVENUE MEETS BEAUTIFUL CENTRAL PARK

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Rogers Peet . . Authentic Fashions

Gabardine is smart!

THERE'S something about a fine gabardine sports shirt that always says: "Smart!"

The nice-feeling texture of these $10 gabardines comes from the perfect blending of Wool, Aralac and Rayon.

Navy. Tan. Brown. Maroon.
Natural. Small. Medium. Large.

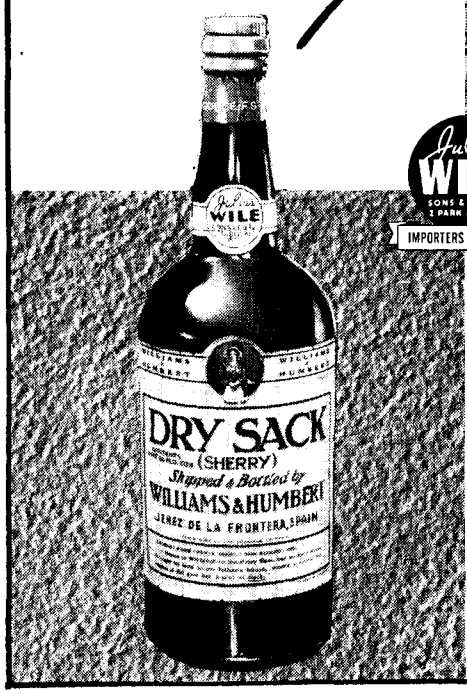
Wool 20%, Aralac 20%, Rayon 60%.

Rogers Peet Company

A label that spells character

In New York:
Fifth Avenue *at* 41st Street
13th Street *at* Broadway
Warren Street *at* Broadway
And in Boston:
Tremont St. *at* Bromfield St.

DRY SACK
IMPORTED
Sherry



Julius WILE
SONS & CO. INC
2 PARK AVE N.Y.
IMPORTERS SINCE 1877

"Sherry, Sir?"

GUESTS FEEL FLATTERED
YOU'LL FEEL PROUD

DRY SACK—*most* famous of the Williams & Humbert Sherries . . . has a mellow, nutty flavor which marks it as a wine of truly great character. And above all, Dry Sack achieves that nice balance between dryness and sweetness which is so desirable . . . and so rare. Whether you serve Dry Sack at home or ask for it at a restaurant or bar . . . you mark yourself as a connoisseur, and assure yourself and guests the enjoyment of superb sherry. Julius Wile Sons & Co., Inc., N. Y.

stood in line to get seats in the diner and when we came out after our meal my Southern friend was standing in line, still a good way from her coffee.

"The darned thing's gone forevah, Ah guess!" she cried out. "Could Ah do with a cup a coffee!"

AN hour later my husband and I were standing in the aisle beside my section, waiting for the train to stop at our station, when Dixie Belle reappeared with the porter in tow. To make room we sat down again while the porter lifted her big bag from the floor and laid it flat on her seat so that she could unlock it and he could open it for her. She took things out and searched and stirred around until she found what she wanted. Then she repacked and tidied up the garments and boxes and the layers of tissue paper. As she bore down to close the big suitcase, I poked my husband. "Help her," I whispered. He looked abstractedly across the aisle at this strange female, then did as I said.

"Thank yo, suh," she said. "Youah real kin'." Then to me, "Well, goodbye now, honey. Have a real good time. I hope I don't lose Number Two—you know what," and she winked at me rakishly.

"What was that woman talking about?" asked my husband in the vestibule.

"Her lost brazeer."

"Her what?"

"Oh, you wouldn't understand, dear. It's not up your alley."

The friends we were going to visit met us and drove us through the countryside to a pleasant house, a warm room, and hot tubs. I unpacked my bag and laid on the bed table the folded copy of yesterday's New York *Times* which I had put in my suitcase on top of my clothes. That night, in bed, my husband picked up the paper to read a few moments before going to sleep. When he opened it, a small pink object fell out on the floor.

"Here, this must be yours," he said, and tossed it to me, making me one up on the Southern Railway.

—AGNES BURKE HALE

•

PERISH THE THOUGHT DEPT.

[From the Washington Post]

Washington ministers, chaplains and other speakers cited the cataclysmic developments preceding the war's end as a challenge to humanity to "win the peace," or face annihilation at church services yesterday.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A REPORTER AT LARGE

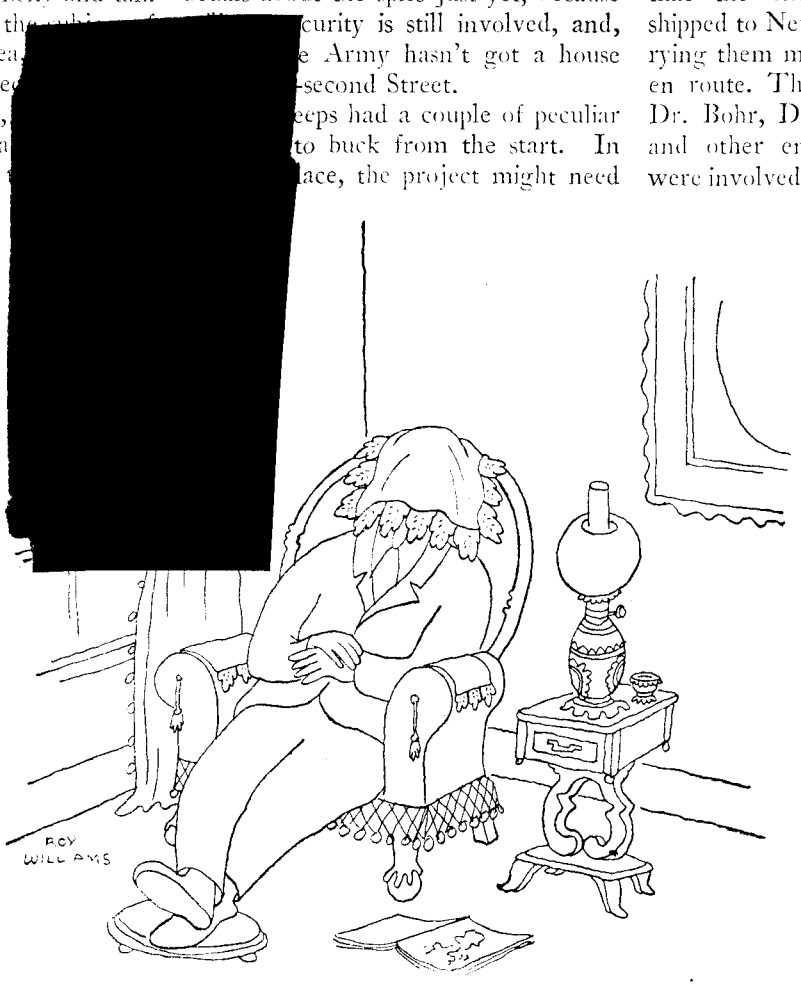
THE TOP TOP SECRET

THE atomic bomb proved to be the war's biggest surprise, but it took two and a half years of daily suspicion, hunch-playing, soft-soaping, and double talk on the part of the Manhattan District's Counter-Intelligence Corps to keep it from becoming prematurely famous. Some members of the C.I.C., in fact, are still amazed that President Truman's announcement, on August 6th, was a sensation instead of an anticlimax, for by the time the steel tower in New Mexico was vaporized, well over a million Americans knew of the existence of the Manhattan District. The vast majority of them weren't aware what the project was trying to produce, but, at that, nearly two thousand known instances of loose talk, dangerous and close to home, had been investigated. Hundreds of breaks in newspapers, on the radio, in pulpits, and on lecture platforms had nearly spilled the beans. Furthermore, definite attempts at espionage had been made by foreign countries.

Against these threats to the Army's top wartime secret, the C.I.C. (whose agents were known among project workers as the creeps) adopted an extremely simple policy: to try for a complete blackout on any publicity and talk even indirectly related to th[redacted] atomic energy. "The idea[redacted] officer explained to me re[redacted] Oak Ridge, Tennessee, [redacted] District headquarters, "wa[redacted] separate the wheat from [redacted] everybody was talking about the project, well, we'd have to suspect everybody. But if everybody on our side kept quiet, then only those against us would be talking." Another reason for this approach was to get the Axis to underestimate us. If we had bragged in advance, in the Goebbels manner, the Germans might have stepped up their work in the atomic-energy field instead of diverting so much of their efforts to such relatively harmless affairs as V-1 and V-2.

So bent was the C.I.C. on its campaign of silence that it would not court-martial Army personnel who had talked carelessly or committed some other indiscretion. Even a closed trial, it was pointed out to me, would have meant that the defense counsel, assistant defense counsel, members of the court, and a stenographer would have had to learn about the project. If the defendant chose to appeal, still more individuals would have had to live with the secret. What happened instead was that the culprit, after promising to shut up in the future, was sent to a replacement pool with a set of secret orders which instructed the commanding officer to assign him to a rear-echelon post where there was no chance of his being captured by the Japs or Germans. Some of these soldiers are still on remote islands in the Pacific. Civilian employees engaged in the project who violated security regulations were fired, but tactfully, so that they wouldn't go away angry and talk too much. Even espionage agents who were detected were not arrested. The creeps would put the spy under surveillance twenty-four hours of the day, make friends with him, and even "help" him with his mission. The District won't disclose any details about the spies just yet, because [redacted]curity is still involved, and, [redacted]e Army hasn't got a house [redacted]-second Street.

[redacted]eeps had a couple of peculiar [redacted]to buck from the start. In [redacted]lace, the project might need years to complete its work. "It's different if you're trying to keep a new tank under wraps," a C.I.C. captain told me. "A tank doesn't take long to put together, and once it goes into combat, you can kiss the secret goodbye, because the enemy captures it." Another problem for the C.I.C. was the fact that both atomic energy and the possibility of an atomic bomb had been discussed in scientific and popular journals for years and could quite reasonably be ordinary topics of conversation. Nothing, however (including an atomic bomb), is supposed to be impossible in the Army, and so the creeps set out to keep the United States from talking for an indefinite period about something Einstein had announced to the world in 1905.



THE way the C.I.C. people saw it, they had several so-called zones of information to protect. First, they didn't want either the existence or the location of the Manhattan District installations known. The cost and size of the project had to be kept secret. So did the fact that plants in the States of Washington, Tennessee, and New Mexico were related to each other. If an outsider had known, for example, that the end products were being shipped to New Mexico, the trucks carrying them might have been sabotaged en route. The fact that men such as Dr. Bohr, Dr. Compton, Dr. Fermi, and other eminent nuclear physicists were involved had to be kept secret, too. Finally, the various methods by which we were processing uranium, the properties of the end products, and data on our equipment and techniques—the secrets we still have—had to be kept under cover. "The longer it took them to have that bomb dropped," I was told by the C.I.C. head, Colonel William Budd Parsons (known as *the* creep), "the less chance we had of preventing the enemy from hearing about it. Most of us felt that we had a losing fight on our hands, but we could never concede that. If we had, we might as well have closed up shop."

The C.I.C. never

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Kathleen Lee

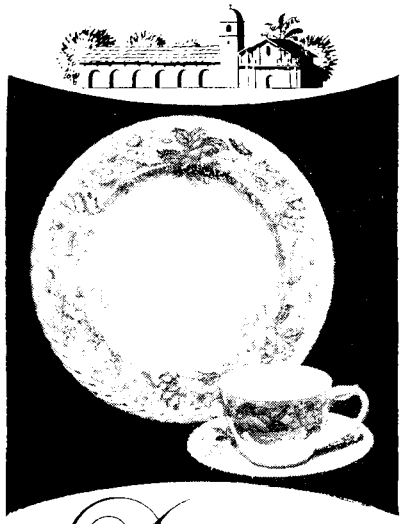
For Post War Dining

Suave black crepe—long and reed-slim. Contrasting crepe cascade and sequinned detail in brilliant jewel colors to match. Sizes 12 to 40—$120.00 . . . *Clothes from Kathleen have that custom-like finish.*

118 EAST 60 ST., NEW YORK

88 Main St., New Canaan, Conn.

CALIFORNIA Vernonware



Dolores

"I am as feminine as the petal of a flower. I am light and satiny smooth, and add a luxurious touch to your dinner, luncheon or breakfast table."

Dolores belongs to the aristocratic California Vernonware family—America's finest line of semi-porcelains.

VERNON KILNS

2300 East 52nd Street, Los Angeles 11, California

had much chance of keeping the existence of the Manhattan District a secret. The project was simply too big. Thousands of workers were needed, and that meant that the Army had to ask the War Manpower Commission to recruit labor, skilled and unskilled. All sorts of critical materials were required, which necessitated getting the help of the War Production Board. The W.P.B. had to tell manufacturers to rush the completion of certain machinery for the District's plants. The Post Office and telephone companies had to hear of a new town by the name of Oak Ridge. Railroad spurs had to be built, so railroad people knew about it. Native farmers, forced off the project sites, had to explain to relatives in other regions why they needed temporary shelter.

By the time the project was a few months old, still more people were finding out about it. When a young scientist was called up by his draft board, the Army tried to keep him out of the Army by requesting his draft board to defer him. The District often had to tell Selective Service that a young man was working on a project that had a No. 1 labor priority and an essential rating by the War Department, but it could say nothing about the nature of the employee's job. Frequently draft-board members would decide that the Army was taking itself too seriously and order the scientist to an induction center. When this happened, the District usually was able to grab the man after his thirteen weeks of basic training and put him right back on the job he had held as a civilian, at an enlisted man's pay. The War Labor Board's assistance had to be asked, too. When unions and contractors involved with the project negotiated agreements before the Board, C.I.C. agents read the briefs both sides had prepared to see if censoring was necessary. Sometimes, in the heat of an argument, a spokesman might forget that he was discussing a secret project and the C.I.C. man in the room would have to jump up and caution him. "We kept their briefs down to essentials," an officer who had been a labor-relations man before the war said. "And I must say our censoring seemed to help. I can't remember hearings that had less unnecessary haggling."

As a result of huge District contracts, corporations would float new issues of stocks and bonds to finance themselves. Ordinarily they would have had to let the Securities Exchange Commission know why, but the District asked the S.E.C. to waive its rule until the nature of the project was no longer secret. The S.E.C. was agreeable, but it had got in on the fact that the Army was up to something big and very secret. Thousands of District employees, whose families got tired of the elementary living conditions in the newly built communities, quit their jobs. When they did, they signed a pledge promising that they would disclose nothing about their work until the War Department gave them permission to do so, but it was a gamble just the same. One officer told me that four hundred thousand workers, about three times more than the peak payroll, had been investigated. Additional thousands of people in subsidiary factories all over the country, making such telltale equipment as cyclotrons, couldn't help getting wind of the project.

The Counter-Intelligence tried its best to control gossip and curiosity in the Manhattan District plants. The employees were lectured almost every day on the importance of secrecy. Posters, among them such items as "DON'T BE A BLABOTEUR," were hung all over the District's reservations. Trailers plugging silence were flashed on the screens in the District's movie houses. "Most of it was straight corn," an officer told me. "It had to be, because we couldn't tell them they were making a brand-new secret plane or super-duper submarine. All we could do was to ask for their loyalty and patriotism—pretty abstract matters, when you get right down to it." Secretary Stimson and other high War Department officials paid morale visits. None of these things prevented a syndicated Hearst wit from writing that he'd heard tell that the Army was sponsoring a huge project in Tennessee where the front ends of sawhorses were being manufactured.

All personnel on the project were reinvestigated every three months, every six months, or every year, depending on the importance of their jobs. C.I.C. men found themselves investigating each other. "You know how a steelworker gets?" Lieutenant William Huisking

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

asked me rhetorically. "He walks on those girders every day and he's liable to forget there's hard ground several hundred feet below him. Well, in the same way, a fellow with top secrets in his head can get to take them too much for granted." Some of the creeps took civilian jobs in plants to keep an eye on the employees; at Oak Ridge such C.I.C. men earned sixty thousand dollars in extracurricular pay, all of which was turned over to the Treasury.

The principle of what the C.I.C. calls "compartmentalization of information" was rigidly followed. In shorter words, this means that no one was to know more than he had to. Maintenance men in one plant at Oak Ridge, for example, were dressed in blue uniforms, while operations employees wore white ones. Thus, if a maintenance man wandered into a room full of white uniforms, he was immediately spotted by a supervisor, who either kicked him out or, if he had been called to fix something, watched him closely until he finished his chore. So assiduously has this principle been followed that today an astonishingly small number of people have the over-all picture of the District's work. In fact, it wouldn't take much amnesia to make the present debate about sharing the bomb secret a strictly academic matter.

Trucks bound for the District sites with valuable equipment and materials took circuitous routes. Most of the drivers never knew where their cargoes were headed for. They would drive a certain distance and then a fresh driver, waiting in a safe, lighted neighborhood, would take over. "A truck that's on the road for only twenty-four hours," I was told by Captain James Haley, who handled this phase of security, "is twice as safe as one that's on the road for forty-eight hours." Armed officers and enlisted men rode as guards on the trucks and also in the cabooses of freight trains hauling strategic metal. Despite the speed with which the Army was working, the end products were never flown to New Mexico, because of the risk attached to airplane travel. Top-secret data that had to be transported were given to officers, who rode on trains in locked compartments, their pistols in hidden shoulder holsters and the documents in rubberized pouches strapped to their chests. Code, needless to say, was used in all official communications. Some of the code vocabulary was: "top" for "atom," "topic" for "atomic," "boat" for "bomb," "topic boat" for "atomic bomb," "urchin fashion" for "uranium fission," "spinning" for "smashing," and "igloo of urchin"

THE FINEST IN CUSTOM MADE FOOTWEAR IS MADE *by hand,*

Chas. Jones

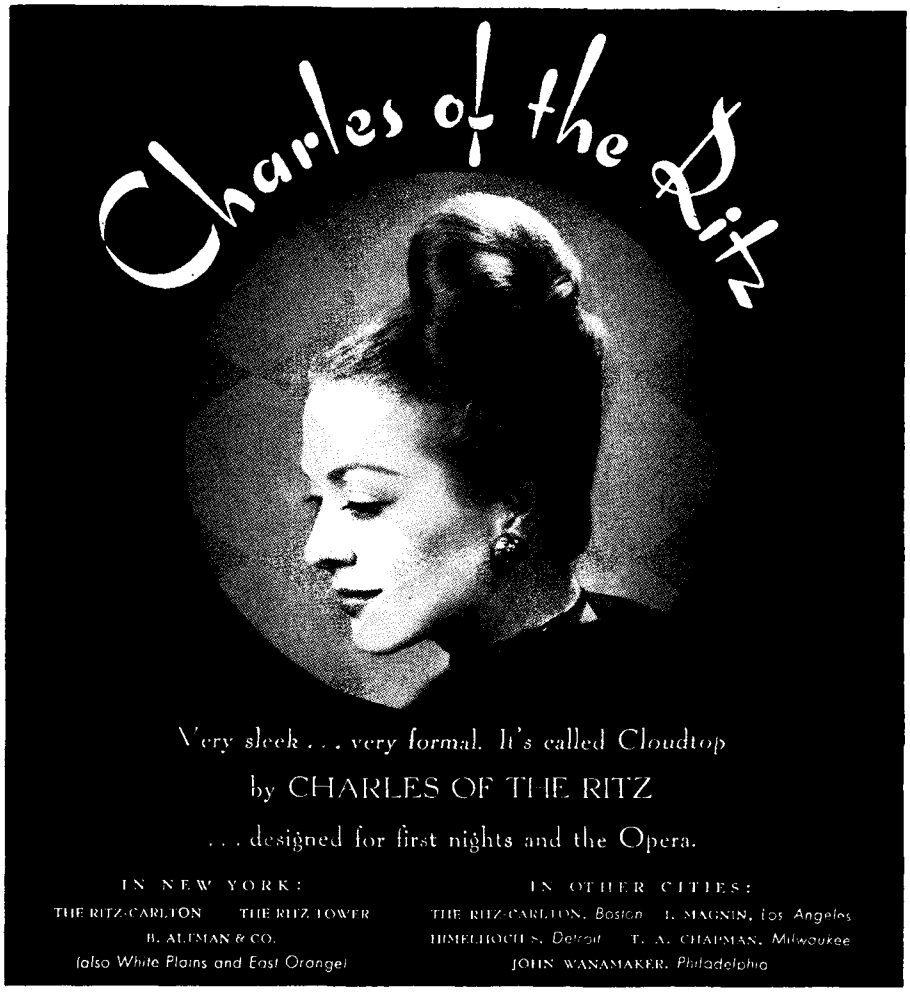
DISTINGUISHED FOR HAND-BLENDED POWDER AND EXQUISITE COSMETICS

blends your face powder *by hand,* too.

. . . makes it *to order* for you . . . right before your eyes . . . to your very own skintone . . . according to a formula that's yours alone.

PARIS LONDON MONTREAL NEW YORK

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED


Charles of the Ritz
Very sleek . . . very formal. It's called Cloudtop
by CHARLES OF THE RITZ
. . . designed for first nights and the Opera.
IN NEW YORK:
THE RITZ-CARLTON THE RITZ TOWER
B. ALTMAN & CO.
(also White Plains and East Orange)
IN OTHER CITIES:
THE RITZ-CARLTON, Boston I. MAGNIN, Los Angeles
HIMELHOCH'S, Detroit T. A. CHAPMAN, Milwaukee
JOHN WANAMAKER, Philadelphia

The Romantic:
A sentimental dreamer; highly intellectual and idealistic; adores meeting new people.
Bradford Bachrach knows how to photograph every type of woman
Bachrach
BRADFORD BACHRACH
Photographer of Women
683 5th Ave., Wickersham 2-4517
Boston • Washington
East Orange • Baltimore
Philadelphia • Providence

for "isotope of uranium." The word for U-235 was "tenure," and I learned how perfectly obvious it was from an eager lieutenant. "You see," he told me, "two and three are five and five make ten. Right? O. K., that's where the 'ten' comes in. The 'ure' stands for uranium. So, 'ten' plus 'ure' equals 'tenure.' A cinch."

ONE of the special headaches for the C.I.C. was handling the top scientists. Most of the people the Army was trying to keep quiet didn't actually know what the District wanted to produce. The scientists, however, knew more about it than the Army did. An inadvertent tidbit from one of them to an enemy agent, or even to a patriotic gossip, about the state of our plutonium research or some new idea that had been figured out for our electromagnetic separation process might bolix the works. Nor could the Army afford to fire its civilian geniuses for talking loosely. The nuclear boys wanted very much to coöperate, but, owing to a set of apparently ineradicable habits and eccentricities, they failed valiantly on occasion. "Free interchange of information" had been a lifelong practice with them. They were itching to discuss their work. Also, they didn't take care of themselves, which disturbed the Army, since it was vital that the scientists stay alive at least until the first bomb was dropped. "Some of the world's lousiest auto drivers developed the bomb," a lieutenant told me. He added that they didn't walk so well either. Professor Ernest O. Lawrence, of the University of California, often visited in Chicago, where the District operated an important laboratory in an armory. He would cross streets waving his arms in the air and exclaiming, "God, what a city! Smell that smoke! What air! Beats any air we've got in California!" Dr. Bohr was quite a jaywalker too. They say down in General Groves' office, in Washington, that they could always tell when he was coming to call by the sound of screeching brakes. Bohr was a problem from the beginning. When the British smuggled him out of Sweden in the bomb bay of a Liberator, they had to fly very high on the way to England to avoid being intercepted by the Luftwaffe. The crew put on oxygen masks and tried to put one on Bohr, too. The scientist's head, however, proved to be so massive that it wouldn't go on. The plane landed with its precious passenger out cold.

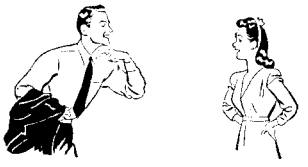
The Army, doing its best to meet a daffy situation, assigned young intelli-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

gence officers to protect its troupe of nuclear specialists. The officers were primarily supposed to serve as bodyguards, but actually their duties ranged from that of gentleman's gentleman to guardian to equerry to companion. Their personalities were supposed to go well with those of their wards. The man who watched Professor Oppenheimer, for example, couldn't be a conversational drip, and he had to ride well. Compton's man had to be prepared to recite the latest baseball batting averages. Fermi, whose English is uncertain, had John Baudino, an Italian-speaking American, for his aide. Their relationship was particularly congenial. Rather than let Fermi talk science with the world in general, Baudino diverted Fermi's conversation to himself. After a while, Baudino got to know more about the atom than he had ever wanted to know. He is still trying to clear his overcrowded head. Fermi would introduce Baudino to his fellow-scientists as "my colleague," and say, "Soon Johnny know so much about the project he need a bodyguard, too." Another creep, Charles Campbell, quietly chauffeuring his physicist, Professor John von Neumann of the Institute of Advanced Study at Princeton, was suddenly asked by the Professor where he was studying his theoretical physics these days. The intelligence man replied that he was a little too busy to be doing any studying. Von Neumann was horrified. He looked as though he would burst into tears. "It is my fault!" he exclaimed. Campbell, who hates physics, said it wasn't worth getting upset about, but that didn't soothe the Professor. "That is the trouble with you Americans," von Neumann said. "You are too kind. You will come with me and together we shall study theoretical physics in New Mexico."

Another of the Army's handicaps was the flattering but unrealistic faith the scientists had in intelligence agents. "They had this notion," one tired-looking bodyguard told me, "that we could know whatever they were doing even if they didn't tell us." The scientists never ceased to wonder when they were recognized by a C.I.C. man whom they hadn't met before. When Professor I. I. Rabi, of Columbia, a short man with distinctive features, was met in a Chicago station last Christmas by a lieutenant of the creeps, he congratulated the young officer effusively. "How did you know it was me?" he asked. The C.I.C. man started to explain, but the Professor said he was too modest and wouldn't listen. "What I

"Must you take your coat off to tell me this?"



"Yes indeed, my half-size helpmeet.

"How can I tell you how this new Arrow Shirt feels unless I *show* you? Just look at that collar. Ever see a better-looking, better-fitting job?

"And glance south at my equator. Not a bump...not a lump. That's my old friend, Arrow's Mitoga-form-fit design, contributing to my better looks.

"What's more, if I hadn't just been elected 'Best-dressed Man in the Neighborhood' by my family, I'd remove this Arrow Shirt — just to show you the Sanforized label firsthand!

"But you'll have to take my solemn oath that it keeps ALL Arrows from shrinking more than a next-to-nothing 1%.

"Now that the strip tease is over, do you mind if I slip into my coat again ...and take you to the movies?"

ARROW SHIRTS

Made by Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

. . . also bring out and improve all the flavor goodness of soups, stews, gravies, meats and vegetables. Buy a bottle today.

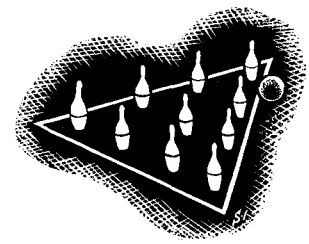
MAGGI'S
SEASONING

THE
Homestead
VIRGINIA HOT SPRINGS

AUTUMN is a most beautiful season at Virginia Hot Springs. Riding, driving, golf, tennis, swimming, hiking, mineral baths. Just overnight from Eastern points. Open all year.

Address
THE HOMESTEAD, Hot Springs, Va.
or our N. Y. Office in
The Waldorf-Astoria

wanted to say to him," the officer told me, "was that I had studied six very clear photographs of him taken from every angle and that the initials 'I.I.R.' were painted on his suitcase." Most of the scientists were delighted with themselves when they succeeded in eluding the C.I.C. men. "Mine would tease me," one aide recalled morosely. "He'd tell me, 'How come you let me get away? You're slipping.'"



It was during one of these escapes from a bodyguard that a celebrated physicist, sitting in the lounge car of a Tennessee-bound train, got into a conversation with two young Army officers. The scientist was cagey to the extent of not disclosing his name, but that was all. He was in the groove that day and nothing in the world but a Mickey Finn could have stopped him from discussing the problems that were holding up the large-scale unleashing of atomic energy. The officers listened respectfully, and, without his being aware of it, walked off with two bulky briefcases he had with him. When the scientist arrived at one of the gates in the fence around Oak Ridge, he was surprised to see the same two officers standing there. They handed him his briefcases and told him that it was just luck that they happened to be working under him in one of the plants and knew who he was. "Sir," one of them told him, "you talk too much. We'll have to report you to the C.I.C."

Various other threats to security took place. Not quite two years ago some Columbia scientists decided to get rid of a mixture of scrap uranium and sodium by tossing it off the George Washington Bridge. It would have burst into flames and burned briefly before sinking. That didn't bother the scientists, but it did disturb Captain Bernard Menke, of the C.I.C.'s New York office, when he heard of the plan. He hired a motorboat and had the stuff thrown into the ocean far from land, where it made a sizzling but less public bonfire. "I had visions, dashing up to Columbia," Menke told me. "I saw suspicious guards on the bridge shooting at the scientists just as the sodium was plummeting down toward the river. I saw bright-yellow flames and big black headlines, in which reporters quoted Police Department authorities as saying that the first saboteurs in New York City had been caught."

The scientists were given code names, but most of them were so passionately, or so absent-mindedly, devoted to their real ones that the Army had to keep reminding their secretaries to see that all letters and telegrams were signed with the assumed ones. Occasionally, however, these names, for some reason, became too well known. When it was feared that Professor Lawrence's code name, Ernest Lawson, was getting to be as famous as his own, the C.I.C. dreamed up a brand-new one—Oscar Wilde. It was selected, I was told, because Wilde had written a play called "The Importance of Being Earnest." There is at least one incident on record in which a scientist used code names resourcefully. A year ago, Dr. Fermi (Mr. Farmer) and Dr. Wigner (Mr. Wagner) appeared at an Oak Ridge gate and were stopped by a guard. Wigner told the guard he was Mr. Wagner, and the guard, after running his finger down a special list of approved names, decided to admit him. But the guard didn't believe Fermi, who speaks English with an Italian accent, when he identified himself as Mr. Farmer, although that name was on the list too. He asked Fermi to show him letters addressed to Mr. Farmer. The Italian didn't have any. At that point, Wigner announced that he was prepared to vouch for Mr. Farmer. "Do you believe my name is Wagner?" he asked the guard. "No question about it," the guard answered. "Well," Wigner said, "if my name is Wagner, then I swear to you by the heavens above that this man's name is Farmer." The guard waved Fermi in.

IN addition to its domestic work, the Manhattan District did some spying on the Germans. A special unit known as Positive Overseas Intelligence, whose methods are still secret, handled this work. It was small but it gathered a lot of information, much of it from correspondence between German scientists, who are letter-writing fools. (Occasionally the C.I.C. would have these letters read to our own scientists as object lessons.) The Germans were looking for a way to use atomic energy, but their efforts, I was told, have impressed some of our postwar correspondents much more than they did the heads of the Manhattan District. The District's intelligence reports during and since the war indicate, in fact, that the Germans may not even have

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Kodachrome by Edward Jacobsen

$32. $17.50 $10. $5. (plus taxes)

Surrender

HE WILL IF YOU WEAR IT

SHE WILL IF YOU GIVE IT

PARFUMS CIRO

© 1944 Parfums Ciro, Inc.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

How to get to the bottom of this Case

The case before you is simply to decide whether or not this *is* a Bacardi Cocktail.

We *could*, of course, *urge you to* study the New York Supreme Court ruling which says it's a Bacardi Cocktail *only* if it's made with Bacardi. But we suggest this simpler way of getting to the bottom of the case:

Seize the cocktail firmly in one hand and raise it to your lips. Repeat until you see the bottom of the glass. If it's just about the grandest, most delectable drink you ever tasted... well, we say it *must* be a Bacardi Cocktail!

You see, nothing *can* replace Bacardi in a drink. For its 83-year-old formula, known only to the Bacardi family, gives it a flavor and smoothness that can't be matched.

So how about sitting in judgment on a Bacardi Cocktail right now? Just be sure you really *get* Bacardi!

A Bacardi Cocktail's *best* when *dry*
So here's the recipe to try

Bacardi Cocktail—Juice ½ lime, ½ teaspoon sugar, finely chipped ice, 1 jigger Bacardi (White or Silver Label). Shake well, strain and serve.

If you prefer a sweet cocktail—Just add a dash of grenadine to same recipe instead of sugar.

Even the LAW* says: In a Bacardi Cocktail

Nothing can replace BACARDI

*Ruling of the N. Y. Supreme Court, April 28, 1936: *A Bacardi Cocktail MUST be made with Bacardi.*

RUM—89 Proof—Bacardi Imports, Inc., New York, N. Y.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

been trying for an atomic bomb. Rather, they seem to have had ideas of harnessing atomic energy as a form of fuel. The Nazis' work, indeed, was held in such poor esteem by our military authorities that certain German laboratories, whose locations we knew, were left unbombed to enable Hitler's experts to continue their failures. "By the end of the war," Major Francis Smith, a member of the Positive Overseas Intelligence who recently returned from Germany, told me, "the Nazis had not yet reached the stage we were at when we started our project."

The Reich laid out no more than $1,500,000 for nuclear experimenting, a piddling sum compared to our expenditure. Two hundred thousand dollars went for uranium, a hundred thousand for heavy water, and a half million for cyclotrons and high-voltage apparatus. Only twenty-four of the Reich's leading scientists were occupied with 811-RFR-111, the Reich's code for its equivalent of the Manhattan District, as against the hundreds we used. Nor were the few scientists assigned to it well organized. They bickered among themselves and, according to one newsy letter, two of the *Herr Doktors*, Heisenberg and Diebner, had a first-class grudge against each other. The Germans performed thirteen experiments, mostly in Leipzig, Berlin, the Heidelberg region, and the Joliot Laboratory in Paris, in attempts to get a chain reaction going. Even had they succeeded, I was told in Washington, they wouldn't necessarily have known that plutonium was the end product within their reach. That would have entailed making another discovery. When we tried for a chain reaction, we knew perfectly well what our end product was going to be, plutonium having been produced in a cyclotron in this country as long ago as 1939. As for U-235, the Germans were even farther behind. The U-235 research that did take place was conducted in Hamburg and Freiburg.

Unlike President Roosevelt, the Nazi leaders vacillated about the advisability of nuclear experimentation. In 1940 and 1941 the group around Hitler was moderately interested. Between 1941 and 1943 they were skeptical, and believed that their best bet was perfecting V-1s, V-2s, and jet-propelled planes. Then, toward the end, when only a miracle could have saved them, they turned around and began to hand out top priorities to the atomic physicists for materials and transportation. The constant reshuffling of 811-RFR-111 re-

THAT SECOND SHAVE

***CAN* BE A PLEASURE!**

For Shaving Happiness, there's no soap quite so satisfactory first, second, and always, as Gourielli's Super Size Active Ozone Shave-Stick (even if the hot water isn't working!). Ozone Shave-Stick works in cold water as well as hot.

You rub it on, rub it in—no brush necessary—and what a shave it gives! Quick, clean, soothing—no matter how tough your beard is, no matter how fast it grows, no matter how sensitive your skin is! Reason: Gourielli's soap stick has a special base. Result: no irritated skin to spoil your evening. Something extra: be sure to notice how long your razor blade lasts when you use this superior Gourielli Shaving Product regularly. 2.00

To brace and refresh, follow with Gourielli After-Shave Lotion (2.50 and 1.50)*... and for especially sensitive skin, just try Gourielli Emulsion, the soothing after-shave (3.50 and 2.00)*. You'll say you never had such an all-'round good shave.

SPORTSMAN'S DELIGHT!
LOCKER ROOM REFRESHMENT!

A quick rub-down with Gourielli "Tang" Cologne For Men. "Tang" is fresh-scented... exhilarating... strictly masculine! (3.50 and 2.00)* Follow with Deodorant Talc. 1.00*

Tired feet can be happy feet with cooling, comforting Gourielli Foot-Stick. 1.00

**Plus 20% Federal tax*

THE HOUSE OF GOURIELLI

16 East 55th Street, New York 22 • PLaza 3-1200

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

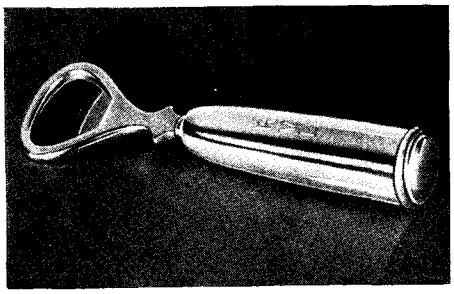
SAVE CLOTHES WITH YOUR
ALLIGATOR RAINCOAT

Featured at better dealers in a wide range of popular prices. The Alligator Company, St. Louis, New York, Los Angeles.

ALLIGATOR
Rainwear
because . . . IT'S SURE TO RAIN!

FREE! LEWIS & CONGER'S
Christmas Book of Original Gifts

● Do your Christmas shopping early in a comfortable armchair! Browse quietly through this 36-page book. Choose from among the 260 headliners illustrated and give every one the thrill of receiving a gift from one of New York's most popular stores. Mail the coupon today—give yourself time for a thoughtful choice!



INITIALED STERLING BOTTLE OPENER

Just the gift for the host or hostess who likes perfect appointments. The graceful handle is sterling, engraved with three "block" initials, the efficient opener end is plated steel. When ordering underline initial of last name. Including Fed. tax and engraving. $6.75

LEWIS & CONGER
Sixth Ave. at 45th St., New York 19, N.Y.
☐ Please send Christmas Catalog Y
Name.....
Address.....
City.....State.....

flected this governmental uncertainty. Before the war, the Ministry of Education had organized a team of scientists to look into the possibilities of harnessing atomic energy. When Poland was invaded, the Reichswehr's ordnance section took over the work. In February, 1942, at a meeting in Berlin, the State Research Council was ordered to assume control. The Army didn't like this and set up its own scientific group under Dr. Diebner. This led to rivalry, which Goering took cognizance of in the spring of 1943 by appointing a man named Esau, of the State Research Council, to run the whole show. In January, 1944, according to one piece of intercepted correspondence, a Dr. Walther Gerlach was appointed to succeed Esau. Early in the winter of 1945 it was agreed that a Government Institute for Nuclear Physics Research and Development should be established in May, but that was a little late in the game.

Despite the fact that they weren't in the same league with us, the Germans, displaying their traditional cockiness, were comfortably sure that they were doing all right. On December 16, 1944, Dr. Gerlach wrote a letter to Martin Bormann, one of Hitler's right-hand men, in which, in the course of asking for draft deferments for his assistants, he put down an interesting thought: "I am convinced that we are at the present time considerably farther ahead of America, both in research and development, although we are operating with a progressively smaller percentage of help as compared with America. . . ."

AS the months went by in 1944 and 1945, the C.I.C. people began to feel a kind of edginess. Things were going too well. None of the trucks carrying materials night and day over the highways were sabotaged. The trainloads of metal were coming through on schedule. The security campaigns in the plants were yielding fruit, as the C.I.C. could tell by the increasing number of tips, nearly all of them duds, which they were receiving from employees. "Any time a wrong-number party phoned them, they'd tell us the Germans had arrived," a creep told me. Also, some of the more troublesome foreign espionage activity had fallen off sharply early in 1944. Those spies already spotted were under control. "The way some of us felt," one Oak Ridge lieutenant said to me, "we didn't mind spies so much. Spies were a black-and-white deal. But we were flying blind when it came to knowing how many unauthorized people were in on the secret or who might take it into his head next to talk too much. It was like taking a poll without interviewing anybody. That was how things were going to have to stay, too, until the day the bomb was dropped on Hiroshima."

The C.I.C. men continued their shadowboxing to the end and, thanks to a variety of happenings, were kept busy enough to be spared boredom. They even had two cases to work on that involved enemy military action. Both of these came toward the end of 1944, at the Hanford works in Washington State. One day a Jap balloon floated down onto, of all things, the power line running from Bonneville to Hanford. "It stayed there a fraction of a second and fell to the ground," a major told me, "but you can put it down that production of the atom bomb was definitely interfered with by enemy action. Inside the plants the motors hesitated a little, just like in an auto when you're shifting from second to high." The other incident came about 3 A.M. one night, when the Army got a radar fix indicating that a small plane, not resembling any American model, was slowly moving over one of the Hanford plants. The Army immediately asked the Naval Air Station at Pasco to send up fliers after what might have been a Kamikaze plane launched from a vessel off the Coast. The Navy pilots went up and reported that they could find nothing. The next night the radar screen showed the same image over the same plant. Again the Navy pilots went up and found nothing. Creeps from all parts of the country were ordered into the area. They checked and double checked every airstrip in the region. After two weeks, during which a mysterious plane was still occasionally reported in the air, it was discovered that the radar had been picking up flights of geese.

The newspapers and radio also provided the C.I.C. with work. Byron Price had sent two confidential memoranda to editors, asking them not to print anything about atomic research, but either the requests didn't reach all the editors or some of them forgot about them. Usually, when a break occurred, a C.I.C. man would drop around to see the editor or radio-station manager, discover that the slip was unintentional, and be assured that it wouldn't happen again. Letters to the editor criticizing the Army for not getting busy with atomic weapons were frequently printed. "Hints point to the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

earlier realization of the atomic bomb," a wide-awake reader wrote to the Toledo *Blade* in December, 1944. "A special substance said to have amazing potentialities could, if it is automatically exploded the right way, ensure victory." The University of Chicago *Maroon*, in an outburst of school spirit shortly before V-E Day, lauded Alma Mater for having a monopoly on Nobel Prize winners and then said, "Compton and his colleagues are working on problems, fraught with tremendous possibilities to mankind, of releasing atomic energy." A congressman sounded off on atomic energy in the *Congressional Record* and mailed five thousand copies to his constituents. A Cleveland reporter, after spending a vacation near Los Alamos, New Mexico, came home and wrote an excited story entitled "The Forbidden City." He said, "The Mr. Big of the city is a college professor, Dr. J. Robert Oppenheimer, called the 'Second Einstein.' . . . [A] widespread belief is that he is developing ordnance and explosives. Supporters of this guess argue that it accounts for the number of mechanics working on the production of a single device and there are others who will tell you tremendous explosions have been heard." The C.I.C. took care of that matter in a hurry.

Probably the break that threw the District into its greatest tizzy came in the summer of 1944, when a nationally known radio announcer got on his nationally known network and told his listeners that the United States had a "Columbia University Project" which was experimenting with atomic energy, and, boy oh boy, "If Germany knew what is now known here, she could still win the war." The commentator and his boss were haled to Washington and dressed down, by order of General Marshall. "But no tongue-lashing could undo the broadcast," Colonel William Consodine, the District's public-relations chief, told me recently in Washington. "We just closed our eyes tight and waited for the deluge. I don't know," the Colonel said, shrugging. "That fellow's got a pretty high Crossley rating, but he doesn't seem to have many listeners. The backwash was practically nil."

Plenty of other matters kept the C.I.C. hustling. Several employees at the Oak Ridge project broke out in red rashes and, convinced that they had suffered burns from radioactivity, dropped their work and made for their home towns to see their own physicians. The physicians, of course, asked

UNIVERSAL
GENÈVE
ESTABLISHED 1894
Priced in steel, $60 to $70 (10% Federal Tax included); in 14Kt. or 18Kt. gold from $105, (20% Federal Tax included), at selected jewelers.
UNIVERSAL GENEVA WATCH COMPANY
630 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.
1405 PEEL STREET, MONTREAL, CANADA
AND GENEVA, SWITZERLAND
COPYRIGHT 1944, UNIVERSAL GENEVA WATCH CO.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Beautifies and Makes Leather Wear Longer

CONVENIENT LIQUID

QUICKLY CLEANS, SOFTENS, PRESERVES

When you see how Neatsope brings back color and lustre—protects against heat, dryness, moisture, salt air, scuffing—penetrates wet or dry leather—leaves no grease or odor—takes any polish—you'll agree with leather experts "It's the finest leather conditioner made!" 25c and $1 at department and dime stores and wherever fine leather is sold. Buy today!

NEATSOPE

NORTH AMERICAN DYE CORP., MT. VERNON, N. Y.

From the Widmer vineyards and the Widmer cellars on the hillsides of Naples, New York, come some of America's finest Wines and Vermouths—famous since 1888.

NEW YORK STATE

WIDMER'S WINES and Vermouths

Vintners of Fine Wines Since 1888

WIDMER'S WINE CELLARS, Inc., NAPLES, N.Y.

them what could have caused the rashes and the workers, in their panic, told everything. The C.I.C. men hit the trail and asked the doctors to be sure to regard what they had heard as a professional secret. Then they persuaded as many of the employees as they could to return to work, assuring them that the Oak Ridge hospital had several radiology experts on its staff. (The rashes turned out not to be serious.)

The clergy also contributed its share of trouble. During the spring of 1945, it seemed to the C.I.C. that every minister in the country had suddenly decided to consider the comparative might of the Lord and U-235. In New York a Lutheran pastor told his flock, "One of the developments in the field of science today is a new source of energy called U-235, but regardless of its power, it will never be powerful enough to comfort us in affliction or strengthen us in despair." The same reasonable sentiment was voiced from dozens of other pulpits, but the preacher who concerned the creeps most was one near Oak Ridge, whose parishioners included many plant workers. "You cannot see God," he told them one Sunday in an awesome voice, "and you cannot see atoms, but their power is energy." The minister had no idea that Oak Ridge was involved with atomic energy, but some of his hearers assumed that he knew what he was talking about and accepted his words as a tipoff. A C.I.C. officer immediately talked things over with the preacher and asked him to stay away from nuclear matters in the future. The minister said he'd be glad to, although any fool knew that rockets, gas, and bacteriological weapons, not U-235, were being made at Oak Ridge.

In Chicago the Army once found itself locked in battle with the Anti-Vivisection Society. The District was buying up all the dogs in the Chicago pound and using them to discover if there were any radioactive rays or lethal gases in the armory laboratory its scientists were working in. The Anti-Vivisectionists got a measure passed by the City Council which required full reports on all dogs used for experimental purposes. The Army complied, but with a vagueness that attracted the suspicions of the Society. One of its ladies came around to the armory and said that she wanted to investigate the dogs' kennels to make sure they were clean. She was assured that they were and was also assured that she couldn't come inside and see for herself. A few days later she turned up again, disguised with sunglasses, and applied for a job in the laboratory, but wasn't hired.

Then there was a crop of rugged individualists to handle. A young New Yorker who knew nothing about science except what he'd read in the popular-science magazines wrote to dozens of chemical supply houses asking for uranium, heavy water, and the loan of a cyclotron or two. "I am a Ph.D. and a Doctor of Philosophy," his letters began. Interrogated by the C.I.C., he said, "I think there's a great future in atomic energy and I want to be a pioneer." Another would-be pioneer was an Oklahoma oil man who was trying to buttonhole Conant, Dunning, Urey, or any other scientist who could give him the inside story on nuclear physics. The C.I.C. had a hard time coaxing him to give up his undertaking. "Damn it," he told his Army visitors, "those capsules are going to ruin the oil business and you're asking me to sit still." An optimistic Chicagoan advertised that he had discovered something that wasn't fuel, as we know it, but would drive an airplane at a speed of three thousand miles an hour with two hundred passengers aboard. He wanted backers. Two C.I.C. plainclothesmen went around to see him, representing themselves as patent attorneys passing through Chicago on their way to their homes on the West Coast. The man let out only a little of his secret. "In my plane," he said, "there's a hole in the front. Then there are two tanks, which I call Tank No. 1 and Tank No. 2. Well, the air keeps coming through that hole in the front and passes through the two tanks, and the plane goes like hell." At that point the man stopped his explanation. "I'll tell you some more," he said, "if you put up some cash." The two C.I.C. men said they were broke and the deal was off.

IN the midst of all this intricate detective work, the C.I.C. was jolted one day shortly before Hiroshima was demolished when it learned from a project employee in Chicago that a friend of his had told him at dinner the previous evening that the Chicago laboratory was fooling around with plutonium, a top secret at the time. Two C.I.C. agents hurried over to see the friend, who was startled at their interest. "Why, I was riding home on a trolley," he told them, "and I heard it from two passengers who were sitting near me. What's all the fuss?" Lieutenant James Vaughan, who told me about this, still trembles at the memory. "Just like that!" he said. "He heard about

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

it on a trolley car. 'My God!' we thought to ourselves. 'On how many trolley cars in this country of ours are people talking about plutonium?' "

One of the last incidents to plague the creeps before the detonation of the bomb brought final relief involved an elderly Chicago lady who phoned the Sixth Service Command to say she had some important and secret information she wanted to let the Army in on. She must have got an impressionable officer on the phone, for he went so far as to request an investigation by one of the District's agents—Herschel Oliff, to be specific. Oliff found the lady in an agitated condition and waited patiently for her to impart what was on her mind, which she finally did. She wanted a bodyguard, she told him, because she'd had a dream the night before that was full of secret stuff. "I saw the invasion of America," she told Oliff. "I saw Japs and monkeys and the Statue of Liberty." Oliff politely declined an invitation to stay for tea and left. That was not the end, however. A relationship—at least in the lady's mind—had been established, and she kept calling Oliff about further dreams of high strategic matters. After a couple of weeks of this somnolent intelligence work, the old lady phoned to say she'd had the dream of dreams. Oliff dutifully went around to see her and, to his astonishment, learned that the lady *had* had the dream of dreams. She had dreamed that the way to lick Japan was to drop an atomic bomb. Oliff was puzzled as to how to handle the situation, but the old lady herself provided the solution. "Sir," she said sternly, "seal your lips. Tell no one about this, not even your superiors." Oliff swore he wouldn't. "And, Madam," he replied, "you, too, must pledge yourself to secrecy." The two of them shook hands on it. —DANIEL LANG

•

Q. There is said to be something good in all of us. What is good about the venomous, two-foot long lizard, the Gila monster?

A. Certain portions of the creature's flesh are regarded as a fine delicacy. —*Sioux City Journal.*

So much for you, smarty!

•

ONCE A LADY ALWAYS A LADY DEPARTMENT

[*From "In Bed We Cry," by Ilka Chase*]

Jasper was close to her, but he said little, for he was a grave man with a motherly wife who drank a good deal and two small sons, and they all lived in Nutley, New Jersey.

WRITE US FOR YOUR COPY OF BROOKS BROTHERS' CHRISTMAS BOOK AND TAKE IT EASY

Coming from the press very shortly, BROOKS BROTHERS' NEW 1945 CHRISTMAS BOOK can put one of the most celebrated stores in the country right at your elbow—for leisurely armchair shopping. It illustrates and describes hundreds of good-looking, useful Gifts for Men and Boys, Civilians and Service Men. Whether you live near enough to our New York store, or its branches in Boston, Los Angeles and San Francisco, for personal shopping—or will purchase from us by Mail Order elsewhere—you will find the book very helpful in making suggestions, clarifying your own ideas, and saving time and trouble all along the line. Write to our New York store, 346 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

Brooks Brothers,
CLOTHING,
Men's Furnishings, Hats & Shoes
OFFICERS' UNIFORMS, SUPPLIES AND ACCESSORIES
346 MADISON AVENUE, COR. 44TH ST., NEW YORK 17, N. Y.
46 NEWBURY, COR. BERKELEY STREET, BOSTON 16, MASS.
523 WEST 6TH ST., LOS ANGELES 14, CAL. • 111 SUTTER ST., SAN FRANCISCO 4, CAL.

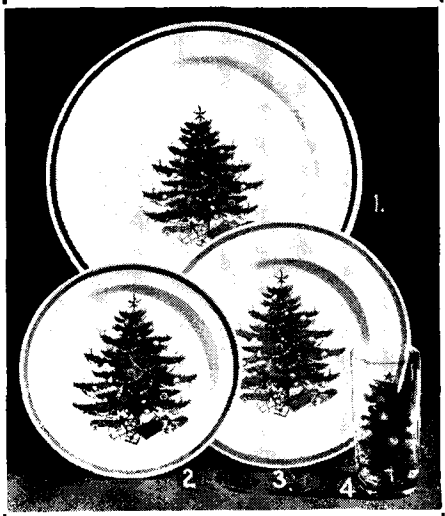
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

for that Individual Look

For the wonderful look that sets you a woman apart... come to Jaeckel's—your Personal Fashion Store. Everything from suits to stoles, from bracelets to blouses, from dresses to handbags is hand-picked for originality and good taste... and for you!

Jaeckel
10 EAST 57th STREET

Largest Stock of Fine China and Crystal in New York!



Exclusive with Plummer—our famous Christmas Tree plates and glass—one of our most popular gifts. Tree is in green with various color ornaments. Wide red or green band.

1. Chop Plate, diameter 14 ins. Each $5.00
2. Salad or Dessert Plate (supper size), diameter 9 ins. Each $1.50; 8 for $12.00.
3. Service Plate, diameter 10 ins. Each $1.75; 8 for $14.00.
4. Hiball or milk glass. Holds 14 ozs. Doz. $13.50.

PLUMMER, Ltd.
Dept. Y, 695 Fifth Ave., New York 22, N. Y.
Please send me FREE Gift Catalogue.

Name.....

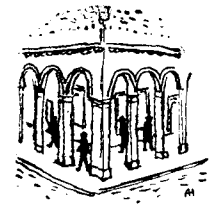
Address.....

LETTER FROM PARIS

OCTOBER 20 (BY WIRELESS)

A NEW and optimistic slogan has appeared in Paris: the patient statement "*Après un an, ça va déjà mieux.*" Under it, the coal industry has started to advertise its sober but insufficient *déjà-mieux* good news.

The slogan originated in a series of cartoons that occasionally appeared on the back pages of the newspapers. The first cartoon showed a Paris paterfamilias luxuriously puffing his after-dinner cigar (and his small son puffing another, and being ill). The latest showed a young man and his girl kissing each other good night behind a lighted window. What these vignettes recall to the French today is that yesterday, under the Germans, they had even less tobacco than they have now and that an evening kiss in a lighted basement then might have ended in the kiss of death from a potshooting Nazi patrol.



To the sound of the groans of long-unused machinery and in a flaky cloud of rust, things are beginning their slow improvement. But as General de Gaulle recently, and harshly, said, it will take the French people a full twenty-five years—"a whole generation of furious work"—even to resuscitate France. The general opinion is that the gigantic task of the country's complete recuperation can't conceivably be concluded until around 1975, and that it will probably be 2000 before Europe, whatever it will be like politically then, will have recovered physically from its losses in people and cities, and from its memories of its losses in beauty.

IN the meantime the Ballets des Champs-Elysées, with names and talents left over from before the war, has opened its brief season with prewar éclat, except that on the opening night hardly any of the customers were dressed up. Even during this troupe's modest summer tryouts at the Théâtre Sarah Bernhardt, its de-luxe program featured, like the unmelted snows of yesterday, a preface by Jean Cocteau and a reproduction of a curtain by Picasso. It was printed for the ballet director, Boris Kochno, once of the Diaghileff troupe, on superb paper by the famous Editions du Chêne.

The novelties of the troupe today are Roland Petit, now *maître de ballet* and a fine and manly French dancer, and a really exciting new short-story ballet called "Le Rendezvous"—a sort of suburban Dance of Death among toughs and trulls, with tiptop photomontage as décor and its action taken from a naïve poem by Jacques Prévert. The main personages in this miming ballet, which touches both the imagination and the eye, are called The Tramp, The Hunchback, Destiny, The Young Man, and The Most Beautiful Girl in the World. The more literary of the new ballets is "Les Forains," about sad circus characters, with charming, melodic music by Henri Sauguet and décor and costumes by Christian Bérard, who, behind his rustic beard, is still the most creative theatrical painter in Paris today.

This fall's music novelty has been the first of a series of concerts to be given in turn by four orchestras—the Colonne, the Pasdeloup, the National, and the Conservatoire—conducted by Rudolph Dunbar, a British Negro, and courageously featuring American compositions before an audience of Europeans who had supposed that Americans write nothing but jazz. At the first performance, Randall Thomson's second symphony, the "American Festival" overture by William Schuman, and a nice Chinese piece by dear old Edgar Stillman Kelley were substituted for the score of Virgil Thomson's "Symphony on a Hymn Tune," which failed to arrive from overseas. The subsequent concerts will present Grant Still's Afro-American Symphony and Roy Harris's "When Johnny Comes Marching Home." Dunbar, who is the only ubiquitous podium figure to emerge as yet in Europe, was born in British Guiana and studied at the Juilliard School and the Paris Opéra, under the conductor Gaubert.

Musicians in Paris don't know what to do about giving concerts or even going to them, since both activities cost too much. The cost to one conductor of a concert with the Colonne orchestra was 211,317 francs 50 centimes, plus the expenses of three rehearsals and appropriate publicity. A modest recital at the Salle Gaveau comes to 20,000 francs instead of 8,000, as before. The government removes nearly half of any box-office take in taxes, and music-lovers, mostly not a rich lot, can't afford to pay 200 francs a ticket. For 200 francs is also the price of two smelly, white-market fish dinners in the hundreds of sobered *bistros* which, under the continued threat of police raids, no

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

longer dare offer the delicious perfume of black-market meat.

THE Salon d'Automne, presented in the Musée d'Art Moderne, on what was L'Avenue de Tokio and is now L'Avenue de New York, contains a special show of forty-four pictures by Matisse, dating from 1890 to 1944. Back in 1896 he was still painting old-fashioned seaside rocks; in 1900 he was painting splendid, recognizable portraits of respectable women, with their clothes on and not sitting on sofas. His still life of sassafras leaves and hellebore blossoms is still a carefully painted pleasure.

In the Salon are also two recent Picassos, one of which has what are pretty positively some cherries in it, the other of which belongs to his new nautilus-shell doodling period. Two years ago, when Picasso was suffering from neuritis, he complained that he was doing only twenty pictures a month. His latest pictures look like faster jobs. With coarse, crazed, jagged lines now comprising the most familiar pattern to be seen in Europe's ruined towns, with human habitations now looking non-representational, as a result of bombings, and with many of man's most careful constructions destroyed, this may be a moment in history's extreme modernism when a daubed but automatically famous modernistic canvas offers just the last two square feet of surfeit to the eye. The corners of Matisse's late canvases are not even painted in; Picasso scratched—it looks as if with a stick—an enormous "45" as the date on one of his when the paint was still wet. It's a date, right enough. It's a year when half the museums and collectors in Europe are eying their now returned masterpieces, their Watteaus or Titians, and deploring each lost flake of paint jarred from their pictures' precious glossy surface by their vandal voyages with the Nazis. There's one thing to be said for much of the Salon's modern art: it would stand rugged travel.

THE fatal and melodramatic epilogue to Pierre Laval's farcical trial, coming on top of the shocking revelations about the treatment of the German war prisoners in French camps, has been still another blow to what is left of French national pride. And while the British upper class took its defeat by Labour with dignified Liberal astonishment, a preliminary political panic seized the French *grande bourgeoisie* when it thought it saw a proletarian victory coming in the Sunday elections. The big provincial families seem to expect that

Cartier
Exciting — When the Gift Comes from Cartier
For her, a smartly fluted gold clip $97, and a silver charm, map of France, $4.00. Heavy grooved gold cuff links for him $52.75; and for both, the gold Zeus cigarette holder, place to insert cigarette as effective filter — with ejector tip $40.25, with plain tip, $35. Prices include 20% Federal Tax. . . Mail orders carefully filled, write Dept. A.
Cartier gifts from $1.00 — Christmas cards from 15¢
FIFTH AVENUE AND 52 STREET, NEW YORK 22, N.Y. Plaza 3-0111

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

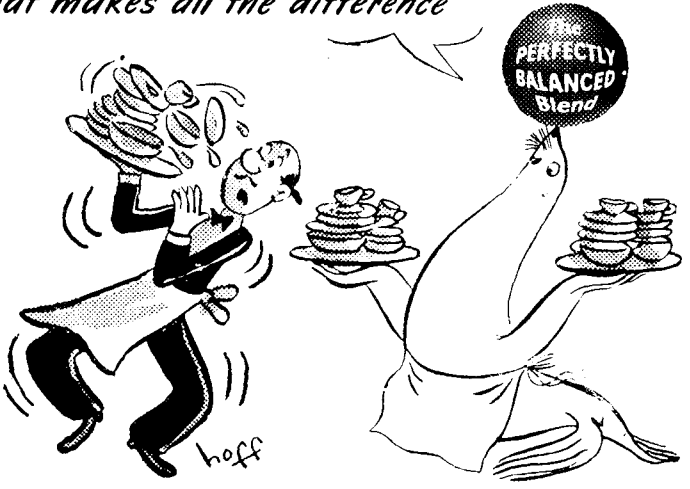
White Lace
by de heriot

Delicate as moonbeams... romantic as
a bride's bouquet... with a fragrance
haunting as the memory of young love

IN NEW YORK CITY B. ALTMAN & CO.

DE HERIOT, INC. • 4650 HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD • HOLLYWOOD 27, CALIFORNIA

It's BALANCE
that makes all the difference



Taste the difference in
smoother, finer tasting

CARSTAIRS White Seal
Blended Whiskey

86.8 Proof, 72% Grain Neutral Spirits.
Carstairs Bros. Distilling Co., Inc., Baltimore, Md.

by Monday their imitation-Gothic châteaux will have been seized and refugees installed in the guest rooms of their town apartments.

Since the bourgeoisie never read Léon Blum's *Populaire*, they have even remained ignorant of what comfort they might have derived from the pre-election squabbles between the Socialists and Communists. In the last-minute general mud-slinging, *L'Epoque* printed a maculating photostat of an excerpt from a July, 1942, issue of *La Vie Ouvrière*, which it ran under the headline "Cachin has betrayed us!" The reproduced text declared that Marcel Cachin, the elderly, revolutionary Communist candidate, had, on being arrested during the occupation, handed over his comrades "to save his skin and calmly returned to his Brittany castle hideout," and continued, "The working class vomits from its ranks this senile old man who has betrayed like so many others." Even the dry-as-dust *Journal Officiel* made its small, muddy contribution by printing, which was its duty, the fact that the Communist candidate Maurice Thorez has just been "relieved of his loss of French citizenship," which was taken from him in January, 1940, back in those now unmentionable days of the Moscow-Berlin pact, when Thorez helped sabotage the French war effort, refused to serve as a French soldier, and disappeared devotedly into Russia. *L'Humanité's* more dignified campaign against de Gaulle consisted of never mentioning his name but verbally walloping all his ministers.

The brightest spot in the pre-election hodgepodge has been an odd party called the Union Monarchiste, whose candidates have consisted of an anomaly listed as a Socialist Monarchist, one female Traditionalist, one plain Monarchist, one plain Royalist, and one Young Royalist. The Party's boulevard posters advised French voters to keep their liberties, "like the English, Swedish, Norwegians, Danish, Belgians, and Dutch, all citizens of democratic monarchies," denounced all three French Republics, and ended with an exhortation to "rise against all tyrants!" That's just where, a hundred and fifty-three years ago, the First Republic came in. —GENÊT

•

Mrs. Minnie Strobing: Learned today from the War Department that the son whom she kissed goodbye on April 2, 1940, will touch American soil again after more than five years at Hamilton Field, Calif., on Tuesday.—*The World-Telegram.*

Welcome, Strobing!

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DEPARTMENT OF CORRECTION AND AMPLIFICATION

October 9, 1945

The Editors, *The New Yorker*,
Dear Sirs:

READERS of Mr. Edmund Wilson's "Greek Diary," in your issue of October 6th, will, I am afraid, have derived from it an unfortunate impression of the relations existing between officers and men in the British Army, its general suggestion being that there is a high barrier of class distinction between the two and that while officers live "in luxury," the men are "treated like cattle." Myself, I have spent ten of the last thirty years in the British Army—eight of them as an officer—and I was as delighted to get out of uniform after this war as I was after the last. At the same time I do find myself missing that spirit of comradeship which runs right through the corporate life of an Army unit, in which everyone is working for the same end and sharing the same dangers and discomforts. One way and another I have seen the Army machine at work from a good many angles, and I have never known the relations between officers and men to be anything but friendly, nor have I seen in barracks or in the field any real disparity between the conditions under which men and officers were living.

In the small, prewar Regular Army there was inevitably a difference between officers and men, since each was drawn from an entirely different class. But this difference tended to disappear in a citizen conscript army, in which commissions were granted only after service in the ranks and which in the later stages of the war was largely officered by men who were not of the traditional officer class. Every officer in that citizen army had won his promotion on merit and could appreciate the other ranks' point of view through recent and personal experience of it.

There are a number of points in Mr. Wilson's article with which I disagree. I do not believe, for instance, that the troops, whatever they may have thought of Sir James Grigg (and they said plenty), had anything but affection and admiration for Winston Churchill. That is, however, a matter of opinion, not of fact. But it is a matter of definite fact, not of opinion, that the British Army is not organized on a Czarist pattern, with officers wallowing in feudal splendor while their men are huddled in bug-infested hovels.

Yours faithfully,
ALEC WAUGH

Save the Situation . . .
Flash a Kimball Kerchief!
Harney
kerchiefs by kimball
9 EAST 38th STREET • NEW YORK 16
creators of the Famous Four Print Kerchiefs • Masterpiece • Romance • Flower of the Month • Career Girl

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

THE war must be over. Arrogance is beginning to strut again among the shoppes. The customer is again being ritzed by saleswomen and a lot of well-heeled but timid customers are apparently buying whatever is thrown at them. And it looks as if the average woman, the one with a mind of her own and a pocketbook to consider, is going to be kicked around. In other words, the postwar world is just more of the same. None of this, happily, applies to the great veterans of the trade. No initiative, I guess.

For instance, Bergdorf Goodman's third floor, as well behaved as ever, houses a comprehensive collection of ready-to-wear clothes, priced at from $40 to $70 and with lines so suave that Bergdorf must have shopped around quite a bit to find them. The late-afternoon and informal dinner dresses are particularly notable. There is an invaluable black or brown rayon-crêpe one, with a V neck that can be fastened right up to the throat and front drapery that looks like a huge bow, one loop of which makes a deep pocket. This drapery also gives a rounded-hipline effect. At least, that's the way it looks to me. Other black dresses, these with square necks, have long, tight sleeves and a bow on the left shoulder; darts and drapery give that same rounded-hipline effect in the back. A black matelassé dress is cut with deep armholes, long, tight sleeves, and drapery in the skirt that makes it look like a tunic. A long-bodiced dress has a cap-sleeved, round-necked, black jersey top and a gathered black rayon satin skirt; superb, and $40. Next, there's a black moiré two-piece number with a high, keyhole neck, a basque top descending in back, folds over the shoulders, and an easy, swinging skirt. Mustard-yellow rayon crêpe is used to make a top with a turnover collar; this goes with a gathered skirt of black rayon velvet, with black bengaline edging the high, notched waist and the hemline. And if you want lamés, there are lacquer-red, bronze, or green-and-gold affairs with high necks that tie at the throat, cap sleeves, and drapery at the hip that looks like a pocket. All of these are lovely even if you haven't a mink coat to wear over them.

AT Bendel's Young-Timers, whose management is also tender with your taste, your feelings, and your pocketbook, they have thought a lot about the puzzling fact that summer weekend wardrobes receive passionate attention in the shops, but the problem of the winter weekend is generally ignored. The basis of the solution Bendel has worked out is a wonderful collarless black wool box coat in three-quarter length, lined with white, curly lamb and costing $75—tax-free, too. There is a matching skirt at $9.95, and a white angora pullover is supposed to complete the job. Or else you wear with it Bendel's black rayon crêpe dress, which has a round, collarless neckline outlined by contrasting stitching. This stitching is also used to create an apron effect in the skirt. This is $22.95, to give you a notion. Among the wool dresses, there is a two-toned gray wool jersey tailored one with metal buttons like studs down the front of the bodice and push-up sleeves with bands of a darker gray; handsome bright-colored wool numbers are likely to have corrugated tucking on the cuffs of the long sleeves, which appears again at the top to give a turtle-neck effect. The skirt is a swing type, and the whole thing is as good-looking as it can be.

For tea dancing, which sounds more like a winter weekend right here in town, there is a simple black rayon crêpe with a high, square neck and trimmed with black rayon satin bands that end in insouciant bows on the shoulders, which are extended to make sleeves. And for evening, there are long dresses, among them one of Bendel's own design (for

"Still no truffles?"

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Choice Coffee...
Hallmark of Good Taste for Generations

When Mrs. Bryan Cooke first "sat" for the great George Romney in 1787, the sovereign beverage, coffee, had in little more than a century, become the symbol of hospitality in fine English homes . . . inspiring the craftsmanship of such great silversmiths as Alexander Kelty, whose coffeepot below bears these hallmarks which prove that then, as now, choice coffee was the hallmark of hospitality in fine homes.

Courtesy of Metropolitan Museum

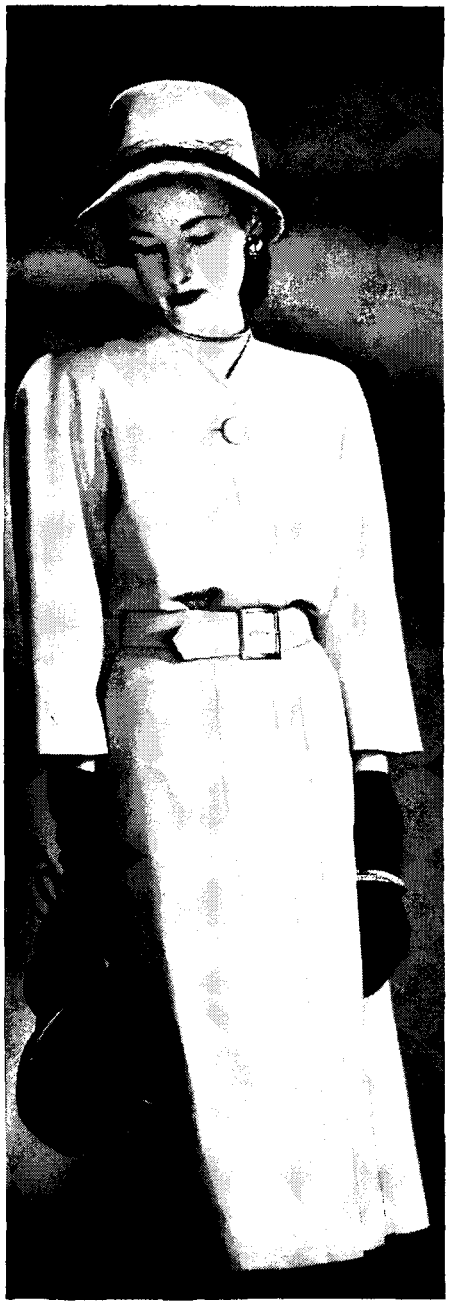
Today, coffeepots of Alexander Kelty's craftsmanship are hallmarks of good taste in fine American homes. But today, Mrs. Bromley Scofield Stone, a volunteer worker in the Servicemen's Lounge maintained in the Pennsylvania Station by the Travelers Aid Society of New York, serves her guests coffee undreamed of in the time of Mrs. Bryan Cooke . . . Yuban Coffee . . . coffee that was once the private blend of America's greatest coffee merchant who, commanding the world's choice sources of supply, created this incomparable blend. The ultimate in coffee character, fine flavor and rich aroma, Yuban has been known as "the guest coffee" for generations.

YUBAN

The Guest Coffee

TWO HUNDRED FIFTY PARK AVENUE, NEW YORK 17, NEW YORK

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



WINTER PASTEL

wool gabardine
fly-front dress

Dulcet colors, deep full sleeves and the new bloused look for the little dress you'll wear for country and commuting days. Beige, lime, yellow, blue or pink, 12 to 18.

39.95

DE PINNA

FIFTH AVENUE AT 52nd ST., NEW YORK 19, N.Y.

really young people), of black rayon taffeta with a slender bodice, a scalloped band through the midriff, and a bouffant skirt. To complete that accent on youth, it has layers and layers of net caught up with pink roses at the décolletage. In the young-sophisticate (if not way up among the Old-Timers) field is one of tailored rayon crêpe with buttons down the back of the round-necked bodice, extended shoulders, a wide, stitched belt, and a skirt made of unpressed pleats; $39.95, and splendid, whether in pale or vibrant blue or in chartreuse.

FOR inexpensive hats, the débutante department at Saks-Fifth Avenue can hardly be bettered. If you want just a token instead of a lot of hat (there are still women who loathe bulky hats, so all is not yet lost) you can have fur headbands, set on clips, so you don't even need that velvet tie to hold one in place unless you feel like it. They're made of nutria-dyed mouton, squirrel, muskrat, mink tails, silver fox, or ermine and cost from $5.50 to $12.50, plus tax. Evening ones, of black or brown sequins, made either as headbands or as halos, are to be worn with or without veils. These are $3.95 to $7.50. Severe, two-tone wool-and-rayon helmets, fastening under the chin, are provided for women with a good bone structure and a satisfactory amount of exhibitionism; for less determined females, there are light-beige wool jersey caps edged with gold-metal balls. Small black felt cloches are sometimes banded with colored sequins and fake pearls, and small black or beige felt cavalier hats are now and then trimmed with uncurled ostrich. There are also wreaths of turquoise, blue, and brown curled ostrich feathers, tying in back with brown ribbon and looking rather like turbans. Saks also gives some thought to the incredible women who want a hat that *is* a hat. They aren't too big or too bulky (the hats, I mean), but just the same, you can find impressive black felt bonnets with peaked brims and a brandy-colored rayon velvet chou in front, or taupe felt Bretons trimmed at one side with a black grosgrain cocarde. These hats come higher than the headbands, naturally, but they're not too expensive, either.

MARY LEWIS, at 746 Fifth Avenue (57th), has some splendid suits and coats, not only the sports types for which she is noted but dressier affairs. There is a three-quarter coat in a brown, black, or light-blue tweed, with deep armholes, rounded shoulders, and a "tunnel" belt (ties in the front and disappears through tunnels at each side to reëmerge in the back); $35. A full-length box coat of wool fleece has whipstitching trim on the turnover collar, pockets, and cloth buttons. A dressier, full-length princesse coat of black wool has black rayon velvet loops at each side of the neck, three velvet-trimmed buttons, and a gored back ending in an inverted pleat. At $39.95, it's really wonderful. Among the suits, there is a checked tweed effort in a nice brown, beige, and light-blue coloring. It has a fitted jacket with the shirtwaist cuffs that are busting out all over, a turnover collar, and folds over the shoulders to add width and make the slim skirt look slimmer. A black-and-white striped gray flannel suit has raglan sleeves on the collarless jacket and diagonal detail that adds slimness to the waist. A narrow self tie in front is the only fastening, and the straight skirt has trouser pleats across the front. And, for more formal events, there's a group of nice black suits which range from $35 up to $69.95. Such as a stunning black wool crêpe with a cardigan jacket fastening with three small buttons at a suave waistline, or black wool cardigan types with one big button at the waist in front.

Well, it ought to be news that Mary Lewis now has shoes. Sells them, that is. All of them have low heels, and most of them have that stuff called charm. You'll find rayon satin scuffs with open toes and contrasting embroidery at $3.98; ballet slippers in plain or plaid woven fabrics, in pastel chamois, or in black, red, or white kidskin; moccasins of calfskin tanned with the hair on and edged with bunny fur, and rayon velveteen boots lined with shearling; hand-sewn moccasins in leather or suède in several colors. Suède or alligator grains make sling pumps with perforated bands at the open toe and throat, and suède, calf, or patent leather makes ankle-strap sandals. The last are $8.95.

BITS AND PIECES: Julia Marshall, at 435 Park Avenue (56th), does beautiful tailored wool jersey blouses and gilets to order, in perhaps two or three weeks. The jersey she uses comes in black, tomato, cerise, lime, pink, blue, and so on. Some of the blouses have turtlenecks and tiny self buttons part way down the back; others are collarless and fasten part way down the front. She likes to put loops at the neck and cuffs so that you can attach ribbon bows when you want to dress the thing

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

up. Straight-across, old-time Vionnet necks appear, too, trimmed with embroidered dots. These things cost from around $25 to $30. Her gilets are beautiful and hand-made, with rayon crêpe backs, and they range upward from $15. . . . Mark Cross has brand-new suitcases made of plastic that look to me something like calf or pigskin, are waterproof, can be cleaned with soap and water, and won't either crack or scratch, the people who sell them tell me. The cases cost from $24.50 up, plus tax. (Everything I've been talking about today seems to look like something else. I can hardly wait for the crop of pigskin and calf suitcases that will look as if they were made of plastic.) The newest notion for airplane travel here is a combination satchel and handbag, thirteen inches long and ten deep, with a zipper fastening and pockets inside for tickets, cosmetics, that twenty-five-cent mystery story, anything. In pigskin, this jewel is $21.75; in leather-trimmed cotton tweed, it's $10.75. Plus, naturally, the usual tax on leather goods. Then, Mark Cross has leather belts two inches wide, made of calf or pig and trimmed with contrasting stitching. Others, only an inch and a half wide and without the stitching, have detachable gold-metal buckles and look like trunk straps. These last are $7. . . . It is probably about time to remind everyone again about Werner of Switzerland, at 608 Fifth Avenue (49th), a hairdresser who is inexpensive, quit[illegible] sense, and expert. Perm[illegible] $15. He's one of the f[illegible] who don't give you a [illegible] you meekly ask for a trim[illegible] pleasant about showing [illegible] dle your own hairdo at [illegible] where the little boys t[illegible] Father" go to have their[illegible] dyed. These appearance[illegible] regrettably unscheduled[illegible] en who love to use a br[illegible] lipstick (they will tell y[illegible] Only Way, once you [illegible] Harriet Hubbard Ayer [illegible] tic case, shaped like an e[illegible] and containing a brush, m[illegible] stick paste. It's called Fresh Paint and it can be bought almost everywhere; $3.50, plus tax. —L. L.

•

WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.

[*From a letter in PM*]

We came in here like lions, threatening all sorts of dire punishment to Nazis and recalcitrants, but mark my words, we are going out like lamps.

CPL. G. P.

Weissenfels, Germany

Abano
BATH OIL
The bath oil that started the whole lovely idea! Abano . . . mystical, exotic, exciting. A few glistening drops transform your bath into a regal ritual . . . envelop you in a provocative fragrance that lasts . . . and lasts. In Prince Matchabelli sceptre bottles . . . 3.75 to 12.00 plus tax.
Abano Toilet Water, 5.00 . . . Cologne, 1.50 to 2.50 . . . Dusting Powder, 2.50. Abano Perfume, 3.50 to 35.00 . . . Sachets, 2.00. All prices plus tax. Abano Bath Soap, 1.25 to 2.00
Prince Matchabelli
711 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 22

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

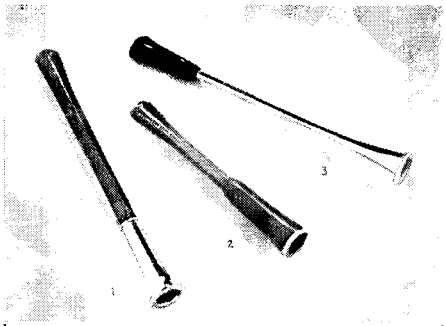
Luxurious Leather

Cigarette case and matching compact trimmed with gleaming nailheads . . . perfect gifts for your Christmas shopping list.

Available in red, brown, tan, black and navy. Cigarette case, $12; compact, $10.

Mail and phone orders filled promptly
ELdorado 5-6630

GEORG JENSEN INC.
Fifth Avenue at 53rd • New York



1—GILT EJECTOR *on Sterling Silver with shell, black, red, white colored mouthpiece, 4"*.....$10.50

2—EJECTOR, *Sterling Silver mounted, in shell, black, red, white color, 4"* $5.00

3—14K POSTHORN, *shell, black, red, white colored mouthpiece, 4"*..$35.00

PLUS 20% FED. TAX

Alfred Orlik Inc.

680 FIFTH AVE., AT 53rd St., NEW YORK 19, N. Y.

NEW YORK'S DE LUXE CHINESE RESTAURANT
Luncheon Dinner
a la Carte
HOUSE of CHAN
7th AVENUE cor. 52nd STREET

IT DON'T CHANGE MUCH

I SAW him coming up the driveway to the house between the lines of the horse-chestnut trees, a pint-sized soldier, as thin and gawky as a young crane. He walked a little stiffly and his blond hair looked bleached white against his tan and against the rich green of the leaves behind him. His uniform was a private's, but the splendid cap in his hand had a visor like the ones officers wear.

A Maine kid doesn't use a hat this time of year, I thought; he's enjoying being bareheaded again. He put the cap on as he came closer to the porch where I was sitting, very likely so he could salute a lady formally, as a proper soldier should.

"Well, hello!" he said. A note or so higher, and his voice would have broken like a thirteen-year-old's. He grinned a wide, toothy grin, and he almost wrung my hand off my wrist. Somewhere, probably to make the grade for the Army, he had got himself a set of false teeth.

"Hello, yourself. How are you?" I said. I was poking hastily around in my memories of the lanky kids of the town. I had been away myself for three years, and they grow up so. The teeth weren't any clue, because most of our depression crop of children had had bad teeth. For ten years after 1929 the village hadn't had two cents to rub together, and the only dentist within thirty miles charged summer people's prices the year around.

Besides, this boy had me puzzled. Most of the Maine men, particularly the young ones, no matter how recently you've seen them, say "Hi," laconically, in greeting, and nod one or two little bobs of the head. If it's to a woman, they don't shake hands until she puts first. Maybe this isn't a local boy, I thought. Must be someone I've met somewhere else.

He saw my look of doubt and the pleasure went out of his face. "I guess you don't remember me," he said.

"I guess I *do*," I said quickly. "I was just surprised to see you grown up." That was safe, because three years ago this kid couldn't have been much over sixteen—seventeen, at the most.

"Well," he said. He was through with me. He'd been glad to see me and I hadn't remembered him. Now he was trying to think of something final to say, so he could go. "I guess we wasn't on good terms when we saw each other last," he said at last.

"No, I guess not." (Which of the youngsters had run afoul of me three years ago?) I grinned at him. "But I never saw the grudge I could hold three years, did you?"

He just stood there.

That, I said to myself, was a darn-fool thing to say. Whoever this boy is, wherever he's been, he's just come home from a war. How would you know how he feels about grudges?

"Well," he said, "what I come in for, I wanted to see the teacher."

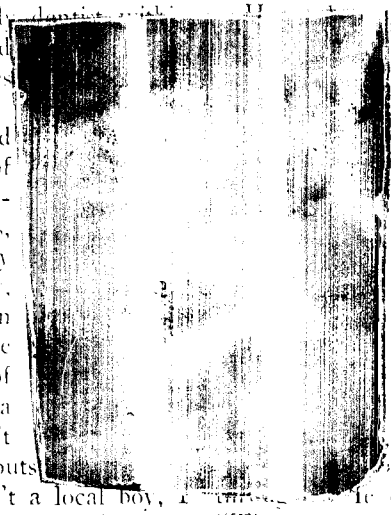
So it was my sister he wanted to see, and he was one of "her boys." Before she'd been married, she'd taught for a long time in the high school.

"Sure," I said. "She's inside. Come on in."

"WHY, Joe!" my sister said. "Joey Hinckley!" She had just taken the baby up and had him on her arm.

Joey Hinckley said, "Hi," and nodded at her, two little short bobs of his head. He made no move to shake hands until she put out her hand.

"It's nice to see you," my sister said. "You've been gone two—three . . . Where've you been all this long time?"



, holding his cap carefully right-side-up on his lap. He kept looking first at my sister, then at the baby, as if he were puzzled. "Oh, I've been all over," he said. "Pearl Harbor. The Solomons. Tarawa."

She nodded. "I knew you were at Pearl Harbor. Your mother was worried because she didn't hear from you for a long time."

ng time to get word

le ducked his head shyly. "That your baby?"

"Why, yes. I got married the summer after you graduated, Joe, to Harland Peters. I've got another baby, nearly two—a little girl. Didn't your folks write you?"

The distant, crestfallen look was back on his face. "I never graduated," he reminded her. "I quit school and enlisted the spring of my senior year. I ain't been home since then."

"Of course!" my sister said. "I re-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

member I tried to get you to wait till June."

"That's right." But you could see he was hurt because she hadn't remembered exactly, right away.

I knew him now, all right—the skinny, towheaded little devil he used to be, with wisecracks to shrivel you sizzling off the tip of his tongue. I remembered the early November night when we'd come to be "not on good terms." It was a night of full moon, crisp with frost, harvest time, and the best of our Northern Spy apples were still on the tree. I'd left them there because they taste better with a touch of frost on them, and was planning to pick them the next day. Before I went to bed I'd happened to glance out an upstairs window and seen some scalawag up the tree. I'd crept out the front door, sneaked around the barn, and arrived at the foot of the tree just as he slid down with his blouse and pockets full. I'd grabbed him by the collar and shaken apples in all directions.

Joey Hinckley was even slighter then, and I remembered that his bones, under my hands, had felt like bird bones. He was indomitable, though, for a kid. He landed a kick on my shin and I howled and sat down.

"Ole apple hog," he said. "With your big nose always snoopin' out the window."

He was gone before I could pull in my breath. I remembered sitting there, madder—as Joey had known I'd be—over the crack about my big nose than I was over the apples or the kick on the shin.

NOW here he was, home from his wanderings and the foreign wars, sitting in our kitchen, on his knees the visor cap he'd probably bought with his own money to dress him up for his coming home. He was saying to my sister in that voice of puzzlement, "But I didn't even know you'd been married."

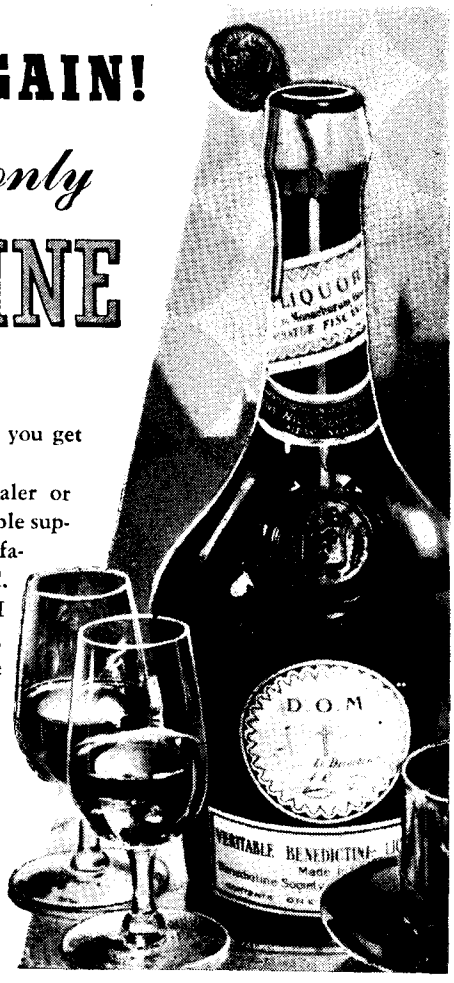
He'd been gone a long time, and he wanted to pick up where he'd left off, with nothing changed. Some things had changed—not the Maine village, for that's been the same in August for a hundred and fifty years: the same high sky with big clouds ballooning over; the arm of the sea slicking past, blue and lazy in the afternoon; the white houses folded in against the hill. Even the horse-chestnut trees couldn't have changed much—at least, not within Joey's memory, or mine. Except for the tide going in and out, the seasons and the weather, the village doesn't change, but people are born and grow up and die,

AVAILABLE AGAIN!

The one and only

BENEDICTINE

D. O. M



When you order Benedictine liqueur, be sure you get the original Benedictine D.O.M.

By now there is no reason why your dealer or favorite dining-out spot should not have an ample supply. Look for the distinctive bottle with the familiar D.O.M showing prominently on the label.

The one and only genuine Benedictine D.O.M is produced from the ancient secret formula, by the original Societe Anonyme Benedictine founded at Fecamp, France.

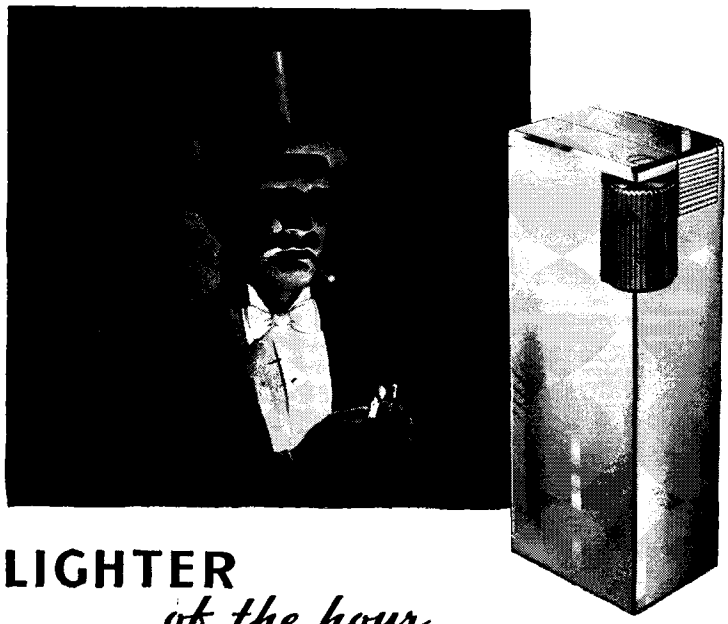
Tonight, enjoy a Benedictine after coffee. Benedictine is more than an after-dinner liqueur. It is an experience in good living.

Julius WILE IMPORTERS SINCE 1877

Sole Agents for the U. S.
JULIUS WILE SONS & CO. INC.
New York 16, N. Y.

86 PROOF

PRODUCED IN SPAIN



LIGHTER

of the hour

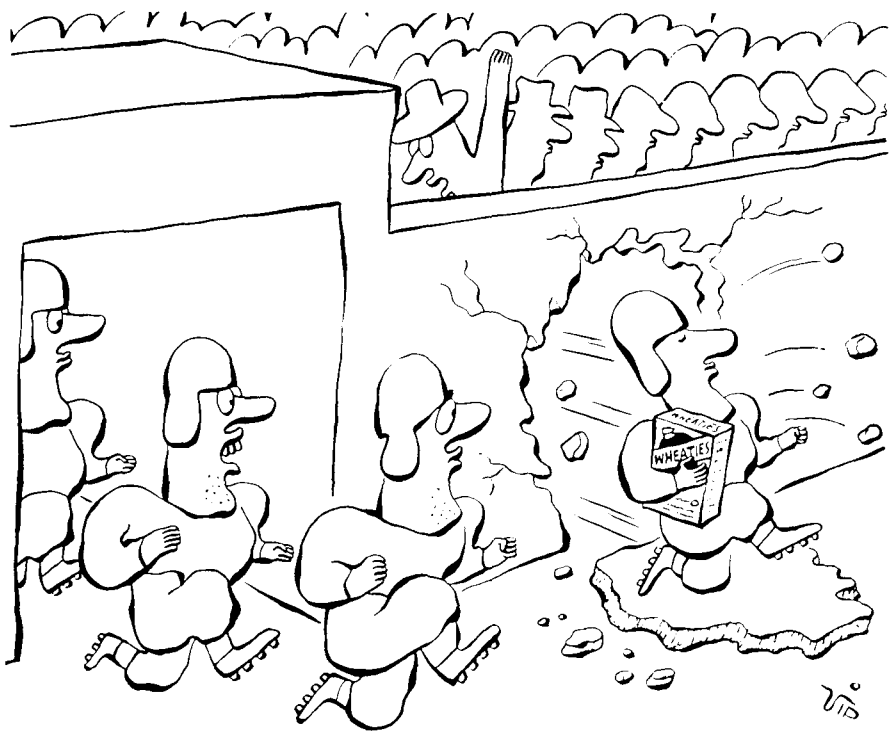
Precision-built of brightly polished Airdural. Maximum fuel capacity. Positive action. Feather light. Non-breakable hinge. Self-adjusting flint.

$2.00

THE *Topper*

CONTINENTAL COMPANY • WESTERN MERCHANDISE MART • SAN FRANCISCO 3

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



"Norvin isn't worried about State's stonewall defense."

Advertisement: The best defense is a Wheaties offense. *Signed:* General Mills, Inc.

Sea Island

...FOR YOUR VACATION

Prepare yourself, on this isle of beauty, for the strenuous days ahead. Enjoy the cool ocean breezes – bathe in surf or pool, play golf, tennis, cycle, fish and dance, or just loaf and savor the good food.

THE CLOISTER
Sea Island, Georgia
Write direct, see travel agt. or Cloister N. Y. off. 630 5th Ave. Circle 5-8055

GIVE AUTOGRAPH CIGARETTES

Susie

Superb smokes **made-to-order** with name or initials on each! Exclusive blend of top-quality American and imported tobaccos; full of *natural, lasting* mellow aroma. Exciting, original gifts with that unfailing **personal touch!**

GIFT BOX of 200 with *popular* first name (like Mary or Bob) 5.50. Box of 400, 10.00

THE 400—400 cigarettes with *any* first name, initials or *full facsimile signature.* Packed to *stay fresh* in smart red gift box. 12.75

OLD PRINT CHEST (humidified) with 500 autograph or initial cigarettes. Antique finish; mahogany lined. Old print cover. 19.50

CIGARETTE RUSSE (plain) for "little gifts". Near East tobacco; long filter-holder. 100, $3

Send Christmas orders **NOW** to AUTOGRAPH CIGARETTES, 452 5th Ave., New York 18, N. Y.

Extraordinary

Lamps and Accessories

JAMES AMSTER · 140 E. 53rd ST. PL 8-1866

and Private Joe Hinckley couldn't seem to catch up with them.

"You saw some fighting, I guess, Joe," my sister said.

"Why, yes. I did."

"Was it bad?"

"Got tough sometimes. Them Japs, they didn't give up easy."

"You get along all right?"

"Well, I got my arm scraped some. Had some malaria."

I could see that she wanted to ask him more about what it had really been like. You do, you know, when they come back, but somehow it's hard to phrase the questions. She didn't, and I was glad she didn't.

Nobody said anything for a moment. Then I said brightly, "How'd you like it in the Army, Joey?"

Joey looked at me, a long, sober look. "This's a Marine uniform, Ma'am," he said.

"Oh," I said faintly, and my sister said, "Does it seem good to be home?"

"I'll say. Don't seem's if I know anybody, though. Most of the boys my age, they're gone."

"The girls, too," my sister said. "A lot of them have got jobs away."

"Ayuh. Well, I better be on my way." He got up and moved toward the door. "Seems funny to think of you married and with two kids. I can't get over it."

My sister laughed. "Well, time goes by, Joey."

"Oh, sure. It's swell—I mean your havin' the babies." But he didn't think it was swell. He wanted things the same as when he'd left. As his teacher, my sister had meant something to him, the Lord knows what. It's hard to figure what a teacher ever does mean to a harum-scarum youngster. My sister had been good at her job—she'd brought back her university degree and her Phi Beta Kappa to the one-horse country high school, and she'd worked her head off trying to drum some values and some maturity into the helter-skelter bunch she was faced with. Maybe something she'd taught him *had* been of use to him out where he'd been. But now she was just another married woman.

"Well . . . so long," he said.

"So long, Joey. Drop by again when you have time."

"Sure will."

He went away, down the aisle of the horse-chestnut trees, and I knew it was better to leave things alone, but I took out after him. It isn't done in Maine villages—a bespectacled lady in her thirties running down a driveway after a young man. I could see he thought that,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

but he waited politely for me to catch up with him.

"Joe—" I was a little out of breath. "Have a nice time, Joey. Find the prettiest girl in town—she'll be proud to go out with a soldier."

Old fool, with your glib-glab! I should have known better. I watched Joey's face grow red from the tip of his chin to the edge of his bleached hair. It made me realize how pale he'd been, under that tan.

"Thanks," he said carefully.

I tried again, and this time it was desperate. "Joey, once in the city, in the hard times, I was trying to find a job. I didn't eat for a while—you know, ran out of money. It wasn't tough, not like a war. I know that. But one night all I could think of was Spy apples, how they crackle when you bite into them."

He had been turning away, but he stopped in his tracks. "Gee, I done that one night in the jungle. I got to thinkin' about them apples," he said.

"*I* got so homesick I bawled like a calf," I said.

"I guess anyone might," he said. If he had, he wasn't going to say so. Not, anyway, to a woman.

"The tree's still there. I kind of wish it was November, Joey. You could have all the apples you could lug away."

"I'd sure have the juice runnin' down my chin," he said. He looked at me again, a long, sober, puzzled look.

And all at once I saw. I'd never talked like this before and he didn't like it.

"But mind you," I said sharply, "if you ever came stealing, I'd take out after you, just the same. And be just as mad."

Joey Hinckley grinned, and the sudden light in his blue eyes was like a flare. He looked around slowly at the village, at the harbor and the houses lying peacefully against the hill. "It don't change much, does it?" he said.

—Ruth Moore

•

A VOICE IN THE WIND

Won't get you very far, but your wishes voiced in a Star-Bulletin Want Ad can be quickly filled.

Mrs. R. M.—— of — Kinau St. voiced her need through this ad:

Furnished room to share with one man. Phone ——.

Of course, she filled the place at once!

—Adv. in the Honolulu Star-Bulletin.

Of course.

Wool Underwear

AGAIN AVAILABLE

•

THE *warmth and comfort benefits of close fitting woolen undergarments have long been recognized by business men and sportsmen for winter wear, but in recent years they have scarcely been available to civilians.*

Made for us by Reis, a name prominently associated with knitted underwear, these fine quality woolen undershirts and long drawers are offered in a blend of 64% wool and 36% cotton—tested and proven for wear, warmth and washability

$5 a garment

Long or short sleeve undershirts, 36 *to* 46
Long drawers - - - 32 *to* 46

ORDERS BY MAIL GIVEN PROMPT ATTENTION

F. R. TRIPLER & CO.

OUTFITTERS TO GENTLEMEN

Established 1886

MADISON AVENUE AT 46 STREET · NEW YORK 17

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Selectie" HOLDER

Allows ties to hang naturally and securely, permitting wrinkles to smooth out. Just fold tie in half and slip fold through loop and over holder. Birchwood with walnut finish. Two sizes—18 loops hold up to 36 ties, **$3.75;** 24 loops hold up to 48 ties ..... **$5.00.**

Ask for our new booklet "N-1"

Hammacher Schlemmer
145 EAST 57TH STREET, NEW YORK 22, N. Y.

a Burberry this year?

Though decreasing British Governmental needs will lessen Civilian controls, there may not be enough BURBERRYS available for some time.

Fortunate purchasers will, of course, find style, workmanship and materials traditionally "BURBERRY."

For name of nearest dealer, write Burberrys Ltd. 12 East 38th St., New York 16, N. Y.

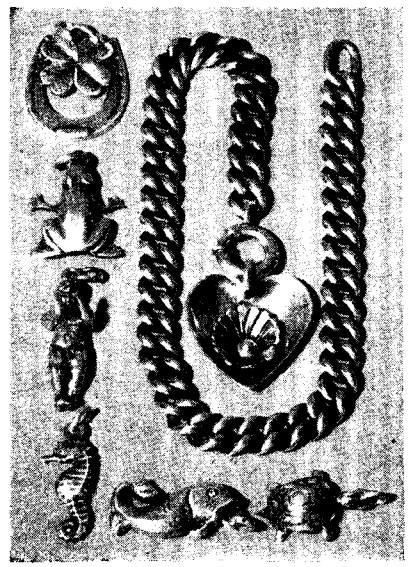
BURBERRYS
of London

THE RACE TRACK

Horseshoes

ATKINSON was the boy to follow at Jamaica last week, if you bet on jockeys rather than horses. He didn't have any winners on Monday or Friday, but he rode two on Tuesday, three on Wednesday, five on Thursday, and three on Saturday. To me, his best performance was winning on Fire Warden, a six-year-old, who did six furlongs in 1:11⅗ under 130 pounds, because that's more weight than the old fellow likes to carry. A two-dollar wager to win on each of Atkinson's mounts—he had thirteen winners and twenty-three losers in the week—would have returned a profit of $14.10. In case these figures haven't already told you, the weak spot in the practice of betting on as popular and hard-working a young man as Atkinson is that he rides a lot of horses, all of which are backed by his following, and the winners usually pay such trifling odds that they don't often make up for the losers.

TO some racegoers it is as important to know what kind of shoes the horse they fancy wears in a race as it is to know who rides him. An animal shod with smooth plates—the paddock name for them is rollers—will run in heavy going with all the impetuosity of an elderly gentleman crossing a slippery street; on the other hand, shoes with mud calks will slow a beast down surprisingly if the track is fast. It is hardly necessary at this date to tell you that at the New York tracks the feet of all horses are inspected before they run and that a record of the plates they wear is posted in the saddling paddock. Herbert Swope inaugurated the practice about ten years ago. At first a bewildering collection of marks was used to indicate whether shoes were smooth, had heels, toes, calks, stickers (which look like cleats on football shoes and give an extra grip on rough going), or were bar plates, which are special orthopedic shoes. Later, Harry Howell, an old-time race-track blacksmith, who examines the racers' feet, devised a code in which a numeral and a letter, placed after a horse's number on the board, indicated the type of shoe and the metal it was made of. The other day he in-



Captivating Charms

Bracelet, $6. Heart Drop, $7.25. Clover in Horseshoe, $2.40. Doll, $3.60. Frog, Sea Horse, Fish, Turtle, $3.50. All in sterling silver. (Federal Tax Included)

MAIL ORDERS FILLED PROMPTLY

GEORG JENSEN INC.
Fifth Ave. at 53rd St., New York

FOR A
QUICK-UP PICK-UP
Miss Saylor's
COFFEE-ETS

THEY'VE GOT WHAT IT TAKES—
REAL CREAM · FRESH BUTTER
PURE COFFEE

You get the lift of coffee and the taste of cream, for Coffee-ets are blended by cooks who know how to enhance delicate flavors and true fragrances.

Keep a handful of Coffee-ets in your pocket for the day's last half hour. They're a quick pick-up.

MISS SAYLOR'S CHOCOLATES, INC.
Encinal Avenue · Alameda, California

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

stalled a new and simplified system which uses colored lights. A white light means that the indicated runner is wearing aluminum shoes; a yellow light, that he is wearing steel ones; a red light, that he is shod for mud; and a green light, that he has switched from steel to aluminum. There is, I am told, no implication in the green light, but aluminum shoes occasionally do make an animal remarkably nimble.

IF the Maine Chance Farm colts don't finish first and second in the more interesting events for two-year-olds these days, at least they finish first and third. That is what Lord Boswell and Star Pilot did at Jamaica last weekend. Lord Boswell, who knows his way around the track (he had already won over it twice in the meeting), led throughout the mile and a sixteenth, while Star Pilot was slow to get going and never could overtake Mighty Story, who finished second. I fancy that the shoeing of the Maine Chance Farm racers has had a lot to do with their success this season. Tom Smith, who trains them, used to be a blacksmith. For years he shod the runners of Cowboy Irwin, who was the Hirsch Jacobs of the West a couple of decades ago (in 1923, Irwin saddled 147 winners), and later, when he became Seabiscuit's trainer, he made all the plates that celebrated racer wore.

As for the other races at Jamaica worth remembering, Chief Barker had clear sailing in the Roamer Handicap but had to put in his best licks to beat Petrol Point and Buzfuz, Bonnie Beryl won the first running of the Frizette Stakes, and Apache and True North were no match for Bertie S. in a handicap at six furlongs. The line for excuse makers forms on the right.

BUSHER is another horse who went to the races once too often this season, but if she had to go lame I'm glad that she did it in a workout the other day and not in the Hollywood Gold Cup last Saturday. For the record, something named Challenge Me won that monumental cup.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

THE CLOUDED CRYSTAL BALL

[Danton Walker in the News, July 27, 1945]

Churchill's decisive defeat means, according to one local political observer, that Russia will get control of the Dardanelles, the British will be ousted from Greece, and deGaulle will lose out in the forthcoming French elections.

HARVEY'S
IMPORTED
Sherries & Ports
HARVEY'S
HARVEY'S DRY
PALE AMONTILLADO
SHERRY
HARVEY'S
HARVEY'S
BRISTOL CREAM
SHERRY
Since 1796, rare Sherries and Ports from Spain and Portugal have borne the name of Harvey. They were the choicest these countries produced—first in quality, first in taste. That standard of excellence has become a Harvey tradition—a tradition maintained vigilantly for nearly 150 years.
PARK & TILFORD IMPORT CORP., NEW YORK, N. Y.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MARY LEWIS

"Jane Holly" Blouse

Styled with taste, tailored with precision, in Rosewood Crepe, a Burmil quality washable rayon. Fancy-tucked and hemstitched front. White, black, brown, powder blue. Sizes 32 to 38. **3.95.** Mail orders 15¢ extra.

746 Fifth Avenue, New York City

WORLD FAMOUS GUBELIN WATCHES
Man's 14 Kt. Gold watertight wrist watch. Black dial, Radium index figures or Silver dial, Radium Arabic figures . . $100.
Lady's Stainless Steel watch with domed crystal, black dial and black silk cord . . . . . $62.
Federal Tax Included
Brochure on Request
GUBELIN INC.
Watches and Clocks
336 PARK AVE., NEW YORK

THE ART GALLERIES

Two Americans

FOR reasons that are as yet insufficiently explored scientifically, a big museum showing of works by a living artist can sometimes kill that man's reputation with a speed and thoroughness that are almost frightening. Since the Modern Museum already has its share of kills of this sort to its credit, I must admit that I went up to its new retrospective of paintings by Stuart Davis a shade apprehensively, for I rate Davis high as an artist and I didn't want to see him slaughtered inadvertently. It's a pleasure to report that Davis survives. The exhibition is a thoroughly successful affair.

I think the size of the show has something to do with that. There have been four main phases in Davis's career—a brief student period, followed by a period of experimentation; a Paris interlude, of what one might call discovery; and the present one—and the fifty-three paintings the catalogue lists are, one feels, just enough, just exactly enough, to cover this whole development without lost motion or repetition. In this sense, the selection is miraculously compact and understanding, and it is arranged, quite rightly, to have its main focus on the Paris phase, for it was then that Davis's work began to take on true personal flavor.

Until then, once his student years were over, he had been trying, earnestly but apparently without much sense of direction, to absorb the innovations that the French moderns had brought to painting and that had come to his attention in the Armory Show of 1913. He tried van Gogh, as his "Gloucester Terrace" and "Yellow Hills" would indicate, and a little later, in "Lucky Strike" and "Cigarette Papers," both of 1921, he had a shot at Cubism. But it was all second-hand. He had been looking at French paintings transplanted to America, and he had been trying to transplant their idiom intact as well. It wasn't till he went to France himself, in 1928, when he was thirty-three years old, that he seems to have realized how truly native that work was and how intimately even the most abstract symbols it employed were related to the French life from which it sprang.

What he learned, in a word, was a lesson that is fundamental to all art, abstract as well as representational—that the expression, if it has any overt meaning at all, must have a basis in reality—and though he has made mistakes since then, he has rarely made the one that a good many American Abstractionists still are making, of employing French or other non-native styles unchanged, as a vehicle for American subject matter. Instead, most of his subsequent life has been spent in what seems at times an almost obdurate attempt to keep his method fluid and immediate and his style as closely related as possible to the material it describes.

He hasn't always succeeded, but he has done about as well as any other American of his generation. His Paris visit, though it lasted hardly more than a year, turned out to be the most prolific period of his life, and his work—all of Paris streets and houses, done in broad planes and simple outlines, with the architectural details only lightly sketched in and the design loosely two-dimensional—marked, moreover, a complete departure from everything he had done so far. There is an odd sort of touristy quality about it, too, and this, though it makes for a certain superficiality, contributes a good deal to its charm. It is Paris as the American sees it—a queer outcome, indeed, for a man who till recently had been trying to portray America as a Frenchman might see it—and such pieces as "Place Pasdeloup," "Place des Vosges," and "Rue de l'Echaudé" show how well he observed and recorded.

They are still far from being his best work, for if his painting since then has lost some of the sparkle and humorous good nature that characterized it, it has gained immensely in strength and maturity and understanding. There have been other changes as well. In his earlier years, Davis went in a good deal for broad effects and extreme simplification of detail, and though he can still use this style to advantage (note the big planes and austere outlines of "Bass Rocks #2," of 1939), his work has tended steadily toward denser patterns and more intricate development.

There are times, indeed, when he goes too far in this direction, as in the almost too kaleidoscopic "Ursine Park." But in the main this is the quality that gives richness and depth to his work, and it is kept from finickingness and overelaborateness (though it now and

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

then verges on both) by a wiry, sardonic humor that is peculiarly his own. If he has lost the gaiety of his Paris days, he has gained in its place a wry irony that goes deeper and will have more lasting value.

AT the Whitney there is a set of paintings, mostly portraits, by Ralph Earl, a late-eighteenth-century American who has been undergoing a considerable revival of interest. Earl, most of his life, was one of the itinerant portraitists who flourished in those early days, travelling from town to town and picking up a precarious living by painting the wealthier inhabitants. Earl's beat happened to be mostly the Litchfield Hills region of western Connecticut—New Milford, Litchfield, Sharon, and so on—and if one keeps that in mind, the show gains a good deal in color and interest, for one gets then a panoramic portrait of what the people in that isolated section—the judges, the merchants, the colonels of militia, and the other dignitaries, as well as their wives —really looked like.

They were a lean, stern, hard-working lot, for the most part, and if they made no compromises, they seem to have demanded none, for Earl has portrayed them in all their stiffness and austerity. There is a certain amount of awkwardness about much of the painting, but there's an honesty, too, that shines through, and in a few of the pieces, such as those of Roger Sherman, Dr. Joseph Trumbull, and Robert Troup, Earl achieves real fullness of characterization. Notice, too, the little landscapes or other vistas inserted, as was then the invariable custom, in the upper right-hand corner of each portrait. Earl, in his travels, must have seen a good deal of the Connecticut countryside, and in some of these vignettes he depicts it with grace and feeling.

—ROBERT M. COATES

•

Carl V. Hartley, 47-year-old veteran of both World Wars, told McCabre jokes in his jail cell today as he awaited arraignment on charges of beheading his wife with a Filipino bolo knife.—*Newark News.*

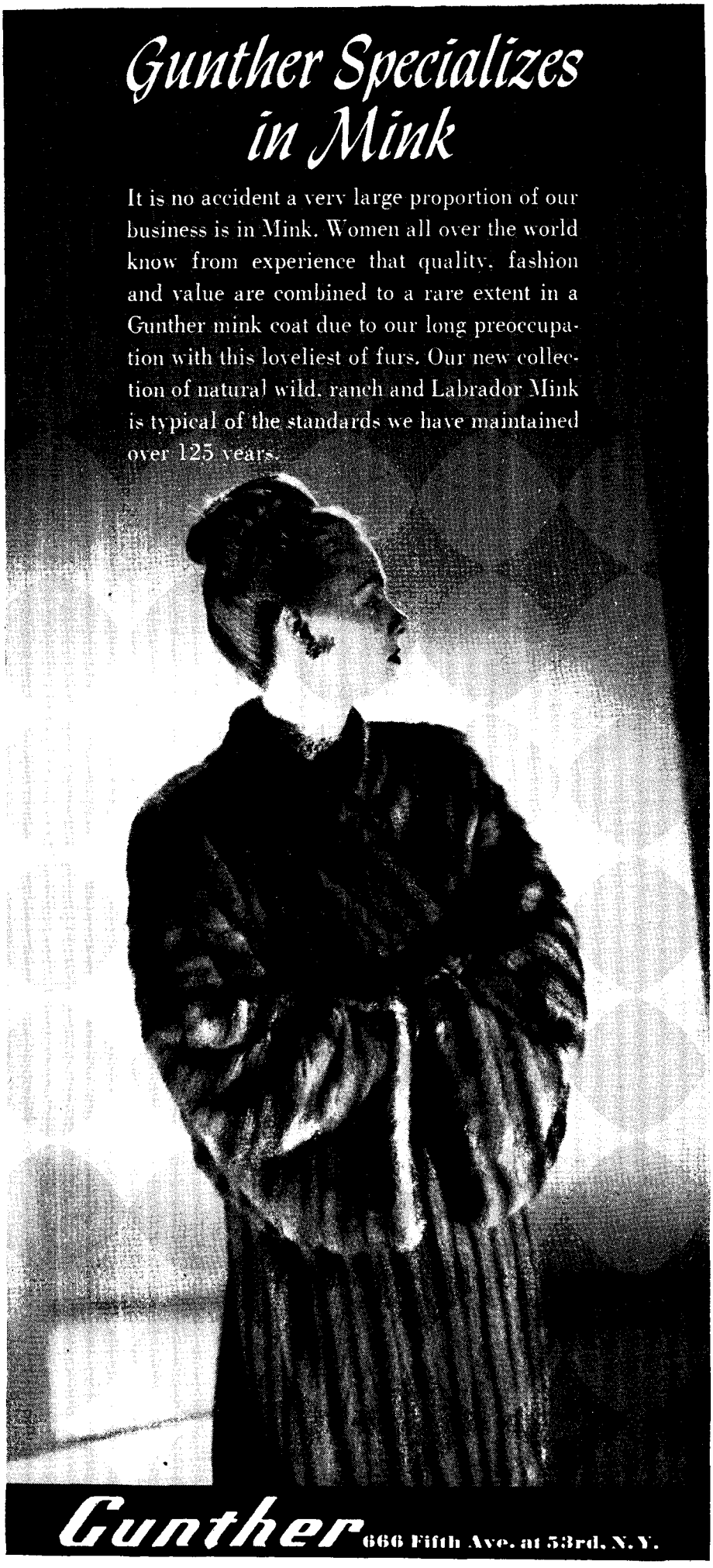
Pat and Mike McCabre?

•

THE LEGAL MIND AT WORK

[*From the United Nations Charter, Article 57*]

2. Specialized agencies thus brought into relationship with the organization are hereinafter referred to as "the specialized agencies."


Gunther Specializes in Mink
It is no accident a very large proportion of our business is in Mink. Women all over the world know from experience that quality, fashion and value are combined to a rare extent in a Gunther mink coat due to our long preoccupation with this loveliest of furs. Our new collection of natural wild, ranch and Labrador Mink is typical of the standards we have maintained over 125 years.
Gunther
666 Fifth Ave. at 53rd, N.Y.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Beaulieu Vineyard
BV
WINES

AUTUMN...HARVEST TIME AT BEAULIEU

It is our custom to pick only the grapes that are ready, returning later to harvest the remainder. This increases our cost, but makes for finer wines. (Pictured is our Vineyard #1, with the winery at a distance.)

TODAY, as for nearly 50 years, we take pride in our wines. Our 600 acres grow wine grapes of the finest strains. And our winery has a storage capacity equal to 5 times our annual production—thus we have ample facilities to develop our fine wines in small cooperage until bottle-ripe. Due to our painstaking methods, production is limited. Our wines are not available everywhere.

Five Representative Beaulieu Vineyard Wines

GEORGES DE LATOUR PRIVATE RESERVE CABERNET: An eminent wine made solely with Cabernet Sauvignon grapes.

BEAULIEU NAPA VALLEY MUSCAT DE FRONTIGNAN: Excellent bouquet and taste. A wine for entertaining.

BEAUMONT: An unusually fine red wine made of Pinot Noir grapes.

BEAUCLAIR: Dry, delicate, true to type. Made with Johannisberger Riesling grapes.

BEAUROSÉ: A light, agreeable vinrosé. Serve chilled.

Beaulieu Vineyard

A family estate, founded and owned continuously by the de Latour family since 1900. Vineyards and Winery at Rutherford, Napa County, California.

Recommended and distributed by
PARK AND TILFORD IMPORT CORP.,
NEW YORK, N.Y.

THE CURRENT CINEMA

With Constance in Paris

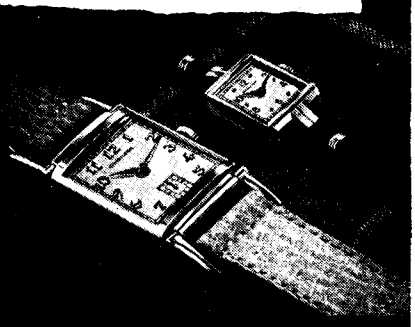
IT is quite possible, I suppose, that a spirited American lass and a determined British spinster, up to their necks in the French underground movement, could have hoodwinked all the Gestapo agents in Paris during the occupation. But throughout the long unravelling of "Paris Underground," which is apparently based on an authentic story, I kept thinking that the tricks devised by the valiant ladies would hardly have fooled a set of Vassar monitors, let alone the German secret police. Maybe the Germans actually did let British fliers, disguised as mourners, trail funeral corteges from the Occupied to the Unoccupied Zone of France, as the picture contends. I don't know. But it seems awfully improbable. Apart from that, almost every character in the film is strictly one-dimensional. The British all have stiff upper lips, the French are full of patriotic fervor, the Germans are uniformly swine. Only one of the underground operators is anything less than pristine in virtue, and he's merely a little too avaricious to be perfect.

Constance Bennett is both the producer of the picture and, in the rôle of the American, its star. She laughs, throughout, at adversity with the insistence of an Ella Wheeler Wilcox. Serving as her British teammate in the underground, Gracie Fields has, regrettably, all too few opportunities to show what she can do dramatically when she really hits her stride. "Paris Underground" was directed by Gregory Ratoff, who seems to have a Slavic predilection for murky scenes. He didn't forget the carefree doves outside the window of the Gestapo jailhouse, though. He has been in Hollywood too long to neglect a pigeon.

THE inspirational springs around United Artists must be a very meagre trickle these days or the studio would never have been reduced to releasing "Guest Wife." Trusting that you don't become queasy readily, I'll take a chance on telling you that the picture seems solely designed to intro-

Are you BUSINESSLIKE

Do you hate to be late, miss appointments? Then you'll want to own a Hamilton when these fine, accurate watches are available again. Your new Hamilton is coming as quickly as we can reconvert to peacetime production. Wait for it!



WAIT FOR HAMILTON
America's Fine Watch

Hamilton Watch Company—Makers of "The Watch of Railroad Accuracy"—Lancaster, Pa.

Trim little jimcrack shoe, all fringed and ready to enhance your best tailleurs. That marvel heel is 3" high! Lizard toe and heel on blue, brown or black suede. 18.95

Mail orders? But yes! Enclose current coupon and 25c for postage.

French Bootery
22 W. 57 ST. NEW YORK 22, N.Y.

Ask a Gourmet—What's B-S?

If you eat not alone to appease your hunger, but to savor the joys of exquisite taste . . . then this sauce is for you. B-S is the formula of a great French Saucier. Two score rare spices and other unique ingredients. Serve Sauce B-S with all meats, poultry, fish, egg dishes, soups and gravies. Only two bottles will be mailed to a customer. Price $1.65 per bottle (14 fluid ounces) plus 20¢ to cover packing and postage. Send check or money order to Seeman Brothers, Inc., 121 Hudson St., New York 13, N. Y. (Adv't.)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

duce into the language a cunning new substitute for the word "hoax." The cute newcomer is "kibble," and it is highly unlikely that H. L. Mencken will ever have to make room in his "American Language" for a discussion of it. Along with "kibble," "Guest Wife" dishes up an interminable practical joke in which a wife pretends to be married to her husband's best friend. If you happen to be trapped into seeing this, you'll notice Claudette Colbert, Don Ameche, and Richard Foran in the cast. Gruesome, I guess, would be a mild description of their antics.

—JOHN MCCARTEN

•

DEPARTMENT OF BELLES LETTRES

[*A letter received by a friend of ours*]

DEAR FRIEND:

We heard about a lady who used to carry *The Saturday Review of Literature* wherever she went. Never read it, you understand; just carried it. She figured it made her look intelligent and well-informed and sensitive and interesting to the better class of people.

One day this lady found herself at the end of a cigarette line with a good two hours to kill and the inevitable copy of the SRL under her arm. And somehow or other she actually got to reading the darn thing. Cover to cover. And by the time she reached the front of the line, she not only *looked* intelligent and well-informed and sensitive and interesting to the better class of people—she *was!*

All right, so it isn't a true story. So we made it up ourselves. The fact remains, once you start reading the SRL, some pretty nice things begin to happen to you.

You find, for example, that the big, talked-about, half-grasped issues of the day suddenly start to make sense. Why? Because the people who are close to those issues write about them in the SRL.

You find yourself all of a sudden saying some pretty smart things in conversation. Why? Because you can't read even one issue of the SRL without finding half a dozen things that start your own noggin working like sixty.

You find yourself familiar with the important books and plays and ideas and personalities of the day. Acquiring new interests and information. Glowing every week over John Mason Brown. And telling Bennett Cerf's latest stories before other people can tell them to you.

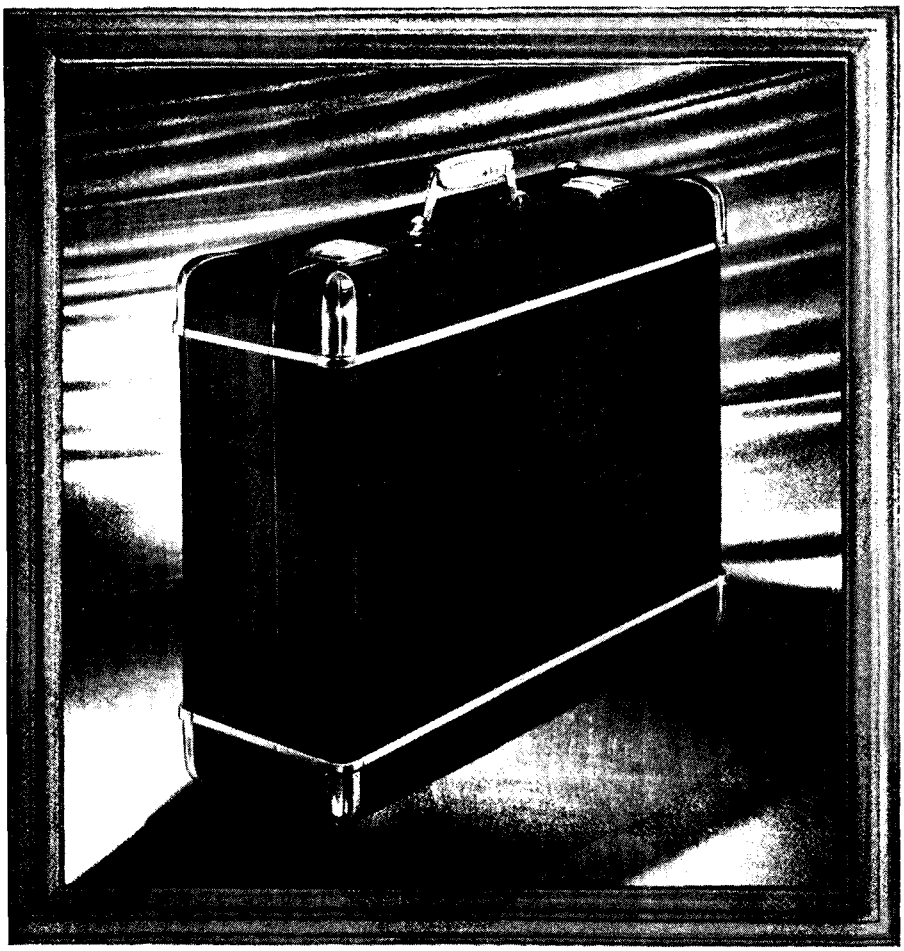
In short, you find yourself going to your mailbox once a week with a new and pleasant sense of anticipation.

And, within a month at the outside, you'll find yourself telling other people exactly what we're trying to tell you now—that the SRL is one of the nicest things that can happen to anybody in a lifetime.

What's more, we'll prove it. Just mail that order form.

Cordially yours,
GEORGE EMERSON

THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE



NEW "Stream-Gard"
SMARTER THAN EVER

Sleek new beauty and smart new styling are found in the famous Wheary "Stream-Gard" . . . the truly distinctive luggage with the narrow protective bands of gleaming stainless steel.

Unique, patented construction, combined with new methods of finishing, inside and out, produce in the "Stream-Gard" a piece of luggage of rare beauty and unbelievable strength.

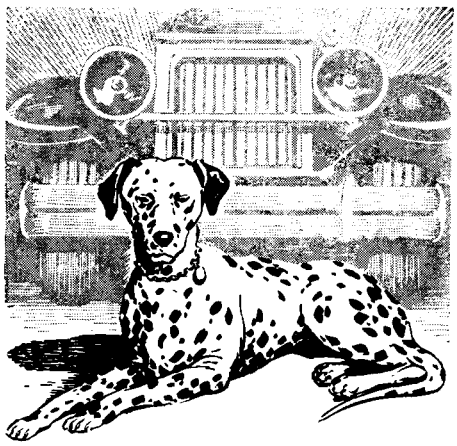
This is one of the many striking new models Wheary will have for you . . . just as soon as sufficient materials are available to meet Wheary's exacting quality standards.

WHEARY Incorporated • RACINE, Wisconsin

WHEARY
THE NAME TO REMEMBER IN LUGGAGE

TRAVELERS ARE JUDGED BY THEIR LUGGAGE

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



FIREMEN'S FRIEND

The dignified Dalmatians that drowse in the doorways of our modern fire houses have won the affection and respect of firemen and public alike. These almost human pals of our fire fighters create companionship through long hours between alarms, stand guard over personal property and with intuitive understanding welcome any occasion to ride the apparatus.

Dalmatians are not the only pets of fire departments. But as traditional followers of the coach-and-four, their adoption as mascots for the horse-drawn "fire engines" of the past was a logical transition from private life to public service.

Several of these dogs have acquired fame and fortune as models for magazine covers. Others have been successfully shown at kennel club exhibits, while the unofficial pages of Fire Department history are filled with their deeds, many having died in the line of duty.

Firemen's Friend indeed. Just as your insurance broker or agent is more than a friend when he recommends the modern Atlantic policies for the protection of business and personal properties, furs, jewelry, yachts and other possessions against fire, damages and theft. Atlantic policies are non-assessable, profit-participating, backed by the unquestioned strength of this 103-year-old company.

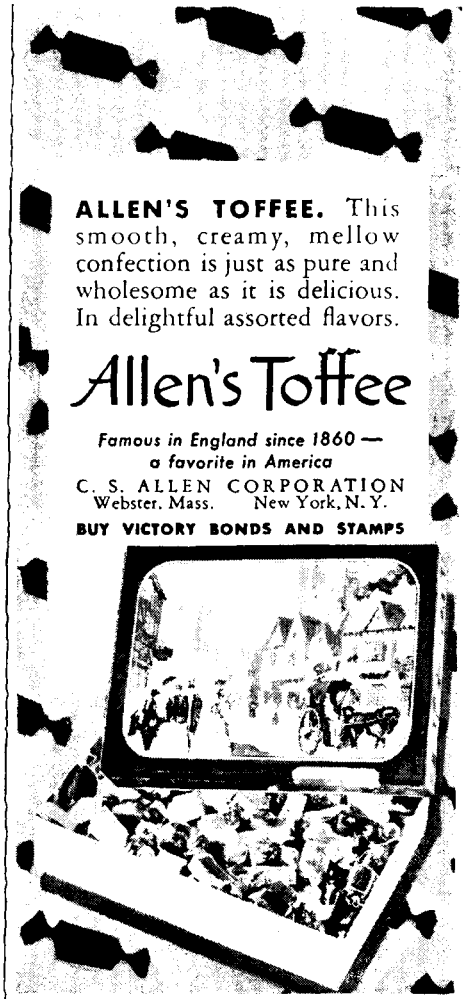
ATLANTIC
Mutual INSURANCE *Company*
FORTY-NINE WALL STREET • NEW YORK 5, N. Y.
Albany • Baltimore • Boston • Chicago • Cleveland • Dallas • Detroit
Newark • New Haven • Philadelphia • Pittsburgh • Rochester • San Francisco

MUSICAL EVENTS

Continuing Attractions

THE Ballet Theatre last week exhibited two of the newest additions to its repertory —"Interplay," with choreography by Jerome Robbins and Morton Gould's "American Concertette" music, and "The Gift of the Magi," a six-scene dance version of the O. Henry story, with choreography by Simon Semenoff and a score by Lukas Foss. "Interplay," a brief ballet which was first produced as a part of Billy Rose's "Concert Varieties," was an immediate success. It is officially described as "a constant play between the classic ballet steps and the contemporary spirit in which they are danced." This sums up the activities accurately enough, but it doesn't give any notion of the fun in the work. It is no small tribute to Mr. Robbins that "Interplay" gives the impression of just happening rather than of having been staged, and it is danced by eight cheerful, enormously skillful young people who seem to be just kidding around. The setting by Oliver Smith and the costumes by Irene Sharaff are practically perfect, and so is the music, which has exactly the necessary quality of literate jazziness. Mr. Gould was on hand as guest conductor at the first performance and he took charge of the orchestra with a suave firmness that resulted in some fine playing.

O. Henry's story is, of course, the one about the ironic exchange of Christmas presents by an impoverished young couple. The wife sells her magnificent hair to buy her husband a watch chain and he sells his gold watch to buy her a set of expensive combs. The ballet treatment of the story was both heavy-handed and light-footed; the plot was worked out in fairly conventional patterns, but the dancing, as such, was nimble and efficient, and there were especially effective and likable contributions from Nora Kaye and John Kriza, as the young couple. Mr. Foss's music was well written and had ample interest on its own, and the composer directed the first showing expertly, with a captivating ferocity. The scenery and costumes by Raoul Pène du Bois were good-looking, but unfortunately the settings were arranged so that a lot of the


ALLEN'S TOFFEE. This smooth, creamy, mellow confection is just as pure and wholesome as it is delicious. In delightful assorted flavors.
Allen's Toffee
Famous in England since 1860 — a favorite in America
C. S. ALLEN CORPORATION
Webster, Mass. New York, N. Y.
BUY VICTORY BONDS AND STAMPS

RONEY PLAZA
MIAMI BEACH • FLORIDA

JAMES I. CARROLL, MANAGING DIRECTOR

—JUMBO PRUNES—

Huge big prunes direct from my California ranch. Plump, tender, delicious. Great for eating like candy; fine for cooking. Marvelous flavor. 6-lb. box $2.95; 10-lb. box $4.15; PREPAID. No ration points.

ROBT. B. HAWKINS, Box N
Vaca Valley Orchards Vacaville, Calif.

BREEZE into a Berlitz class today. Languages are in the air! Choose from Spanish, French, Russian, Italian, Japanese, etc.

630 Fifth Ave. (at 50th St.) Circle 6-1416

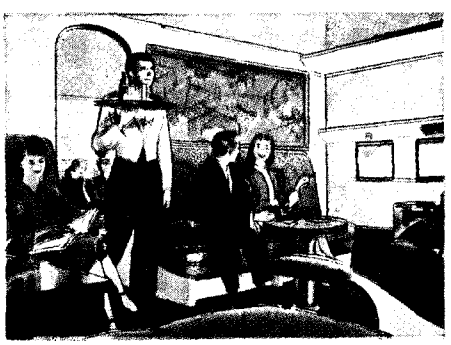
BERLITZ

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LUXURY ALOFT IN THE FLYING HOTEL

Off to Europe, via Martin Mars! With Victory won, you're taking that dream trip . . . a 2-week holiday abroad!

So step aboard the Mars and look about. Two full decks. Spacious, air-conditioned rooms. Courteous service. A flying hotel!

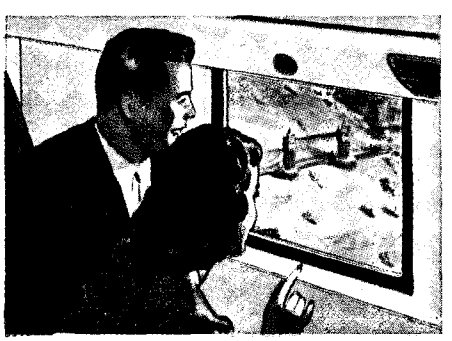


Note the size and smartness of the Mars' lounge! No cramped seats, or narrow aisles. Plenty of room for walking about!

A full-course dinner, from the Mars' galley, served by smiling stewards. Soft lights . . . gay laughter . . . music!

After dinner you'll explore the big ship. Here, for example, is the ultra-modern Skytop Room, a favorite rendezvous.

Your snug cabin is waiting when you're ready. Nothing to disturb you as the Mars speeds to Europe and vacation.



Morning . . . and you're there! Only a few hours have passed. Ahead lie days of sight-seeing, thanks to the Martin Mars!

Fantasy? Long-range prediction? Not at all! The plane shown here is flying today! It's a Martin Mars transport! True, today's Mars contains no luxurious furnishings. Every inch of space is still needed for war supplies. But commercial versions of these huge Navy transports will offer every comfort to tomorrow's trans-ocean travelers. So when you plan that trip abroad . . . plan to fly via Martin Mars! It's de luxe transportation!

THE GLENN L. MARTIN COMPANY, BALTIMORE 3, MD.
THE GLENN L. MARTIN-NEBRASKA CO., OMAHA

Martin AIRCRAFT
Builders of Dependable Aircraft Since 1909

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The new elegance in
perfume and fashion
is

20 CARATS

Dana

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

action had to take place rather far upstage.

Although this report is on novelties, any mention of the Ballet Theatre should include at least a reference to the great performances by Alicia Markova. Miss Markova does more than dance. She *is* dancing.

FIVE-THIRTY is becoming more and more popular as a starting time for concerts. The most recent five-thirty series at Town Hall is "This is Our Music," which is presenting American compositions of many sorts in six Friday-afternoon sessions that will continue through November 23rd. The series began last week with an engaging anthology of early tunes, delightfully sung by the Hargail Chorus, whose conductor, Morris Gossell, is one of the most interesting newcomers of the season, and by Susan Reed, who is already a celebrity for her singing of folk songs to her own zither or Irish-harp accompaniments. Miss Reed is also an artist and her timing is something that a lot of singers might well study, or envy, or both. The master of ceremonies is Walter Hendl, who composed the music for "Dark of the Moon." He chats informedly and informally, and is an entertaining companion rather than a narrator. There are no reserved seats for this series, so it is wise to get an early start.

THE London Philharmonic Orchestra may be seen and heard daily and nightly in "Battle for Music," a film that is now at the Little Carnegie Theatre. This renowned and excellent organization acts out the story of its adventures, mostly musical, in the war, and plays with unbiassed skill under the direction of several conductors, including Sir Adrian Boult, Constant Lambert, and Malcolm Sargent, who turns out to be quite a screen personality. The sound track seems somewhat blasty at times, but the proficiency and spirit of the orchestra come through handsomely. For good measure, there is fine playing by two piano soloists, Eileen Joyce, whom most of us know only through her phonograph records, and Benno Moiseiwitsch.

—ROBERT A. SIMON

•

"PARADISE LOST"

ABBREVIATED FOR THE HASTY MODERN READER

Hell?
Swell!

—MORRIS BISHOP

What? An Understudy?

Blackie: "Look, Whitey, everyone wants to get into our act."

Whitey: "Oh, well, Blackie—that's been going on for years!"

For generations, ever since this famous blend was created, other Scotches have come and gone—but BLACK & WHITE has stayed on as the star performer. One word sums up the reason—*Character!*

"BLACK & WHITE"

The Scotch with Character

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY · 86.8 PROOF

THE FLEISCHMANN DISTILLING CORPORATION, NEW YORK, N. Y. · SOLE DISTRIBUTORS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS

Connolly's "Unquiet Grave;" Thurber's "White Deer"

CYRIL CONNOLLY founded in 1939 the English literary monthly *Horizon*, and has been publishing it ever since. *Horizon* has been a remarkable magazine and Mr. Connolly an exceptional editor. It seemed to me a proof of his merit, when I was in London at the end of the war, that, in the political and literary worlds, everybody complained about him and it but that everybody, at the same time, seemed to some degree dependent on them. The danger of such magazines is that they are likely to fall into the hands of a group and reflect its exclusiveness and smugness, or that they try, without exercising taste, systematically to proceed on some policy in the interests of which they feel obliged to print mediocre or boring stuff. Mr. Connolly appears to have published only things that he himself found interesting, and he was constrained by no preconceptions—the worst handicaps for a magazine—of what *Horizon's* clientele would like to read. He would print papers on Benjamin Constant or the minor French romantics which irritated both the Left and the people who thought that it was immoral to disregard the war, and he brought out, in several installments, an orthodox Communist tract which annoyed both the littérateurs and the more emancipated Leftists. He published some of the best reporting—of an unofficial and personal kind—that was written about the war, and he elicited from Augustus John his delightful, discursive memoirs, in which history is unimportant and chronology does not exist. One feature, I imagine, pleased nobody: a flesh-creeping document called "Naughty Mans," in which a father reported in baby talk the reactions of his son to the war, between the ages of three and five.

Mr. Connolly also showed his special gifts in producing some really happy ideas for series to be written to order. There is in general, for a literary man, nothing more disheartening in the world than an editor's idea for a series, but Mr. Connolly has got up some good ones, such as the articles on "Where Shall John Go?," in which people who know various countries intimately have been writing on the advantages and disadvantages of living in them. It is characteristic of Mr. Connolly that he should have refused to print in this series any article which praised a country too lavishly. *Horizon*, in its political outlook, has stood against the current in Europe by being quietly anti-nationalistic, and it has tried, in the cultural field, to keep up, in so far as has been possible, communications between the different parts of the world.

Though *Horizon*, to the occasional reader, may have appeared rather relaxed and casual, you came to feel, if you followed it month by month, that the magazine must have behind it a personality of some courage and distinction. In "The Unquiet Grave" (Harper), that personality reveals itself. This book is a sort of journal, kept through the years of the war—a collection of what the French call *pensées*, that invokes and to some extent imitates Pascal, La Rochefoucauld, and Chamfort. But the writer has made a form of his own. There are themes that weave in and out in a fashion rather symphonic than aphoristic: the memories of a love affair, alternately nostalgic and aggrieved; the fluctuation between a physical well-being that seems always to involve self-indulgence and a reviving moral sense that tends to stick in emotions of remorse; a yearning for the oblivion of drugs that is corrected by a seeking for strength in the work of the great artists and moralists; a disaffected attitude toward the war which lets him in for a feeling of guilt, and a sympathy with revolutionary forces which does not prevent him from dreading the advent of the cooperative state; a disgust with the contemporary world and an attempt to find the causes of its destructiveness. All this is attached, more or less, to the figure of the helmsman Palinurus, who, in the "Æneid," falling a victim to sleep and soft dreams, drops overboard with the tiller, sustains himself for three days on a raft, but, reaching shore, is done to death by the natives. Mr. Connolly has his own version of the Palinurus story. The helmsman of the Trojans, he suggests, may have gone overboard on purpose, in disgust with the callousness of Æneas, for whom Dido has just killed herself, and discouragement with the expedition, which he has come to believe is

"It's about a man and woman who had no use for each other till they got stranded in a mountain cabin, and then—<u>zowie</u>!"

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Marquis James' recollections, to be blunt about it, are superb."

—STANLEY WALKER, N. Y. *Herald Tribune.*

"A wholly satisfactory book" including "A subtle and humorous self-portrait of a young man in his and the West's days of innocence."

—*The New Yorker.* $3.00

An Oklahoma Boyhood

The Cherokee Strip

America's top reviewers are calling her novel

"DISTINGUISHED . . . BRILLIANT. . .

HIGH COMEDY. . . A DELIGHT. . . FIRST CLASS"

THREE O'CLOCK DINNER

by Josephine Pinckney

"One of the most charming novels of the year . . . also one of the most profoundly human." —ALICE DIXON BOND, *Boston Herald.*

"A civilized prose rigidly controlled by a tongue-in-cheek intellect . . . Above all, it is readable in a way that all too few novels are readable." —BUCKLIN MOON, *Chicago Sun.*

"As lively as it is wise . . . a story superbly written that is pure delight to read." —HOWARD TAYLOR, *Philadelphia Inquirer.* $2.50

At all booksellers

THE VIKING PRESS

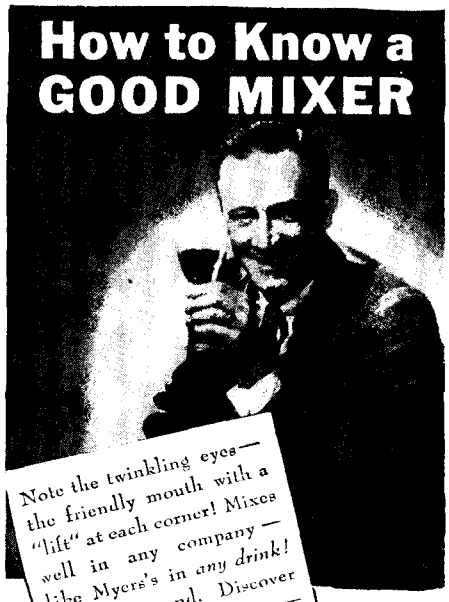
He gives us—as Fitzgerald did in his time—a new generation of lovers.

The scene is New York: the corner of a bar, a carousel in the park, a street in twilight, a little hotel room at dawn. The people: a boy and a girl in uniform and on poignantly short leave. The story: they are in love and somehow 72 hours has to become a lifetime. This is youth—1945 model—in a gay and heart-breaking novel by a young soldier. $2.50

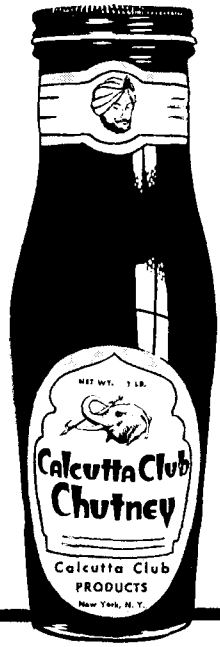
by LESLIE WALLER

Three Day Pass

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



MYERS'S JAMAICA RUM
97 PROOF
Remember: For that wealth of flavour the Rum must be Myers's.
***WRITE FOR FREE RECIPE BOOK**
R. U. Delapenha & Co., Inc.
Sole Distributor in the U. S. A.
57 Laight Street, Dept. N-10,
New York 13, N. Y.



Calcutta Club Chutney
is authentically East Indian chutney at its traditional zest and best.
Serve with: Game, Fowl, Roasts, Rarebits, Sea Foods, Rice-dishes, Curries, with cream cheese as a rare, distinctive canapé.
On sale at fine shops throughout the country.
Lucullus Div.,
CALCUTTA CLUB PRODUCTS
475 Fifth Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

doomed. It requires, he thinks, some explaining that he carried away, with the tiller, a part of the stern of the ship, which he was able to use as a raft. He is, Mr. Connolly concludes, "surely . . . a typical example of antisocial hysteroid resentment!" And Mr. Connolly signs his book Palinurus.

Personally, I have found these scant hundred and fifty pages among the most interesting, as they are among the best written, that have been published in English during the period of the war (the English edition came out last year). They attempt no large drama or message and are the better for being unpretentious. They keep free of all the wartime falsities, and, in rendering a candid account of the experience of one worried and dissatisfied man, touch some basic realities of our era that have lately been much obscured. And Mr. Connolly has improved as a writer as well as matured intellectually since his autobiographical "Enemies of Promise," published in 1938. The little epigrams and essays of this book are concentrated, exact, and lucid (it is only when he is groping among general ideas that the thinking, not the style, becomes sometimes unclear); the passages that deal with memories of Paris and the Riviera are crisp and delicious, like good food to the taste, fresh and bright, like new sights to the eye; and there are descriptions of ferrets and lemurs, quinces and cantaloupes, that express in a novel way the affinities between human beings and the animal and vegetable kingdoms. The truth is that the unquiet grave has perhaps been but a kind of bomb shelter which is giving up a still living man.

People used to complain in London that Cyril Connolly was out of key with the wartime state of mind, but I think that we ought all to be grateful that one editor has resisted all pressures and followed his own tastes, and that one good writer has written not what was demanded by patriotism but a true natural history of his wartime morale.

THE fairy tales that James Thurber has been doing are a phase in his rapid elimination of the last vestiges of the conventional humorist and his emergence as a comic artist of the top layer of our contemporary writing. It is as if these fairy tales had freed him from literary habits that he had long outgrown but that still sometimes lingered in his other pieces. Mr. Thurber, in these stories, is working in a new little fictional world, clear and bright and complete in itself, and a long way from, say, "My Life and Hard Times," which was half self-burlesque of the old-fashioned routine kind that goes back to Bill Nye and half imaginative recreation of experience on a much higher humorous level. In "Many Moons" and "The Great Quillow," he did two short and successful stories that had a fairy-tale purity of color and tone, and now, in "The White Deer" (Harcourt, Brace), he has tried one on a larger scale.

These fairy stories, so far as I know, are the best American things of their kind since Frank Stockton's, which, in certain respects, they resemble. Mr. Thurber, like Stockton, takes the characters and properties of the traditional fairy tale and, by introducing at moments, unobtrusively, a contemporary point of view, makes them produce unexpected results. Stockton performed these tricks with a matter-of-factness and solemn logic characteristic of the Howells era; Thurber is more poetic, wittier, and more unpredictable. By reversing, in "The White Deer," a familiar fairy-tale situation, so that instead of having a princess transformed into an animal, you have (or the main characters think they have) a deer turned into a princess, and by ringing a few plausible changes on the three brothers that set out on three difficult quests, he makes a story which ought to please children and will certainly please grownups who like Thurber.

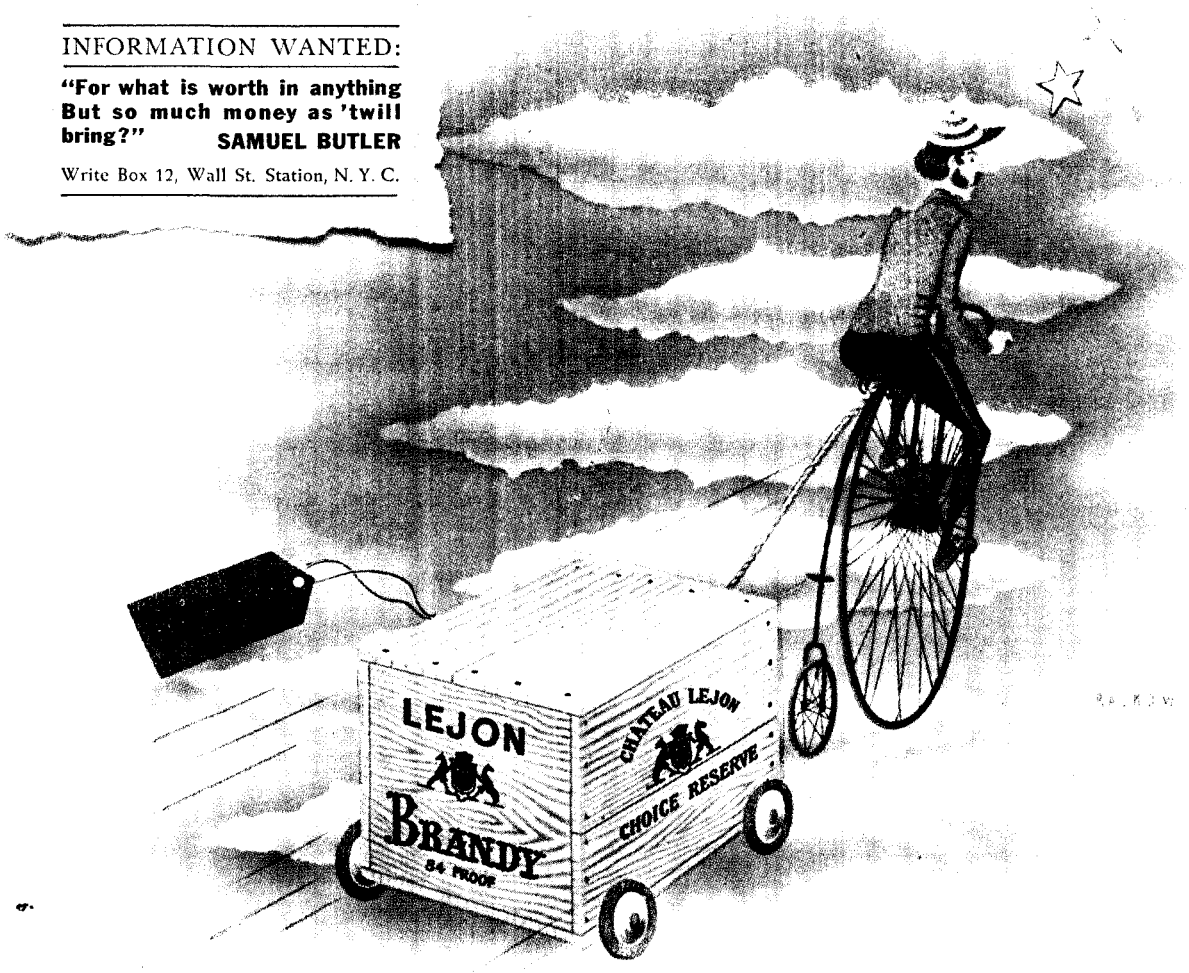
I thought, in fact, when I had read the first part of "The White Deer," that it was perhaps one of the best things he had written and one of the best modern fairy tales, and if it seemed to me to fall short of this, it was not because the story did not hold up or continue to be amusing but because, in its later stretches, the line of the narrative gets a little cluttered and the style sometimes runs off the track. I suggest that the flashbacks to the castle when the king's sons are off on their quests are to some extent repetitious; that the transition, in the dialogue, to blank verse and rhyme is not always skillfully managed, and that the blank verse should not, as it occasionally is, be allowed to get into the prose narrative; that there is too much alliteration; and that the dénouement goes on too long. These blemishes are particularly noticeable because it is obvious that Mr. Thurber both plans and writes with care. The trouble is, I think, that he occasionally gets distracted by a conceit or a verbal trick which lets down the excitement of suspense or impairs the atmosphere of magic that he knows how

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

INFORMATION WANTED:

"For what is worth in anything But so much money as 'twill bring?" **SAMUEL BUTLER**

Write Box 12, Wall St. Station, N. Y. C.



Dear Mr. Butler: We have read your query in the Cambridge Journal with amazement ••• Is it possible that in your lifetime you, one of the great English poets, had never found any pleasure which could not be measured except in cash? You must, therefore, never have tasted LEJON. The worth of a superb brandy can't be counted in dollars but in the joy it brings ••• A sample case of LEJON has been shipped to you (in spite of transit difficulties) so that in its delicious flavor and mellow bouquet, you may discover at length a delight that is truly beyond price.

LEJON

*For Brandy Connoisseurs: We have a booklet, "The Spirit of the Grape".**
Write Dept. LD-11 Box 12, Wall St. Station, N. Y. C.

DISTRIBUTED BY NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS CORPORATION, 120 BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY

PRODUCED IN THE U. S. A.

© 1944 *84 PROOF*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Mission to Europe...

EUROPE, in the 1880's, was the wine-growing center of the world. So it was to the great vineyards of that region, in those early days, that *Italian Swiss Colony* sent an expert viticulturist . . . to select choice cuttings for the Colony's new plantings in distant California.

Set out on the sunny hillsides at Asti, these cuttings flourished. In a few years they were yielding superb wines destined to win repeated awards in Europe's own expositions.

Today the rich heritage of this distinguished past is *yours* to enjoy . . . in the Colony's famous table wines. Gold Medal Label California Burgundy, for example. Notice particularly its rich red color, fragrant bouquet and full-bodied flavor. You'll find it the perfect complement to your roast or steak.

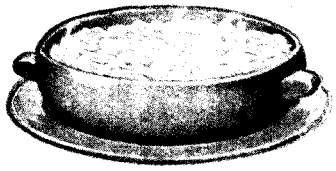
Enjoy, too, Italian Swiss Colony's fine dessert wines . . . such as Private Stock California Port, Sherry and Muscatel. Any one a happy choice . . . for any occasion.

ITALIAN SWISS COLONY

Wines with a past — for your pleasure today

GENERAL OFFICES: SAN FRANCISCO

Copyright 1945, Italian Swiss Colony



Serve with macaroni or any paste
. . . . . makes the meal complete

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to generate. But "The White Deer" has the essence of poetry, and it ought to be read in preference to almost any best-selling novel. —EDMUND WILSON

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE MANATEE, by Nancy Bruff (Dutton). The story of a Nantucket whaling captain who, rendered sadistic by a traumatic experience in late boyhood, lives only for the pleasure of inflicting physical and mental pain on everybody he can. This includes his wife, a Quaker girl named Piety, whom he married in an off moment. He is without doubt one of the cruelest characters in recent fiction (when reunited with his wife after a long voyage, he makes love to her with a demonstration of how he raped a native woman on a South Sea island) and a difficult one to make convincing, but Miss Bruff is a match for him. The ending, however, is unsatisfactory. Miss Bruff has rightly sensed that only a tragic disposition can be made of so tragic a character, but she has disposed of him by having him burned to death because of a carelessly handled cigar, a device that seems not the implacable hand of Doom, by which he is supposedly pursued, but merely the author setting fire to the premises. Nevertheless, a first novel by a writer of unmistakable talent.

MEMOIRS OF A SHY PORNOGRAPHER, by Kenneth Patchen (New Directions). This book may be disappointing to those who have been hoping that Kenneth Patchen would pull himself together. It is something like his other prose work, "The Journal of Albion Moonlight," but more humorous, less poetic, and even less successful: a phantasmagoria of dream-like adventures that tend to lapse into mere romantic rhetoric. Mr. Patchen probably ought to return to poetry and work at it harder than he used to, instead of relaxing in inferior poetic prose.

THE SHIELD OF THE VALIANT, by August Derleth (Scribner). In the latest addition to Mr. Derleth's seemingly interminable saga, the banker's son and the girl from the wrong side of the tracks travel a little way, in both distance and outlook, from the stultifying Sac Prairie, find some release by playing jazz professionally, and, by the time that the last chapter and Pearl Harbor finally roll around, decide to get married. A dull-gray

THE THEATRE BOOK OF THE YEAR 1944-45

by George Jean Nathan

The third of Mr. Nathan's discerning annuals covering the plays and musical shows produced during the year. Invaluable for reference and highly entertaining reading.

"There is probably more good sound sense about the contemporary theater per page of his writing than will be found in any other commentator."
—JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH, *Nation*

Equally valuable and entertaining:
THE THEATRE BOOKS OF THE YEAR 1942-43 AND 1943-44

These are BORZOI BOOKS.
They are for sale at all bookshops at $3.00 each and are published in New York by
ALFRED · A · KNOPF

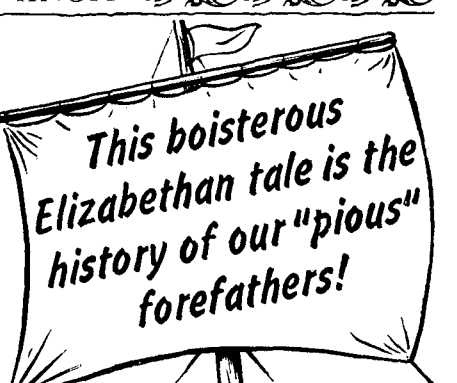
The Belvedere
BALTIMORE'S *Finest* HOTEL

Allen Weatherby says:—
"Book gifts you buy now will stay fresh 'til Xmas and you get the books you want to give."

THE HOLLYWOOD BOOK STORE
6760 HOLLYWOOD BLVD HOLLYWOOD 28
☆☆ OR MAIL US YOUR ORDER ☆☆

BUY WORDS No. 22

BOOKS by Steig, Taylor, Rea, Skinner, Perelman, Peter A., Thurber, Benchley, White and Day
We sell, sans points, but NOT sans pay.
THE BOOK SHOP 5 Grosvenor Bldg.
PROVIDENCE 3 RHODE ISLAND



"Much of the amusement comes from Mr. Willison's uncanny ability to present them as genuine people. . . . The book is a sheer joy to read."
—ESTHER FORBES, *N. Y. Times.*
At all booksellers $3.75

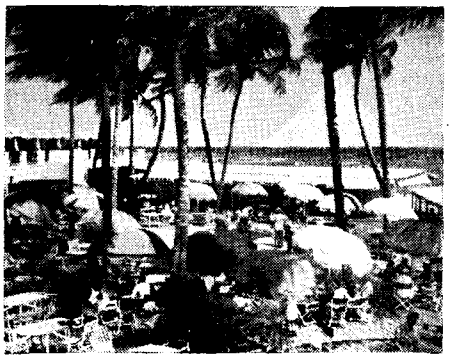
GEORGE F. WILLISON'S
best-selling history of the Pilgrims

SAINTS and STRANGERS

REYNAL & HITCHCOCK

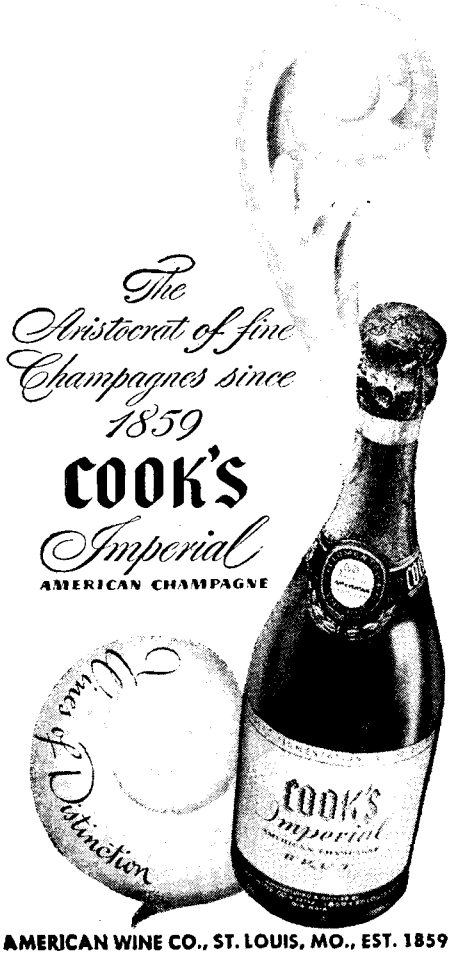
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE Boca Raton
FLORIDA'S "SECRET PARADISE"
OPENS DECEMBER 10th



At The Boca Raton Hotel you'll enjoy every minute of your winter holiday! Right on the hotel grounds you'll play golf and tennis, swim in surf and pools, or fish in the nearby Gulf Stream. At night, you'll dance and be entertained in an exquisite tropical setting. You'll relax in luxurious accommodations. For 32-page illustrated book, phone or write The Boca Raton, 11 West 42nd St., N. Y. C.; 77 West Washington St., Chicago; Investment Building, Washington, D. C. or:

THE BOCA RATON
BOCA RATON, FLORIDA
(Between Palm Beach and Miami)
GORDON B. ANDERSON, Vice President



novel, more notable for its authentic background of public libraries and high-school classrooms than the author's attempt at total recall.

MAQUISARD, by Albert J. Guerard (Knopf). An American officer, serving behind the lines as a Maquis auxiliary, reunites one of his more dislocated comrades with his four children for a very happy Christmas Day. In this novel, young Mr. Guerard, who himself fought in the Maquis, affirms his faith in both France and the family. His Maquisards, as they appear here between battles, are almost too war-weary to remember how to relax but brave enough to try anything that will help. An authentic and compact narrative, a little stolid but as earnest and deserving as its subject.

NONE SO BLIND, by Mitchell Wilson (Simon & Schuster). A literate and reasonably breathless account of the oblique efforts of a pair of lovers to persuade a passerby to murder an inconvenient and seemingly expendable misanthrope. Interesting as this situation is, the book isn't quite a successful novel, partly because the reader is unlikely to be nearly as credulous as the young man whom the lovers choose to do their dirty work for them and partly because the author, up to now a writer of mystery stories, has not done a really thorough job of retooling.

THE SHORT STORIES OF HENRY JAMES, selected by and with an introduction and critical notes by Clifton Fadiman (Random House). Seventeen superb pieces, ranging in complexity and thematic depth from "Four Meetings," published in 1877, to "The Jolly Corner," published in 1909, chosen to indicate the major stages in the author's development. The recent abrupt and occasionally hysterical revival of interest in James seems to Mr. Fadiman evidence of a growing dissatisfaction with "the careless, uncleanly, and hyperthyroid jargon which currently passes muster for sound writing." He makes use of this persuasive theory, in his introduction and in his frequently perceptive notes, to modify the familiar complaints (the difficult style, the narrow range of subject, the preoccupation with form, and so on) that critics and readers have been filing against James for more than fifty years. A first-rate introduction to James and a valuable supplement to the small body of the writer's work that has, after so long an absence, been returned to print in the past two years.

GENERAL

MEET YOUR ANCESTORS, by Roy Chapman Andrews (Viking). The story of the development of modern man, written in a relaxed, conversational style, with a detailed consideration of each of his several ancestors —Cro-Magnon man, Neanderthal man, Heidelberg man, Piltdown man, Peking man, the Java Ape Man, and, at the bottom of the ladder, the Forest Apes. A rather inspiring story, as always, but nothing for man to get particularly chesty about; nature had as much to do with it as he did, if not more. Besides, according to Mr. Andrews, the story isn't nearly finished yet; the evolutionary process will produce a race of big-headed, weak-jawed, four-toed, bald creatures (both men *and* women) who, if they don't destroy themselves in the meantime, will probably go the way of all animals and be extinct anyway in another half-million years. Illustrated.

THE CURTAIN FALLS, by Count Folke Bernadotte (Knopf). The Swedish Red Cross man who kept popping in and out of the peace negotiations just before the Nazi surrender tells, much too sketchily, how he got involved in those proceedings and what happened during the final days of the Third Reich. Historians will probably draw on his account for years to come; the average reader will more likely draw an analogy between this story and the one about the behavior of rats on a sinking ship. It's the Count's belief, incidentally, that Hitler is dead and that he was murdered. Illustrated.

THE WINNING OF THE WAR IN EUROPE AND THE PACIFIC, by General George C. Marshall (Simon & Schuster). The complete text of General Marshall's report to the Secretary of War. Beginning with an outline of our general military strategy and the invasion of southern Italy, General Marshall summarizes the various achievements of our armies, takes the story of the war up to the coming of atomic warfare and the collapse of Japan, and concludes with an outline of certain measures he thinks necessary for national defense. Illustrated.

GERMANY IS OUR PROBLEM, by Henry Morgenthau, Jr. (Harper). Mr. Morgenthau's official position, which presumably enabled him to acquire certain information denied those less fortunately situated, did not

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

enable him to wrestle with the problem of what to do with Germany any more successfully than have a number of other people. In this book, he makes certain recommendations (his chief point is, of course, that Germany must be deindustrialized and turned into a country of light industry and heavy farming), but when he comes to the real business, the political education of the German people, he doesn't offer much hope. That job, he says, has to be done by the Germans themselves, and, from the evidence he cites, it seems that the job is hopelessly beyond them. One of the lesser questions raised by the book is why the anti-Roosevelt press decided, when some of Mr. Morgenthau's recommendations were made public, that he had a tail, a cloven hoof, and a pair of horns.

TALKING RUSSIAN BEFORE YOU KNOW IT, by Morris H. Swadesh (Holt). Another of those little books designed to make Russian painless. This grammarian has had the idea of reversing the usual process; instead of trying to show the Russian sounds in terms of the English alphabet, he writes English with Russian characters. The trouble is that when you decipher it, you get sentences like: "Dee kol is off dee bot; Hoo svept vit dee noo broom?" This is not English, and it is far from the best that can be done in representing English words with Russian characters. It is hard to see what is to be gained by exercises of this kind. For the rest, you have a meagre phrase book.

HISTORY OF WORLD WAR II, by Francis Trevelyan Miller (Winston). Mr. Miller, following the military rule about getting there fustest with the mostest, has compiled (with the help of over two hundred editors in thirty countries, according to the publishers) an enormous volume dealing with all the military phases of the war and many of the non-military events, such as the rise of a man named Adolf Hitler, that led up to it. Mr. Miller's volume will not stand as the definitive history of the war. It will probably be of considerable interest, however, and possibly some value, for those who can't wait for their history to cool. Illustrated.

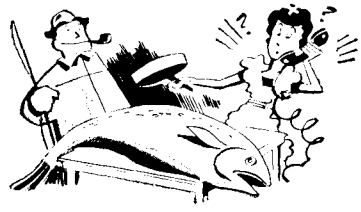
BLACK METROPOLIS, by St. Clair Drake and Horace R. Cayton (Harcourt, Brace). A massive sociological study, on the order of "Middletown," which lifts the lid from the Chicago South Side and takes a hard,

The Man who Shops for Portland Housewives!

HE IS HY COHEN, creator of the Oregon Journal's daily column, the "Market Basket," a famous Journal feature for 43 years. To bring Journal readers this unique marketing guide, Cohen rises daily at 2 a.m., covers the city's wholesale produce markets with a busy pencil and a practised eye. He samples, thumps, inspects—finds precisely what quality fruits, vegetables, meats and fish are available each day and at what prices. Portland women for three generations have relied on Hy Cohen's "Market Basket" to help them with their daily marketing.

ANOTHER FEATURE which helps cinch The Journal's *preferred* status is Mr. Fixit's column. No receptacle for sob-sister journalism or advice to the lovelorn, Mr. Fixit's column gives help. Typical is finding a teacher for a country school, getting a harmonica for a lad in the merchant marine, locating missing heirs for an insurance company. Every week hundreds of Journal readers write to Mr. Fixit because they know Mr. Fixit gets hundreds of things done. The fact that The Journal brings Mr. Fixit to its readers, brings readers by the thousand to The Journal.

ONE OF THE FAVORITE—certainly the noisiest—Journal feature is the Oregon Journal Juniors, an organization enjoyed without cost or obligation by 60,000 boys and girls—Oregon's future citizens. For more than two decades The Journal has sponsored this lively enterprise . . . leading the youngsters through such constructive outlets as model boat competitions, stamp collecting, athletic contests, and their own weekly talent show. Reader response shows that the kids' daily column is perused enthusiastically by many of their elders—proof again that folks in Portland read and like what's in The Journal.



FOR THE JOURNAL'S feminine following, there's Mary Cullen's Household Arts Service, a feature which keeps Portland homemakers as attached to the women's pages as their off-spring are to the Journal Juniors. The Journal's Mary Cullen does more than dispense recipes. This comprehensive service covers every phase of homemaking in daily columns in The Journal. And, in addition, every day a staff of seven graduate home economists answers an average of 560 telephone queries . . . takes care of some 250 letters . . . greets over 350 downtown visitors in Mary Cullen's "cottage."

IT ALL ADDS up to the happy fact that here is a newspaper which is consistently winning and holding its readers. Through the years The Journal has developed a knack for growing into the lives of families in the Portland community. Since it is Portland's preferred newspaper, it should be *your* preferred advertising medium in this important Pacific Coast Market. Incidentally, The Journal now offers advertisers the largest circulation, both daily and Sunday, in its history!

THE JOURNAL
PORTLAND, OREGON
Afternoon and Sunday
•
Member . . . . Metropolitan and Pacific Parade Groups

Represented by REYNOLDS-FITZGERALD, Inc. New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Detroit, San Francisco, Los Angeles

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Lillian Russell, Pug Dogs, "Ben Bolt"...

1892 WAS the year!

A *great* year in America. Lillian Russell was the toast of New York. Pug dogs were "the thing." And everybody was humming "Ben Bolt." Ah, but that was the city for you . . .

In the country, the rich dairy country of upper New York State, something was coming of age that would outlive all these. A man raised American cheese-making to an art with the discovery of a new and wonderful cheese.

"Liederkranz," he called it—after a famous singing society.

And Liederkranz, to this day, is the *one* American cheese that is known—and *admired*—throughout the world.

What is it like? Who could describe Liederkranz! Its golden, well-rounded flavor is not made for words. So try it...

Try it today! Put a hearty slice (crust and all!) on a cracker or slice of rye bread. Roll its marvelous mellowness over your tongue. Relax and savor to the full its robust goodness. Assay its *incredible distinction from any* cheese you have ever tasted. Do so, and you will be in our debt forever!

***LIEDERKRANZ CHEESE**

One of Borden's Fine Cheeses

*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

THE GENTLEMAN'S *The* KNIZE TEN AFTER SHAVING LOTION

$3.75 *plus tax*

THE LOTION MEN LIKE... AND WOMEN REMEMBER

WHOL. DIS. KNIZE TEN SALES CO., 385 FIFTH AVE., N.Y.

scientific look. The second largest urban Negro population in the United States is concentrated there, and since it is much more isolated and homogeneous than Harlem, it has a very definite though distinctly unhappy pattern. The authors, both social scientists, examine such aspects as styles of living, housing, sex, employment, class distinctions, business activities, journalism, and aspirations. There are many charts, graphs, and diagrams, which the high standard of the authors' writing, plus the dispassionate quality of their thinking, makes rather unnecessary. Richard Wright, somewhat less angry than usual, contributes an introduction that is one of the best things he has ever done.

EUROPE IN REVOLUTION, by John Scott (Houghton Mifflin). Mr. Scott, in this survey of postwar Europe, advances two principal ideas. One, fairly obvious, is that Russia will be a major force there from now on. The other, more interesting but still not altogether original, is that the Fascists, first by destroying the administrative machinery of the propertied classes, who had to surrender their economic control to totalitarianism, and then by destroying property itself during the war, have accelerated the impulse to revolution, now the dominant one in Europe. Mr. Scott lived and worked in Russia for many years, and the words "Russia" and "Russian" appear on practically every page. He says we have to get along with Russia and adds that if we do, "by 1970, for all practical purposes, no possible combination of powers will be able to defeat the Soviet Union in war. The Russians could then afford to pursue a far more independent policy than they can at the present time." In other words, people who think the Russians are being slightly unreasonable haven't seen anything yet.

NOTE: "Who's Paying for This Cab?," a selection from the many perspicacious cartoons Alan Dunn has drawn for this magazine through the years, has been published by Simon & Schuster.

•

WHAT PAPER D'YA READ?

SEX CRIMES
IN DETROIT
HELD IN CHECK
—*Headline in the Detroit News.*

SEX-CRIME WAVE
IS UNCHECKED
IN DETROIT
—*Another headline in the Detroit Free Press, same day.*

•The centuries-old pot-still method and rigid British Empire controls result in a rich and mellow flavor that have won unchallenged acclaim for Jamaica Rums.

Jamaica Rums — "Byword" of connoisseurs . . . "Buyword" for greater satisfaction since 1661.

THE SUGAR MANUFACTURERS' ASSOCIATION (OF JAMAICA), LTD., KINGSTON, JAMAICA, B.W.I.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

You're certain to enjoy Whiskey at its PRE-WAR BEST... when you ask for Three Feathers!
Blended Whiskey, 86 proof. 65% American grain neutral spirits. Try Three Feathers and taste why it's been enjoyed for 63 years! Three Feathers Distributors, Inc., N. Y. . . . Feather your nest — buy Victory Bonds!

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Hands off... he's mine!"

He's a man with . . . almost everything. He never misses on important things, like sending birthday flowers or loaning his handkerchief at the movies. And there's something special about him . . . a hint of heather and fern that's as clean as a fresh wind across Scotland.

SUCCESS TIP—Just get that Wonderful Seaforth Feeling and see for yourself. It's the reassuring lift that comes from the heather-fresh grooming routine with the seven all-man aids of Seaforth. Get them in their sturdy, polished stoneware mugs and jugs...$1 each plus tax.

ALFRED D. McKELVY CO.
10 ROCKEFELLER PLAZA, NEW YORK 20, N.Y.

Shaving Mug
Shaving Lotion
Men's Talc
Men's Deodorant
Hairdressing
Men's Cologne
Men's Hand Soap

Gowned by Florence Reichman
Jeweled by Cartier

Seaforth! FOR MEN

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED